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Typical Australian Girls.  
Painted by Virgil.

**A HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

No. 3.—The Beach Girl

# What the Stars Foretell for Us in the Coming Year

## June Marsden Sees Prosperity Coming with the Kents, to Stay

The year 1939 will be an important one in the national life of Australia... So says June Marsden, President of the Astrological Research Society, who sums up the coming year.

Miss Marsden's astrological articles are so widely regarded that The Australian Women's Weekly, while not accepting responsibility for the statements in them, feels that this article will be of seasonal interest.



"Influx of tourists and new settlers."

By JUNE MARSDEN

DURING late 1939, all 1940, and early 1941 there is every likelihood of Australia enjoying a moderate boom. We should be prepared.

Australia was "born" under the zodiacal sign Capricorn, but Sagittarius was also strongly placed at the inauguration of the Commonwealth, with the result that, as a nation, we respond to both.

Both signs include our strong outdoor life gene.

Para Fortuna, the goddess of good fortune, was in that part of the zodiac which controls speculation and chance, we will find it difficult to conquer the national tendency to bet and take risks of all kinds, glorying in the element of danger and excitement.

Both individually and nationally we can make substantial gains through a degree of "luck" which will sometimes be rather exceptional and spectacular.

Much of our combined wealth will be wasted, however, through extravagance, wild-cat schemes, and unwise or unscrupulous administration.

### Quiet Beginning

THE first quarter of 1939 will respond chiefly to the vibrations of quite minor planetary movements. Therefore, it will be a rather quiet though quite fortunate period.

Jupiter, the planet of good fortune, favors Saturn in January and the Sun in February; and Saturn (the stabilizer) harmonizes with Uranus during February, and Pluto during most of March.

These planetary vibrations promise much that is worth while. Employment and business should improve slightly.

Publishers, preachers, diplomats, many types of professional people, and people who work with the soil and its products should prosper moderately.



"A good year for lovers."

but...

"Big wedding may be held up."

Important news from abroad and dealings with foreigners should favor us. New trade agreements are likely, and the government and military tactics will be popular.

New banking and other financial reforms can be expected during these months, and some big financial grants or gains can come our way in a rather surprising manner.

Government or municipal bodies will inaugurate new and far-reaching schemes for the benefit of farmers and other workers depending on the land.

Such schemes should be rushed through before March ends, for otherwise they will meet with obstructions and difficulties.

Fairly important changes will affect the national life and will occur suddenly, surprisingly, or rather queerly.

### Boom in Travel

MONEY will flow easily from the pockets of travellers from distant lands, and an influx of tourists and new settlers can be expected. Shipping companies and overseas manufacturers will cast an interested eye in Australia's direction.

Pliers and everyone dealing with aeroplanes, electricity, radio, modern transportation, and all new inventions can expect desirable conditions during February, though their best time of all will be near the end of the year.

Existing flying services will be improved upon and added to. A small boom can be expected, and general security should prevail. But caution is advised during the mid-year months.

Railway departments should open up new lines... and electrify others during early and very late 1939. Additional interest in astrology and its predictions and in kindred sciences can also be expected at this time.

All changes and reforms should be avoided during April and May, 1939, for risks and difficulties will predominate.

These limitations apply particularly to transportation of all kinds, including air-travel; also to radio and all things electrical and new.

Troubles involving women and children are also possible. The loss or kidnapping of a child and the sudden delay or ending of a marriage of importance may cause much publicity.

Precautions should be continued during all the months of the second and third quarters of the year, for the country will experience a period of general adversity which can rival or prove worse than, the middle months of 1938.

DROUGHTS and labor troubles can be expected, and the health of the nation can suffer badly through an epidemic based on chills or bone and muscle disorders.

The national health campaign will meet with obstacles unless it is already well in its stride.

The Government will be in disfavor, and is not likely to help the poor or oppressed to the degree demanded.

The weather will be rather trying... either very cold or intensely dry. A plague of insects or other pests can be expected.

Taxes are likely to be increased, and wages decreased. Property owners, and families generally, will feel the strain.

Unpopularity and criticism will surround people of wealth and position. The public will be "agin the Government" to some extent, and this will react in some way upon leaders and business houses.

An important official or business magnate will cause national concern. Rules and regulations and

"Jewellers and beautifiers prosper."

hard work will seem to rule the day. Old people, and those who are very poor and dependent upon charity, are likely to suffer through reforms concerning pensions and other forms of relief.

Unemployment will increase, unless the Government takes quick action to absorb labor.

An element of worry and doubt will prevail, and economy will be the order of the day. This is the time that wars and rumors of wars can thrive.

### No Big War

BUT I do not believe that there will be any serious participation in war for Australia. If this bugbear strikes at all, the danger will be short-lived and/or not very destructive to our national life and happiness.

The trouble is more likely to be internal and wise Government will be absolutely essential. Otherwise an election may be

"Duke and Duchess of Kent

to bring long period of prosperity."

forced, and the present Government be endangered; certain members are likely to bring down an avalanche of public criticism.

The Press will disclose some discreditable Governmental actions, but will, in turn, endanger its own freedom, unless great caution is exercised.

Fortunately, as the year grows older, the affairs of the country will take a very decided turn for the better.

Hope and good cheer will predominate. The affairs of women and children will prosper;



"A good year for flying. Services will expand."

also those of suppliers of dress-goods, jewellers, caterers and all beautifiers.

TOURISTS, artists, entertainers, and lovers can all benefit (probably during August and September best of all), and the mind of the populace will be turned towards pleasure and well-being.

There may be news of an important birth, marriage, beauty contest or child-star.

Women's enterprises and clubs should put their best feet foremost. Many new enterprises will be put into operation, and employment and optimism will increase by leaps and bounds.

But there will also be a wave of rather extravagant expenditure, chiefly on the part of the Government. Criticisms will result.

### Important Changes

AS the year grows quite old, some important and desirable change can be expected. Excitement and reforms will dominate our national life.

This is an excellent time for the Duke and Duchess of Kent to take over the duties of Governor-Generalship, for in some way their advent will tie up with Australia's good fortune, and help to bring us a long period of very definite prosperity and pleasant living.

May this auspicious beginning for the Governor-Generalship and the continuance of national good - fortune which the stars foretell for Australia produce much happiness and prosperity for the Kents as well as for ourselves.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### Professor of Physiology

DR. R. D. WRIGHT, just appointed Professor of Physiology at Melbourne University, has been senior lecturer in pathology at the University since 1934. He is at present doing pathology research at Oxford.

Educated first in Tasmania, Dr. Wright, who is 31, went later to Melbourne University, where he had a brilliant career, graduating first on the honors list in all branches of medicine and winning the Beane Prize for surgery. He is a Fellow of the Royal Australian College of Surgeons.



### Long Service Record

MRS. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, who was recently elected honorary general secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Victoria, has served the organisation in many capacities.

For many years she has been in charge of the Young People's Department, and for the past six years has been State treasurer. She was also a State president.



### Bachelor of Divinity

AS secretary of the Women's Home Mission of the Methodist Church in Victoria, Miss Lillian L. Scholes, M.A., B.D., Dip. Ed., travels all over the State doing organising work.

Miss Scholes was the first woman in Australia to gain her Bachelor of Divinity degree, but being a member of the Methodist Church, which does not admit women ministers, she has never been ordained.

# Best-Dressed Women of 1938!



THE DUCHESS OF KENT—No. 1 in the world's fashion race. This portrait exemplifies the elegance for which she is noted.



RANKS SECOND—Duchess of Windsor, who last year led the selection of the world's ten smartest frockers.



THIRD—the Duchess of Leeds, Serbian by birth. Here she is seen at a London night club.



FOURTH—the Begum Aga Khan, who took third place last year.

## Duchess of Kent displaces Duchess of Windsor

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

A poll taken among Paris couturiers places the Duchess of Kent as the world's best-dressed woman, dethroning the Duchess of Windsor, who last year headed the list.

The Duchess of Kent gave the lead to world fashion this year with her Edwardian hairdressing, Edwardian toques, and revival of ostrich feather trimming.

NOW she is bringing back the stinky line for evening gowns, and popularising black velvet for street wear.

The Duchess of Windsor and the Duchess of Leeds run neck and neck for second place.

While couturiers agree that the elegance of both the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Windsor is superlative they give the Duchess of Kent first place because of the enormous influence she wields among the world's women.

This year's fashion leaders are placed as follows:

- (1) Duchess of Kent.
- (2) Duchess of Windsor.
- (3) Duchess of Leeds.
- (4) The Begum Aga Khan.
- (5) Mrs. Charles Sweeney.
- (6) Madame Antonia Pantoja, wife of the Bolivian Minister in London and formerly Princess Christina of the House of Bourbon.
- (7) Madame George Bonnet, wife of the French Foreign Minister.
- (8) Grace Moore.
- (9) Marlene Dietrich.
- (10) Baroness Eugenie De Rothschild.

### Some Surprises

LAST year's list ran thus:

- (1) Duchess of Windsor.
- (2) Duchess of Kent.
- (3) The Begum Aga Khan.
- (4) Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger.
- (5) The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes.
- (6) Baroness Eugenie de Rothschild.
- (7) Mrs. Harrison Williams.
- (8) Mrs. Millicent Rogers.
- (9) Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow.
- (10) Lady Louis Mountbatten.

Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, who was long regarded as the world's best-dressed woman, is not mentioned this year.

Among those selected as runners-up are Lady Ashley, the Marquise de Paris, Senora Martinez Dehoy, Lady Monti (who spent Christmas



NINTH—Glamorous Marlene Dietrich, caught in an informal snapshot on board ship.

with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on the Riviera), and Mrs. James Cromwell, the former Doris Duke.

While this year's three leaders are English by marriage, they are respectively Greek, American and Serbian.

The Duchess of Leeds, before her marriage in 1933, was a Serbian dancer, daughter of the late Iskender de Malkhozouny of Serbia.



EIGHTH—Singing film star Grace Moore climbs to fashion stardom, too.



TENTH—the Baroness Eugenie de Rothschild, who last year ranked sixth.

The fourth (the Begum Aga Khan) is French, and the fifth, Mrs. Sweeney, who was Margaret Whigham, is English.

The three leaders share a taste for simplicity of line and color and make a distinctive feature of neatness and that indefinable air of good grooming.

The Duchess of Kent is the best Royal example of glamor.

She overcame the Court ban on wearing black and has even ap-

peared at a Royal garden party in a black taffeta coat and skirt.

She is always in the vanguard of the new hair fashions, and favors Grecian and draped styles for evening frocks.

The Duchess of Windsor achieves simplicity almost to the point of severity, and also wears a great deal of black by day, often with neat white collars.

The Begum Aga Khan is fond of color, and often wears the sari of her husband's native country—India. This she combines with western evening gowns, for which she favors jade, magenta, and coral.

Mrs. Charles Sweeney looks as lovely in tweeds as in evening dress. Ever since her debutante days, she has been noted for her beauty and her chic.

Baroness Eugenie de Rothschild favors black with a touch of color. She has always been fond of flowing evening capes, which have recently sprung into the limelight as the "King Carol Cloak."

Her gloves and shoes match perfectly and often appear to be made from the same skin.

Another recent list places Madame Pantoja first. She, too, has a taste for simplicity of line, but favors bright colors in contrast to her dark beauty.

Fashion authorities, however, agree that the leadership of the Duchesses is unquestionable.

Madame Bonnet's inclusion is indicative of the present smartness exploited by political wives both in England and on the Continent.

Mrs. Anthony Eden's clothes captivated New York recently, while Mrs. Chamberlain's frocking charmed Paris.

All of the world's best-dressed women have huge dress allowances. They do not follow fashion slavishly, but adapt its decrees to suit their personalities.

Without exception they are scrupulously neat.



Gives you  
**MORE FOR  
YOUR MONEY**

There's more in a tube of Nugget than any other - and you'll find it will clean all your white shoes whether Kid, Nu-Buck or Canvas.

# Does Sunbaking Pay?

## Holidaymakers Should Take the Sun in Easy Doses

By Our Medical Correspondent

Sunburn, the great holiday complaint, is here again.

It revives the controversy—is sunbaking really beneficial?

LATELY medical science has subjected the health-giving powers of sunlight to a careful analysis.

Briefly, the result of this study establishes the fact that the human body needs a small daily dose for its adequate nutrition.

"Small" is important. An overdose is as bad as none at all.

In this country, where there is so much sunshine, there is a greater danger of overdosage than, say, in England, where strong sunlight is rare.

Even normal and apparently healthy people can be made seriously ill by sunburn.

If a sufficiently large area of the body is sunburnt—and the amount exposed in a modern bathing-suit is more than sufficient—the reaction is much the same as if the victim had been burned by fire.



BURNT offerings on a sun-baked beach—typical of the Australian summer.

Advice on sun-bathing can be boiled down more or less to this:

**Brunettes—Go Ahead.**  
**Blondes—Be Careful.**  
**Redheads—Refrain!**

The art of acquiring a bronze lies in a steady succession of short bakes. Useless to expose a milk-white back to the heavens for three hours and expect to be tanned next day.

More likely you'll writhe for a week.

Tanning of the skin is the response of the body to a change in surroundings.

The deeper layers of the skin have to be educated to develop protective pigment which then acts as a filter.



TAN WISELY and well, a little each day.

This power of developing pigment varies widely.

The dark-skinned brunette readily develops pigment. Fair-haired, blue-eyed blondes have the capacity in a limited measure. Redheads have less, and some never progress beyond the boiled lobster stage.

One redheaded man, knowing this, kept his back and neck covered but forgot his feet. As a result of

a day's fishing in an open boat he had to crawl about the house on hands and knees for a week.

The discomfort was even greater than the indignity.

For some redheads, in fact, sunbathing is foolish and may cause a kind of skin cancer.

Because suntan is acquired in healthy surroundings, many people imagine it to be the sign of health.

So they suddenly expose large areas of pale skin to the heat of the midday sun, often intensified by reflection from an expanse of water or clear sky.

An hour passes without significant change. There is no tan and scarcely any sunburn. Yet already enough damage has been done to cause a painful burn six hours hence.

Unaware of what is happening, the foolish sun worshipper settles down for another hour or so.

Follows a night of parched, burning skin; then blisters; then the breaking and peeling.

A fortnight's holiday just about gives the unfortunate time to recover in order to wear normal clothes to work.

### How to Tan

SOMETIMES these people avoid the sun for ever after; sometimes they make the same mistakes annually.

Neither course need be taken. Instead, if you must lie on the beach, keep covered except for ten minutes or so the first day, and gradually lengthen the period of exposure.

Get down to the beach before 10 a.m. if you can—before the sun is really hot.

Then you'll have a golden tan which will be the envy of the beach.

Certain oils applied to the skin before exposure minimise the preliminary stage of sunburn. A little coconut oil applied to the skin, especially the back and shoulders, before going out is helpful.

The oil acts as a filter to the sunlight and so prevents the absorption of the rays.

But skins vary so much in sensitivity that it is not safe to trust entirely to others' experience. Tanning tardily is the wise procedure.

### Simple Remedy

FINALLY, it is always a good plan to have available some simple remedy for such sunburn as does occur. There is a variety of widely-advertised greases containing local anaesthetics which relieve the pain of mild sunburn, but are of little use if blistering has occurred.

The simplest and most effective measure is to apply cold compresses of tannic acid—a principle which has revolutionised the treatment of ordinary burns during the past decade.

The proper strength of solution, which, by the way, should be freshly made, may be obtained by dissolving 2 tablespoons of tannic acid in one glass of water. Very strong tea, which has been allowed to cool, can be used in an emergency.

Within twenty-four hours the tannic acid treatment converts the sunburn into a most gratifying coat of tan.

BUT I'VE TRIED ENDLESS REMEDIES, NURSE. I DON'T SEE HOW A FOOD CAN RELIEVE THIS DREADFUL CONSTIPATION



IT'S A MEDICALLY-PROVED FACT THAT IT DOES. WHAT'S MORE, IT'S THE ONLY SAFE WAY!

**How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal ends constipation naturally—without drugs or purgatives**

IT'S not so much what you eat as what you don't eat that makes you constipated—pale, headachy, bilious and out of sorts.

You see, our modern food is largely lacking in the one thing that is absolutely essential for perfect regularity!

That important something is what doctors call "bulk"! You get a certain amount in fruit and in spinach and other vegetables—but not enough. And most "staples"—meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes and milk—contain almost no bulk at all! They are almost entirely absorbed by the digestive organs and the residue they leave is insufficient for the bowel muscles to "take hold of." The bowel muscles get no exercise—and, like

any other unexercised muscles, they become weak and flabby—can't do their job of clearing poisons out of your system.

Harsh purgatives and cathartics of course make matters worse. Their violent action weakens the flabby muscles still further—so that the more of these medicines you take the more constipated you tend to be!

**Acts like fruit and vegetables—but more effectively!**

The only entirely natural way to end constipation is to get sufficient bulk into your diet to make the bowel muscles act of their own accord! You can easily do this by eating Kellogg's All-Bran. This

crisp, nut-sweet cereal is a natural "bulk" food that acts on your bowels the same way as fruit and vegetables—but much more surely, much more thoroughly!

It forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of" and which gives them the gentle exercise they need. And it does even more: as it passes through the intestines it cleanses your system like a water-softened sponge, wiping away the clogging impurities that make you feel

wretched and "headachy".

Every morning, eat 2 heaped tablespoons of Kellogg's All-Bran—alone with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal! You'll be amazed at the relief you get. You'll forget what it is to be constipated—no longer need purging. You'll enjoy the perfect "regularity" that keeps you well and makes life worth living. Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day and start on it to-morrow!



**SOLD AT ALL GROCERS**

**Eat it every day and "never miss a day"**

## Complete Short Story

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

*Protecting the protector proved to be rather confusing, in this amusing story.*

# HELPFUL HERMAN

By  
**HOWARD BRUBAKER**



*"He had dropped his other work and started to bring sunshine into their dull lives."*

**A** HARD winter broke up along the Atlantic seaboard. Apple Tree Lane flowed down towards Burnley with a gentle, gurgling sound.

The presiding genius of Tinkham's Garage shed two layers of protective coverings as he went about on his strands of healing mercy. And one sunny morning Virginia Baylor, fair, slim, and twenty, navigated her car to the headwaters of the lane, ran into the office of the garage, and gave Tink his annual kiss. In other words, it was spring.

George W. Baylor, eminent New York lawyer, who spent half the year in Burnley, had been a customer of Tink's for many years, and the blonde, blue-eyed Virginia had had the run of the shop since childhood. The Baylor family held Tink in affectionate esteem as a motor mechanic, friend, and member of the human race.

"How you been, Jim?" he asked in his high, squeaky, complaining voice. "You don't look a day over forty." This was as near as the cantankerous bachelor ever came to paying a compliment.

Virginia climbed up on the desk. She was fine, thank you, only a little tired from a busy social season in New York and glad to get back to the peace and quiet of Burnley.

"Tink, I have something important to tell you."

The lanky garage man stuffed his pipe and said, "Blubb."

"A lovely new gemp'man has come into my life."

"How the traffic jam in Mayfield Road will be worse than ever." Tink blurted out to the cars of admirers which clogged up the scenery around Virginia's home.

"No, this isn't a boy friend. It's an uncle. Uncle Herman Vogel, and he's a perfect darling."

He was Mother's older brother. It was explained. He arrived yesterday, driving his own car from St. Petersburg, Florida, where he had spent the winter showing the smart kids a few things about pitching horseshoes.

"He's sixty-five, but he goes like

sixty. You'll get a big kick out of Uncle Herman. He wouldn't come with me this morning because he's down-cellar fixing a leaky pipe."

"Comes in handy to have a plumber in the family."

"Uncle Herman can fix anything. He's a retired business man and a widower, and he has nothing to do but visit around brightening people's lives."

"I suppose Jane and June are still in school?" Tink asked. "I haven't seen their names in the crime news."

"Yes, the twins won't be home till late in May. Don't change the subject, Tink. Uncle used to be a big pickle packer in Larabella, Indiana."

"A pickle king, huh?"

"Well, no, maybe grand duke. He sold out to Chicago interests a few years ago and he's supposed to have 'soaked' them for a good, round sum." Virginia looked around as if to make sure she would not be overheard. "I hate to peddle scandal but I'd better tell you the truth about Uncle. He made his money out of a delicacy called—'Bittie Witzies.'"

Tink rallied from this blow.

"Even so—if he's trying to lead a

"I'll bring him around to see you soon."

"Okay, baby. I've got fire insurance."

Such was the introduction to Burnley of Helpful Herman, the former Grand Duke of Pickledom, little friend of all the world, freelance nuisance, cello player, sobbing baritone, trouble shooter, busybody, and pain in Tink's honest, rough neck.

The next day Virginia brought the perfect darling up the Lane and introduced him.

Uncle Herman was a short, round, cheery little man with iris-blue eyes. From under his hat there protruded, surprisingly, a mass of curly, fluffy, golden hair. This was merely a fringe, however, for the rest of his head proved to be quite void of vegetation. A heavy watch-chain across his mid-section bore the image of a rabbit suspended by its ears, the emblem of the White

Rabbit Lodge, of which he was a high official.

"Happy to meet you, Duke," said Tink. "Have you burned any houses this morning?"

The round face broke into dimples, and the new visitor told Tink: "They ought to've let it burn up and used the insurance money to build something up-to-date."

"Uncle Herman doesn't think so much of our lovely colonial house," the girl said.

"You folks here in the East are way behind the times." Mr. Vogel gazed around with wonder at the converted barn which was Tink's workshop. "If this isn't the darnedest place. What's the idea of having a garage way down here where nobody can get to it?"

Tink explained this:

"You see, Duke, practically nobody

ever pays me anything and I lose money on every job. So the less work I do, the better off I am. It's very simple."

"I'll have to give some thought to your problem, Tink."

"No, thanks. I'm satisfied."

"You ought to see the Okay Garage out in Larabella, Indiana."

"Is there a town by that name?"

Tink was sorry he asked, because he let himself in for a free lecture upon this modern paradise with its twenty-six miles of paved streets, its thirty-nine miles of sewers, its wealth of plate-glass windows, automobiles, radios, and oil-burning furnaces.

"You don't see any of these old-fashioned houses around there. No stree, sir. Burnley is old-fogy."

Tink looked out through the open door of the garage, and his face darkened.

"Who," he asked, "left that roller skate out there? Somebody's liable to step on it and sprain their ankle."

"That is Uncle Herman's Tom Thumb car. It needs a valve and carbon job. When could you—?"

"Be yourself, Jim! Would I stoop so low as to work on a Tom Thumb? Next thing somebody will ask me to fix a motor cycle."

"She's a mighty good little bus, all right," said Uncle Herman. "I can get better than thirty miles to the gallon out of her. You don't catch me throwing away good money hauling a heavy machine around. No, stree, sir."

"Well, take your siddle car to the Servatory on the Post Road. Those guys have no principles. They'll do anything for money."

Virginia stiffly changed the subject, but presently she backed Tink into a corner and cajoled him. She could not bear the thought that someone near and dear to her should have repair work done at the Servatory.

"I'd hang my old grey head in shame."

She made such a personal matter of it that Tink finally agreed to work on the revolting midget, and a date was made for the next day. So the Bayers' attack of uncleitis promptly spread to Tinkham's Garage.

At nine the next morning Virginia drove her own car up Apple Tree Lane, her uncle following in that low form of mechanical life, the Tom Thumb, which he drove into the shop.

"I hope nobody saw you coming here," Tink growled.

"I tried to pretend he was a total stranger to me," snickered Virginia. "You can bring him back for it in the late afternoon," the mechanic said. "I wouldn't drive the thing home myself."

"No, stree, sir. I'll stay here and give you a few pointers," said the smiling pickle duke.

Virginia threw Tink a derisive grin, ran out to her car, and drove away.

Please turn to Page 36

## Youth at Any Age

better life, let's not condemn him for one false step. None of us is perfect."

"That's very broad-minded—"

Here the telephone interrupted, and Tink said into the transmitter:

"Yes, she's right here, Mrs. Baylor. Just a minute." As he handed her the receiver he said, "Your mother sounds kind of jittery."

Virginia took the message and reported to Tink:

"It's nothing serious. Uncle Herman set the house afire when he was plumbing. They put it out, with no damage, but Mother needs me."

"The second day here and he starts to burn the house. Uncle seems to be a rapid little worker."

Tink was a man who could bear other people's troubles with fortitude.

# LAST SOLO

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W.  
DAVIES

*"Life without love is a solo flight through time," as Mickey discovered in the blue.*

By . . .  
**JACK MOONEY**



**B**ILL McCauley sat on the hotel verandah and watched the tropical sun sink over the horizon. Deep red it smouldered; shot with shafts of blue. And as its great bulk settled down it tinged the waters of the Timor Sea with blood-red fingers.

He'd sat on this verandah every evening for two years now. And watched the sun sink with a blend of dazzling colors into that far-flung line that marked the horizon. But to-night it was different. His eyes roved restlessly over the sky. It was clear enough; but blue skies in Darwin didn't mean safe flying. And if any night had to be safe, it had to be to-night.

For to-night Mickey would come flying from across that lonely stretch of water that marked the shores of Singapore and Darwin. Mickey with her mad-cap flair for record-breaking flights, dashing from one corner of the world to the other.

Bill had followed her course every time she had made good time. But he couldn't last. Either or Mickey would give him a shiver run down the spine. He thought of Mickey's hands there, holding the controls. She probably wouldn't be there with the thrill of the mad flying, Bill thought. Laughing at the rushing wind. While down below her rolled and tossed the threatening sea. But Mickey wouldn't care about danger. Not while there was still a chance of breaking the solo record. If she failed, she'd still have a laugh on her lips. And she'd probably say, "Well, don't say I didn't try . . ."

That was what she'd said the last time they'd met . . . and parted. That was two years ago. And then she'd gone off and left him.

It seemed almost a miracle that Mickey should be rushing from out of the sky to this one place where he was. They'd heard odd scraps of information from the plane when it left Singapore. Then the messages had stopped suddenly. That was when Bill was on duty. Down in the wireless-room by the side of the aerodrome, where he watched the half-caste children play, when there were no messages coming through.

That was this morning. And not a word since then. Now he looked anxiously at the sky again and wondered just where in that void was the plane. Poised in space; rushing over the fast darkening waters in the last desperate stretch of the race.

Down by the aerodrome, he knew, a small crowd had collected. The novelty of watching record-breaking planes land had lost its interest now. But very few had seen them land at night. So the crowd, freely mixed with half-castes and Chinese, strained their eyes into the night in search of that throbbing speck that would come rushing from beyond.

But he was forgetting what he was being paid for. Wilkins down at the radio station would be waiting to go. Bill picked up his coat and strode towards his car. He met three newspaper men from the southern capitals. They were making their way down to the drome. Bill smiled when he saw them. This was great copy for them. He felt something of the tinge of excitement himself.

"Hello, Bill," they greeted him. "No word yet from Mickey. Wilkins said he couldn't raise a thing."

Bill wrinkled his brow. "That looks bad," he said. "Guess she feels pretty lonely riding on her own up there. I'll try to contact her when I get out there."



*"Go ahead," he repeated three times. Then he waited.*

"O.K.," one of them said. "We'll break on the news. But Bill wasn't listening. His thoughts were miles out at sea, with Mickey; trying to picture her face framed with her

*"VH-CJD calling Darwin. Have the flares ready."*

flying-cap. And if she still had that same creamy-clear complexion. He wondered just how she was feeling now that she was out of wireless communication with Darwin. Somehow, he thought, as he ran the car onto the aerodrome, he was falling in love with Mickey all over again.

Wilkins met him with a gloomy face when he went in.

"Nothing doing," he said in his best professional manner. "I've been trying for the last hour." He looked at the reporters with Bill. "Wonder if she went down?"

"Not a chance," one of them said. "We've checked up, and she's got plenty of petrol left. She'll make it in another hour."

Bill heaved a sigh of relief. Just for a minute Wilkins made him feel nervous. Mickey just couldn't go down. She was too good for that.

Wilkins picked up his coat and crossed the room.

"Well, so long," he said. "Give me a call if you want me, Bill."

Bill moved over to the instruments and ran his eye over them. Everything was in order. He thought for a moment it might be his own set out of order.

He gripped the microphone. His hand felt clammy and a thick perspiration stood out on his brow. When he touched a dial the power of the electricity filled the little room. The reporters smoked cigarettes and watched him with interest.

Bill's voice shook a little when he spoke.

"V.I.D. calling VH-CJD. V.I.D. calling VH-CJD. V.I.D. calling VH-CJD." He waited a moment and then put the call over again.

Nothing but a dull buzz filled the room.

The reporters moved closer to him. Through the window he saw the first signs of the moon coming up. He hoped it would be a full moon. But he couldn't remember if it should be or not. Further out along the outskirts of the drome he saw them preparing the flares. Night landings were rare at Darwin. But they did everything possible to help the pilots.

"Try her again," Martin, who came from Melbourne, indicated the wireless.

"V.I.D. calling VH-CJD." For five minutes he tried and then leaned back in his chair.

Nothing answered him except the persistent crackle. Bill felt a clammy feeling steal over him. Somehow the thought of Mickey battling for her life all on her own made him feel terrible. Perhaps if he'd married her years ago she wouldn't

be risking her life now. What if Wilkins had been right? What if Mickey had gone down? He felt giddy at the thought.

Then suddenly above the roar of the static came a girl's voice. Bill slid forward in his chair and his face became set. There it was again. Far away it sounded, as though the speaker were whispering across thousands of miles.

"Can you hear?" she was saying. That was all he heard.

Bill gripped the microphone and answered her. "V.I.D. calling VH-CJD. Go ahead!" he repeated three times. Then he waited.

Bill closed his eyes and concentrated every nerve on the voice that was clattering over the air. He pictured the plane up there, winging its way over a sea that would be reflecting the moon's silvery beams. He wondered again if Mickey was scared. What if she didn't reach Darwin at all? But she just had to land. He'd been waiting for this moment for days. The time when he could look once more into her grey eyes and laugh with her.

"VH-CJD, calling Darwin. Wireless is quite all right now. Will be over Darwin in an hour. Have the flares ready."

"WELL, that's good news," Martin said. "She's coming in ahead of the record. Get her to talk, Bill."

Bill wiped his forehead. Would Mickey feel as clammy on the brow as he did? Perhaps it was cooler up there. Rushing through the sky at that terrific record-breaking speed. But Mickey was coming through again . . .

"VH-CJD calling V.I.D. VH-CJD calling V.I.D. VH-CJD calling V.I.D."

Her voice was clearer now. It had a rich quality . . . with a pleasing huskiness. He saw her sitting there with her mouth close to the microphone. Every minute her voice sounded stronger.

And then Bill got on the air.

"V.I.D. calling VH-CJD. Mickey, it's Billy McCauley here. You're doing fine. I'm proud of you. All Darwin is out to meet you." He paused, wondering what effect his words would have on her. A voice she hadn't heard for two years . . . suddenly to come encouraging her across the air. And then he went on: "Mickey, you're a marvel, you're two hours ahead of the solo record. To-morrow you'll be the toast of Australia. Their own Australian girl!"

Please turn to Page 22



"You may be spied upon there," Sabine warned him.

Illustrated by VIRGIL

# The... SPYMASTER

Another instalment  
of our dramatically romantic serial  
... penned while nations argued

**A**DAMIRAL GUY CHESHIRE is prime investigator during spy activities and war scares in England, and focuses his attentions upon a dangerous letter, intercepted, addressed to one Henry Copeland, who is found out to be Florestan. Intrigues, involving many, lead to Florestan's house, after a dying man is found, shot, in Florestan's car, presumably stolen.

Inquiries elicit nothing of use. He is missing, but returns calmly, and during personal investigation by Cheshire he is attacked and imprisoned in the cellar at Florestan's home, but later is released by a maid, Rosa. In thick fog they escape to the park and she searches for a taxi, but during her absence Cheshire is again attacked with obvious intent to kill. The taxi returns in time to prevent this, and the pair go to headquarters with the attacker, only for Rosa to vanish from the taxi, where she waits.

More inquiries are made at the firm where Florestan works, but nobody is convinced of his duplicities.

Characters you will meet in this story:

ADMIRAL GUY CHESHIRE, distinguished diplomat, who controls Secret Service Department of the British Navy.

LORD ROBERT MALLINSON,

brilliant British General, and head of the Army Secret Service.

PRINCESS SABINE PELUCCHI, distinguished and beautiful foreigner, wife of

HENRY PRESTLEY, famous American banker.

COUNTESS ELIDA PELUCCHI, sister of the Princess Sabine.

SIR HERBERT MELVILLE, Deputy Commissioner of Police.

RONNIE HINCKES, A.D.C. to the Admiral.

GODFREY RYSON, also A.D.C., engaged in special research work at the Admiralty.

ANTONIO MACHINKA, who camouflages his secret service activities by posing as maitre d'hotel.

friend arrived. He laid down the receiver and turned to greet Cheshire as he entered with a somewhat sombre expression.

"Meldicot is for it, I'm afraid," he said.

Cheshire glanced at the clock. "Already?"

"Yes. They decided to operate at midday. The bullet was one of those foul things they were using in Chicago before the clean-up. Not much hope for anyone with that in his body for even a few hours. They have had to telephone for Lady Meldicot and his mother. The Press have the whole story now, of course."

"Any news of Florestan?" Cheshire asked, and there was a cold, brilliant light in his clear eyes, a sudden savage twitch of his sensitive mouth—he was a killer at that moment.

"Not a trace," Melville replied. "Here's something else for you, though. A man who declared that he drove the car to the hospital gave himself up at Scotland Yard this morning. I cross-examined him my-

evening, as you know, and raining, and this fellow Jesson could not even attempt to give any description of the man. Anyhow, he thought it was queer and he and the girl hung round for a moment or two. The driver didn't come back and Jesson, looking at the man in the front seat, saw at once that he was in a state of collapse. There was no policeman about and Jesson did perhaps what you can understand a man doing. He was a chauffeur out of work. He left his girl, got into the car and drove it to the hospital. It was not half a mile away. At the last minute he came to the conclusion that the man was dead and he lost his nerve. He had been in trouble not so long ago—two years for having half killed a man in a fight, and he suddenly got the funk. He slipped out of the car, pressed the bell of the hospital, turned round and disappeared."

"Do you believe him?" Cheshire asked.

"I do," was the confident reply. "So would you, if you talked to him. He brought the girl with him. She

that the man who had been a passenger in the car was dying, and that he was an important personage, the girl persuaded him to go to Scotland Yard and own up."

The telephone bell rang. Melville lifted the receiver, listened and set it down with a brief remark.

"All over," he told Cheshire. "Meldicot died without recovering consciousness."

They sat down at the table but neither of them had any appetite for lunch.

"What about this firm that Florestan worked for?" Melville asked.

**W**EALTHY, old-established, been dealing in metals and everything to do with guns, battle-ships and planes for twenty years. The late managing director founded the foreign business, but his son and grandson, who are now directors, are duds as honest as the day, but everything seems to have been left to this man Florestan. He has refused directorship, but they give him large bonuses at the end of each year and he works the business just as he likes. He has lived ostensibly in that poky little house in Kensington, where I went to see him, but he has also a flat on the hotel side of the Milan. Just now it seems to be closed up. Melville," Cheshire concluded sternly, "you have got to find that man."

"We shall find him all right," Melville declared. "Whether we shall be able to hold him or not, though, I cannot tell you, unless you want to bring your own little affair into it and that I imagine you would never do. The only report we have is that a man who might have answered to his description left in a private plane from Heston at day-break this morning. The plane was licensed in the name of Rosenthal. The man had his own pilot who left with the plane. He always went in for night journeys and no one seems to know much about him. We shall have a fuller report soon, but it does not look very hopeful. He may be at the other end of Europe by this time."

Please turn to Page 16

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

LORD FAKENHAM, Press magazine.

HENRY COPELAND, alias FLORESTAN, spy. Now read on—

**L**UNCHEON that morning in a small private room of the St. George's Club had rather a grim commencement for the Deputy Commissioner and Cheshire. The former was speaking through an extension to the telephone which had been added for his convenience during the last few weeks when his

self for half-an-hour and I believe he is telling the truth."

"Sure it wasn't Florestan himself?" Cheshire demanded incredulously.

"Absolutely," Sir Herbert continued with conviction. "This fellow is dark complexioned, a head shorter and half Florestan's age. His name is Jesson and he told his story well enough. He was in the park with his girl and he saw a car pull up by the kerb and a man who had been driving descend and disappear almost at once. It was a dark

is as respectable as they make 'em, had stuck to him all the time he was in prison and was trying to help him get a job now. Meldicot had plenty of money on him and they found a lot of loose notes in his overcoat pocket, even. Jesson apparently touched nothing. He admits he hoped to get a good tip for what he had done but he just lost his courage. He thought that previous conviction against him would carry such weight that no one would believe his word. When the paper came out this morning and hinted

# FASHION PORTFOLIO

First Page

The Australian Women's Weekly

December 31, 1938

## HAIR KEEPS On PILING UP

PARIS stresses the enchantment of the Edwardian era with upswept curls... back to the provocative appeal of the Gay 'Nineties and who could blame a lovely lady for yielding to their charm?

• GREY HAIR with a blue wash, combed up into a simple scroll over the forehead. For earrings a cluster of tiny cyclamen flowers with make-up to match.

• A RED-AND-GREEN ostrich feather nestles alluringly in a soft bunch of curls atop the head. Nails and lips are flame-red.

• TITIAN HAIR on the up and up, and for a dazzling contrast this Edwardian charmer wears vivid green ribbon-ear-rings, and a band around her slender neck.

• HAIR PILED high with flattering simplicity, and caught over the forehead with a gay, Old-World posy surrounded with fine white lace.

• SOFTLY sculptured curls with a bunch of pert, multi-colored velvet bows perched blithely on top.

• YOUNG AND GAY—with a dash of whimsy, a high, rolled coiffure, with two large schoolgirl bows of fuchsia velvet ribbon, repeated again at the neckline of her evening gown.

# HOLIDAYS:



• **WHY DON'T YOU** play off your bustan with an amazing black-and-white zebra stripes—slim-fitting as the bark on trees? (Top left.)

• **WHY DON'T YOU** deck yourself like a Hungarian peasant, in a crisp white blouse, multi-colored apron, and flashing blue apron? Way back on your curls a youthful Breton? (Top right.)

• **WHY DON'T YOU** sunbake like a water nymph in an engagingly brief cotton brassiere suit with scrambling cyclamen and blue daisies over a pale cream ground? (Right.)



# PARIS SNAPSHOTS . . .

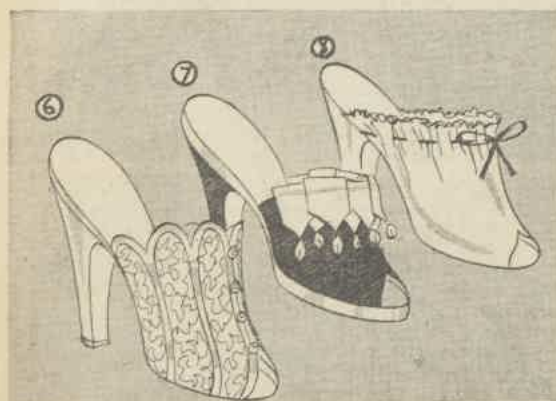


By Air Mail From MARY ST. CLAIRE  
 Sketched by PETROV

● The peasant fullness—such a part of the summer sports picture—is being continued for the winter (1). This frankly full silhouette is sponsored by Lanvin and Molyneux for both day and evening.

● Chez Lanvin, the smooth shoulder line is being exploited (2) and (3). The first example shows an evening blouse of medieval feeling. Of crepe, it has deep "berthe" embroidered in silver, the sleeves being similarly adorned from elbow to wrist. The other is of tulle with a wandering pattern of sequins.

● Fur relief for the slimmer top-coats (4) and (5). Vionnet makes a vestee of Persian lamb, which runs across the back like a belt. Schiaparelli's sleek silhouette is broken with enormous pockets of fox.



● Slipper silliness. Lace and silver kid resembling an old-fashioned corset (6). Cap and bells in velvet and satin (7). And the cambric top of satin and lace (8).

● Handbags return to the straight and narrow (9). A black suede example gathered into a chromium fitting opens outwards from the centre.

## FILM STAR FASHIONS

DESIGNED IN HOLLYWOOD  
 FOR CHIC YOUNG STARS



TWO easy-to-make "younger set" styles to start the New Year with zest and charm. Simple, expertly-cut patterns are now available at 1/1 each. So cleverly designed that even an amateur can make them with outstanding success.

### PLAY FROCK

WW2720. — Sizes 8-14 years. Material required: 21 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

● BELOW AND RIGHT: To keep young things fresh as a daisy all through the holidays—a youthful frock with front panel and flared skirt. Worn by Jane Withers, Fox star. Sketch WW2720 shows style in detail.

When ordering patterns be sure to specify number.



● ANY fashion-alert young thing would adore to have these frocks, which are replicas of attractive models from the personal wardrobes of two of Hollywood's most popular juveniles.

### AFTERNOON FROCK

WW2731. — Sizes 20-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 3 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

● ABOVE AND LEFT: For afternoons, Deanna Durbin, Universal star, selects a slim frock that depends on its high neckline and simple embroidery for its allure. Note its effective simplicity in sketch WW2731.

To obtain patterns, follow directions given on our weekly pattern page.



# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Reliable patterns for these engaging styles are now available.

## PATTERN SERVICE

To receive prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. (3) State size required. (4) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (5) Use the numbers given on concession coupon. (6) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

SPECIAL CUT patterns of frocks sketched or illustrated elsewhere in The Australian Women's Weekly may be had to individual measurements. Some of these are: Underwear and sportswear, 2/6; day and evening wear, 2/6; and for a self-measurement form.

For concession pattern use Concession Coupon below at right.

## OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION

### Dainty New Collars

THIS week we feature four (4) smart collars and set of cuffs.

Small, medium, and large.

Collar No. 1 requires 1 yard, 36 inches wide.

Collar and cuffs, No. 2, require 1 yard, 36 inches wide.

Collar No. 3 requires 1 yard, 36 inches wide.

Collar No. 4 requires 1 yard, 36 inches wide.

## PATTERN

### Concession Pattern Coupon

Coupon available for one month from date of issue. To obtain a concession pattern of garments illustrated on this page, fill in coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Specify size you want. 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. Patterns over one month old, 5d. extra.

Post your order to the address in your State as under—  
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 1816, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 4260Y, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Should you desire to call for pattern, please see address of office on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS  
NAME .....  
FULL ADDRESS (Street, Town, State) .....  
Size ..... Pattern Coupon, 31/12/38.



WW2696



**DINNER GOWN**  
WW2692.—Contrasting bodice and skirt make this very smart evening mode. Sizes, 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 5 yards for skirt and 3 1/2 yards for bodice, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**SIMPLICITY**  
WW2693.—Youthful charm is the keynote of this daytime frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**SLACKS AND BOLERO**  
WW2694.—A very smart and unusual style for your sporting occasions. Sizes, 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**PLAYTIME**  
WW2695.—Charm and daintiness combine to make this very smart frock for the little tot 4-10 years of age. Material required: 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

**SO DAINTY**  
WW2696.—Voile and lace combine to fashion this charming frock for baby. Sizes, infants to 6 months. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

**SPECTATOR SPORTS**  
WW2697.—Contrasting collar and cuffs and buttoned front make this very smart afternoon frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 3 1/2 to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**SHORTS AND SHIRT**  
WW2698.—A very smart and unusual design for beach and sports wear. Sizes, 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards for shorts and shirt, and 1/2 yard for braces. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**BEACH COAT**  
WW2699.—Edge to edge makes this smart beach coat. Sizes, 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 2 1/2 to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

# AFTER the STORM

A complete short story in which an old problem becomes a New Year purpose...

MARCIA was surprised to see, for the first time since her marriage, the cold glance of a stranger thrown at her by her husband. For a bad moment, while her spirits seemed to plunge into chilly depths, she felt alone, and the room was filled by convivial people riding on the high elation of the New Year party.

The din of laughter, voices, music, and the clink of glasses from the cocktail bar came to her as from a long way off. The strength of old inhibitions, in that short space of time, fought desperately with the convictions of several years of sophisticated living with a wealthy background.

Slowly her old standards went under. Well, if Michael had to dislike her so openly, let him. This was nineteen thirty-eight... no, thirty-nine, good heavens, so it was! The ideas and notions of older days were just plain ridiculous... cramping... suburban. She had "found herself," and was no longer Marcia the tame, the quiet, the frightened life. She was Marcia Waverly, with her position in society assured by her name, appearance, and popularity.

That look in Michael's eyes! Yet she had passed one of her blase, smart remarks of the kind that pass as verbal coinage in her "set." Delice Travers had entered—tall, svelte, perfectly turned-out, with her new husband, Larry, equally decorative and modern. Such a simple remark to pass, and Michael had just frozen. "Off with the old, on with the new—Delice is a marvel," Marcia had laughed.

But Michael had known and liked Delice's first husband, and possessed a wholesome contempt for Delice's conduct, so the remark had been... well... indiscreet. But if one couldn't speak frankly before a husband...

She had been leaning back in her chair, the party gaily clamoring round her, she the picture of well-bred, well-groomed ease, and Michael had been leaning forward, dark and good-looking, to address her with unusual solemnity—at least, for a party. Then Delice and Larry had entered...

Lucy Maher now drifted over with Shelly Bremner, and Marcia heard herself unwillingly give affirmation of the journey upon which Michael had insisted, to commence tomorrow, into the country to pay a long-delayed visit to his parents. It wasn't that Marcia disliked visiting them at their lovely country home, but that she disliked missing part of the gay round in town.

Antagonism flashed between them as Michael answered Sheldon's polite comment: "Yes, we are going to my people to-morrow, and we shall have recovered to start early... Excuse me"—and Mike had bowed and twisted away towards the cocktail bar, as if in dire need of refreshment.

She crushed out her cigarette with an angrily restrained gesture and sent a glance of resentment at Michael's straight back. How dared he speak as if she had no say at all in the matter? Visiting the country in summer, while in town...

Her eyes narrowed, and as if by chance her gaze rested on Delice and Larry—speculatively, while her lips set with resolve.

There was a delay caused by a pressing business affair—Mike was a director in a large financial concern—but they got away from town much too soon for Marcia's peace of mind, and not until miles beyond the city environs could she frame a speech that savored even of politeness. His distant manner had endured since the party. She sat beside him in the big car, which he himself drove, feeling like a bad-

tempered little girl being taken forcibly to where she did not wish to go.

The sky was ominous with the threat of coming storm. Clouds mounted, steeply edged and sombre, and a sinister light lay gleaming palely on every smooth object. The birds of the wild, as the great car hummed swiftly over the vanishing miles, flew homeward with the panic of instinct flaying their wings. Each tree hung lifeless, every gum-leaf was a listless scimitar, and the shadows were thin, like light falling through mica. The few cars passed on the high road seemed to be scurrying for shelter.

The unearthly stillness made the world seem waiting, tense, and in the car Marcia sensed it. The hum of the engine was like a sacrilegious invasion of a brooding world.

High in the motre dazzle of the sky a plane droned faintly, a sliver

## Lyric of Life

### NEW YEAR

Another year has passed; its memory  
Like something we have loved  
We now lay by  
With garnered sprigs of fragrant rosemary  
In the closed chest where other years will lie.

The year that's gone, if it has brought us pain  
And hurt beyond all hope of measurement,  
Has also brought us pleasure in its train.  
New joys, new living, and a new content.

The year has gone, has reached its end at last,  
With all we've done and thought, the things we've said,  
And, having laid it reverently with our past,  
We turn our eyes to new years still ahead.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

of silver showing as she looked up. The occupant of the plane, if he were so inclined, could have detected two cars in the wide region of rolling hills and deserted side roads. Two cars miles apart, travelling towards each other. Two cars so opposite in appearance that they aptly described the financial status of their owners.

One was streamlined, long, glittering, upholstered richly, with costly luggage hidden in the back. The other was decrepit, rattling, old-fashioned in shape, worn of tyre, the original color of the paintwork gone, the hood fluttering and torn.

In the costly car the young woman was bored and angry, clothed beautifully in a confection of soft blues blending with the blue of her eyes. The weary look of inner unhappiness had given her outer expression bitterness. The man was grim, with deep-set grey eyes full of smouldering thought and fire. He drove with the restrained passion of exasperation—and something much deeper. The radio was "on"; dance music floated behind the rich pair like the essence of a mocking dream.

The couple in the other car, still many miles from the streamlined perfection, were just as much of a

contrast to the Waverlys as the cars were. A little brown wren of a girl in a shabby coat, her eyes desperate, and beside her sat her husband, fear and anxiety making him gallow beneath his tan.

Marcia's lips curled as the radio gave out a popular tune concerning a beloved little town: "That ought to suit you, that sentimental stuff," she said, drawing the words, "with all your ideas about family reunions at this time of the year. It's perfectly absurd and quite prehistoric." Snapping open a jewelled cigarette case, she lighted a pale blue cigarette monogrammed in darker blue. "Your people are so out-of-date also that they'll probably have kissing-games with all the relatives there."

"I hope so," Michael said without expression.

"I suppose you want to keep on the right side of your father," she next said, not believing her own words, "and that's wise without a doubt, as he is such a rich man..."

"No more of that, thanks," came harshly.

She shrugged; "Well, I hope you realise what I've given up to go with you and play the pretty part of a happy daughter-in-law."

"LAST year I gave in to you," came the same dead tone: "I disappointed my mother and father horribly, to please your whims about town. I'm not a mother's darling, nor has she a possessive bone in her body, but I happen to like my mother apart from being her son, and my father is a grand old man. This year I am pleasing them—incidentally, myself, and refused to go alone and have them wonder, or worry. Moreover, you would insult them very subtly not to go with me, when invited so warmly and with so much prepared for us. The people we know in town... are hangers-on, but you're too stupidly vain to see it. An artificial crowd of go-getters to whom the Waverlys are valuable, but the Waverlys without their bank-roll—to be vulgar—would not prove interesting. Before the vulgarly-described bank-roll tainted your outlook, Marcia, you, too, would have seen through their pretences."

She was about to speak, but he spoke before her.

"Money has spoiled you. When we married you were delightful. A natural, sweet-minded girl. You wanted children, loved your home, and enjoyed my company. You were a woman... a young and lovely woman and I was the proudest of men. Now you're a clothes-peg with the human gift of presiding over cocktail affairs and dinners for hangers-on... an imitation woman, and I detest imitations. I loved you..." He amended the statement; "I love you—and that is my curse. It would be easy for me now if I didn't."

She swallowed her chagrin, for all he said was true. But the love of what she called life was in her blood like a sweet disease, and the tempo of this life she lived was like a swift tide washing her onwards... helpless. Children, home-life...? Yes, once desired and thought infinitely worth while. Now—a mere backwater in which she would perish of ennui. She started, glancing at the sinister sky and trees, the storm closer, which she had forgotten. A rumble sounded above the engine's purr; the rumble



Delice Travers had entered with her new husband, Larry, equally decorative and modern. "Off with the old, on with the new," Marcia had laughed.



Illustrated by SHREVE

*Michael had been leaning forward, dark and good-looking, to address her with unusual solemnity.*

changed to a rising sound like the roll of far-off kettledrums. A darting shiver of pink lightning split the pall of the horizon. It no more than pricked her vision, but she was suddenly alarmed.

In her disturbance, the quarrel, his words, her old complaint, and his unbroken grievance of several years, all became muddled. Delice did before her sight. The thunder seemed to be pursuing them. Out of Marcia's subconscious the half-formed longing of months, put into words by contact with Deane, came tumbling in a torrent of speech. Emotion made her bolder than she might have felt if thought had waited on impulse. Only blinding before at this, she emphasized her words, and did not see them turn pale and look rather sick as she manoeuvred the car round a bend. Seventy miles to the Waverly hotel! Seventy miles . . . of despair.

At last he spoke, without life in his voice: "Your idea is consistently selfish. Thank you for your honesty, as you call it. There is nothing so dishonest as brutality serving itself—did you know that? That isn't honesty, that stuff you just delivered. It's plain selfishness screaming itself. Separation! Fine, for you, eh, Marcia. My income and name and protection—while I remain at home and you go abroad, to 'think things over.' A farce, it has been. We agree on that point, any-

how. Marriage does become a farce—for both—when one drops his bundle. There are, in spite of your desperate plan, two ways to end our kind of muddle. The decent and the indecent way . . .

"Living together when out of love," she said sharply, "is indecent, no matter what you say."

"But separation," he nodded, changing gear on a rise, "is not! Is that right? The money and the name, but not the man. Decent, you call that. I suppose, to take your personal liberty and keep me captive . . .? I prefer the really decent way, to try again with the proper mutual giving and taking, and not cry failure and rush apart like so many other neurotic hungerers for perfection."

"Well . . . these are modern . . ."

"Indecency and rottenness, my dear, are not at all modern. They have modern labels attached, that's all. And failure is a failure now as in the beginning of civilisation. You've failed . . . and, because of that, compel me to fail also. But," he added with sudden crispness, "you can have your freedom as it means so much to you. Not by separation, Marcia, with all the cards stacked for your charming self. Divorce!"

"Divorce . . .?" she stammered. "I'm not a puppet. I'm a man, a human being and a man, I believe. I'm a simple man with old-fashioned notions and refuse to dangle on a string while you loggole it to keep me dancing . . ."

She was shrill almost: "Yes, old-fashioned says it all. Children and domestic bliss . . ."

"With means, a fine home—several homes—a nursery and servants. Many wives . . ."

"Oh, don't harp on that." She changed her manner: "I like chil-

went to your head. You weren't big enough to stand the change-over from being one of seven in a poor family to the wife of a man of means. Sorry . . . that's the truth. Your family is magnificent, but you . . . Well, old thing, you are really a bit shoddy, aren't you?"

There was a crash of thunder overhead. They saw with shock how dark the day had become, how evil the shadows, and how the air had thickened. She could scarcely breathe. The crash shook the earth

lightning, cannon-like detonations, rushing hot wind surrounded them, bewildered them, blinded and deafened them. Then the rain came, thick grey pencils cutting across the hateful glare of headlights in a daytime storm. The wind took the pencils and turned them into darting scissors. The shadows and noise engulfed them.

"There's a building," he shouted above the din. "Two miles . . . next village . . . no good . . . hold on . . . rough going . . ." She looked about her in terror, seeing at last a dark shape loom out of the madness. A building . . . The car made for it, lurching to a lop-sided standstill in a deep gutter, and shouting again—he thrust her onto the already wet roadway and took her arm to run . . . Running was like wading through deep water. The rain-streaked wind cut like bullets from a catapult . . . the earth was shaking.

The other car staggered through the storm until the tired engine sighed and gave in. Two feeble rays of light tried to pierce the thick gloom of a glade where the battered vehicle had come to rest.

Please turn to Page 20

By E. P. CARNE

dren, too, but the woman has to have them. If they'd come ready-made . . ."

"You're a shirker, my dear. And the gift coming with children is the glory of the love the mother knows. Ready-made children might bring ready-made love, a trifle shoddy and weak. The eternal . . ."

"Don't, for heaven's sake, start that again."

"Very well. But money, Marcia,

and with it came lightning killing their eyesight for a moment.

The car lurched. Michael recovered the road and his vision also. The trees made dim caves, and a sulphurous wind struck them with such force that the heavy car rocked. From the radio, hastily switched off by Marcia, a wild splutter of static came. Her husband switched on the headlights as she sat back. It was the end of the world surely . . .

# An Editorial When Windsors Return to England

DECEMBER 31, 1938.

## NEW YEAR RESOLUTION



**HAPPY** New Year! The season's greeting expresses the general wish that the dawning year may bring happiness and prosperity in its train.

More. The three homely words ring out an exultant declaration that life is good. The friendly greeting, the extended hand, are saying: "Here is a holiday after labor; home; friends. It's a great life!"

But all these simple, lovely, normal things which give to life its peerless savor, may be enjoyed only when there is peace. War is the supreme desecration of everything that makes life worth living.

Will the New Year bring peace? It needs no gift of prophecy to foretell that 1939 will be a critical year in world history. Its sun dawns on a strangely troubled world. On what kind of world will it set?

With mighty issues at stake, what can the individual do? We are apt to forget that, however involved the problem, responsibility really rests on the individual.

*Public opinion, which is composed of the opinions of individuals, makes policies which settle the fate of nations.*

Outstanding, then, is the duty to keep well informed on current affairs. If Australia is to count as a world force for good Australians must see themselves in world perspective.

Those who are inclined to adopt an attitude of indifference or defeatism towards the vital problem of the day should make now their good resolution to overcome this casual tendency.

Each Australian who conscientiously contributes to national opinion his quota of intelligent study of the world situation is doing a great deal to assure for all Australia a Happy New Year.

—THE EDITOR.

## Precedents for Raising Duchess to Rank of Princess

By Air Mail

From MARY ST. CLAIRE  
Our Special Representative in England

SINCE Mr. Neville Chamberlain went to see the Duke of Windsor in Paris rumor and conjecture have been running rife as to when the Duke and Duchess of Windsor may be expected to visit England.

The couple planned to spend Christmas in their own villa, the luxurious Chateau de la Croix, at Antibes on the Riviera, and they will stay there probably for most of January.

What will happen after that has yet to be decided.

Many personal telephone calls and letters have passed between the Duke of Windsor and the members of his family in recent weeks. All this activity is indicative of the moves which are taking place and which will affect closely the Duke's future.

There is still one outstanding barrier to reconciliation between the Duke and members of the Royal Family. Nothing short of Royal and official recognition of the Duchess as "Her Royal Highness" will satisfy the Duke. This would give her the status of a Princess.

Only the King can decide the question of the title of Her Royal Highness for the Duchess of Windsor. The King is "the fount of all honor," and the prerogative of raising anyone to the Royal rank is an essential part of the Sovereign's personal powers.

This prerogative is rarely exercised—only two cases have occurred in recent years.

The present Queen, as Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, was a commoner with courtesy title and became a Princess when the late King George V made her a Royal Highness on the occasion of her marriage to the then Duke of York.

A similar procedure was followed in the case of Lady Alice Douglas-Montagu-Scott, now Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester.

Certain objections, however, exist to the inclusion of the Duchess of Windsor in this very restricted circle, and from some quarters the question is put forward: If she can now be made a Princess, why could she not have been Queen Consort?

If the King's decision keeps the Duke of Windsor in exile, it is pointed out, such exile would be entirely of his own seeking, for there is no reason why the Duchess of Windsor, as such, should not be a visitor, if not a permanent resident, in England.

The conversation between Mr. Neville Chamberlain and the King at his long audience at Buckingham Palace when he returned from Paris is unlikely to be revealed.

However, it can be said that the Prime Minister was acting in no way as an Ambassador from the Duke to the King, nor did he, as some people have suggested, take to the King any formal message from his elder brother.

What the Prime Minister did was

his brother's kingdom has no precedence, and might, therefore, be considered to raise in some way new issues of a constitutional character.

The Duke desires to live among his own people. The Royal Family would like to be in closer touch with a much-loved member, and there is a lot of useful work which the Duke of Windsor, with his natural gifts and experience, could do.

On the other hand, popular demonstrations might be embarrassing to both those in favor of and those against the Duchess, who is a brilliant and witty conversationalist, and has a large circle of English friends.

The Duke's position as a "private citizen" with an eminent public following might also be difficult.

The position of the Duchess in Society, at Courts, Ascot and Royal garden parties would be invidious.

There was an indication of this a few days ago when the Countess of Pembroke, leading authority on Court etiquette, took Mr. Duff Cooper severely to task because his wife curtsied to the Duchess of Windsor in Paris.

The Countess stated that she would not curtsy unless the Duchess is made "Her Royal Highness."

As a Duke, the former King would be entitled to take part in the House of Lords' debates, which might involve the Royal Family deeply in political questions.

### French Attitude

WHAT is giving the Duke of Windsor a great deal of satisfaction at present is the fact that the whole of Paris Society is being forced to realise that the Duchess, as the wife of the Duke of Windsor, is to that extent herself a "member-in-law" of the British Royal Family.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester has done much to bring this acceptance about.

Possessed of a busy, work-loving and energetic temperament, the Duke finds a life of almost complete idleness preying on him and he is anxious to find some worthwhile job to do to serve his country.

The big problem which Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke were unable to solve was in what capacity the Duke could be employed.

Lord and Lady Brownlow and their two children, Caroline and Edward, planned to spend Christmas with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at Antibes, while Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten are preparing to be the first to receive the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in England in the spring.

If the Duke and Duchess of Windsor do come to England it will not be for some months, and shortly after their arrival the King and Queen will leave for a visit to Canada and the United States.



LATEST airmail picture of Lady Louis Mountbatten, who may be the first English hostess to entertain the Duke and Duchess of Windsor if they return next year to England.

—Peter Worth.

to tell the King how he had found the Duke and to repeat to His Majesty the Duke's wish to "have something to do."

The question of "Royal Highness" is one which Mr. Chamberlain leaves to the King. It comes only indirectly into the Prime Minister's orbit, inasmuch as any such action by the King would have a direct effect on public opinion.

### Some Difficulties

THE future of the Duke was only touched upon at the Cabinet meeting on the Wednesday following Mr. Chamberlain's audience with the King. The Duke of Windsor's return is a question which, it is felt, mainly concerns the Royal Family.

By the terms of his instrument of abdication, and by his own personal declaration in his farewell broadcast, the former King is now a private subject of His Majesty, and does not wish to be anything more.

The Cabinet is only drawn into the question by the fact that the presence of a former King within

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP



# Good Resolutions For The New Year



## L. W. Lower Shows an Increase of 35 Over 1938

It looks as if I'll have to make a fresh batch of New Year resolutions.

This year's batch couldn't stand up to the strain.

**A**NOTHER thing I found out is that these resolutions where you're going to trick yourself—these resolutions that seem to be cast-iron certainties—don't keep any better than the others.

I swore last New Year that I would never ride on an elephant on a Sunday. You'd

think that would be an easy one, wouldn't you?

Well, it wasn't any easier than the others. I lay awake all night wondering what it would be like to ride on an elephant. I was haunted by visions of elephants, and at dawn I arose, dressed, and went to the Zoo to wait for the gates to open.

When the keeper came around with the elephant I almost snatched it out of his hands.

Having thus broken the last of my resolutions I felt a great peace and a feeling of calm content steal over me.

I could see poor, haggard, miserable-looking people who were still struggling to keep their good resolutions, but it was no use. Like men in mid-ocean clinging to an up-turned boat, they all had to drop off sooner or later.

### It Won't Work

**THE** partnership notion is not much good, either.

You say to a friend, "Look here! I'll knock off smoking if you do."

"Right," he says. "It's a go." Then you start watching each other like cats watching mouses—or is it mice?

You have to lock yourself in the bathroom to have a smoke.

In the meantime he is locked in some other bathroom having a smoke. This goes on until one of you gets caught.

"Ha! I thought you'd given up smoking?"

"Oh, well—one now and then wouldn't hurt anybody."

"No; perhaps there might be something in what you say. They say that cutting out an old habit suddenly is a terrible shock to the system. I think I'll have a smoke myself. Just one."

After that you don't have to

By . . .  
**L. W. LOWER**

Australia's Foremost  
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

spend so much time lurking in the bathroom.

That's the hard part about good habits. You've got to leg-ropo them, and even then they get away.

You see all sorts of queer things happening in the first week of January.

You can be walking along the street with a friend when he'll exclaim, "Gosh! I nearly forgot my apple!"

"What apple?"

"I've made up my mind to eat an apple every day. Will you wait here while I go and get one?"

"I'm afraid I can't. You see, I've made a vow that precisely at eleven o'clock each morning I've got to force myself to have a large glass of beer. I've only got a minute and a half to go."

"I'll come with you. I can get the apple later."

That, of course, is the finish of the apple affair, or at least the beginning of the end.

As for me, I am going to rise at five o'clock—well, say six or seven—and go to the swimming-baths for an invigorating plunge, winter and summer. Yes, every morning.

I shall also do my utmost not to get kicked by a dromedary.

As regards the swimming-pool idea, if I don't happen to be awake about six or seven in the morning then the whole thing is off for that particular day. You can't go swimming while you're asleep. Might get drowned.

Mrs. Lower, in her usual crude fashion, said, "What about coming home in time for your dinner? Put that down on the list. And you might also add that you intend to hang your clothes in the wardrobe instead of on all the door-knobs in the house."

Like most women, she doesn't understand.

L. W. Lower admits that his New Year resolutions are made only that he may break them. Those for 1939 are destined for the same old resting ground.

It stands to reason that if you're taking your coat off near a door the obvious place to hang it is on the door-knob.

"Oh!" she said to me when I explained to her. "So, if you're taking your vest off in the kitchen, the obvious thing to do is to throw it in the sink?"

Of course, that's just plain stupidity. Your vest would look terrible in the morning, after spending a night coiled up in the sink.

I could make up quite a few resolutions for the wife. When I hang my coat on the handle of the wardrobe she has the temerity to remark: "Say, don't you know that wardrobe's hollow?"

I don't approve of flippancy in a woman.

Therefore, one of the resolutions I

would make for my wife would be: "In future, I shall treat my husband with the greatest respect."

One of these days, I shall get mad with cocaine and heroin and suggest it to her. But I'll have to pick on a time when she's very ill, or partly stunned by a curtain rod, or something.

Anyway, I've got all my good resolutions catalogued; one hundred and fifty-two, all told, an increase of thirty-five over 1938, so you can see that I'm improving.

If I can't stick to at least one of them, I am unworthy of the name of Lower, or "Hound," as I am sometimes affectionately called.

One can only hope for the best. And that goes for you, too!

F. WOLFF & SOHN, KARLSRUHE, BADEN

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## Lennie Lower Says . . .

**THE** easiest way to clean windows is to throw buckets of water at them and then polish them with the Pomeranian. The dog will yelp a bit, but it is a really good idea, as by this simple procedure you polish the window and clean the dog at the same time.

**LEMON** juice and whisky do a great deal towards lightening freckles, especially whisky. A wine-glassful after meals will work wonders. If you find the stuff getting a grip on you, go easy for a while and break it down with ginger ale.

**THEY**VE got radios and refrigerators in the bush now, which make me sigh for the good old days before the squatters took up polo and started knitting their own berets. When men were men and women were useful about the farm when the plough-horse took sick.

**IF** you feel like solving puzzles the best thing to do is to go to a Chinese restaurant, point somewhere about the middle of the menu, and say "I'll have some of that."

When you get it, you've got to guess what it is; when you've eaten it, you try to guess what it was.

**I**VE had my photograph taken. You'd hardly recognise me. It's an X-ray photo and after one good look at it I have decided that I need filleting.

**WHATEVER** you do, never keep a memorandum book! It is like living in the same room all the time with your wife, your boss, your S.P. bookmaker, and your creditors.

**GRIZZLY** bears crawl up hollow logs during the winter. That may be all right for bears, but I don't recommend it. There is always the possibility of emerging riddled with white ants.

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MAKE YOU SLIM AND KEEP YOU SLIM

# The Spymaster

Continued from Page 7

"WHAT have you done with Jesson?" Cheshire asked.

"We detained him at Scotland Yard. He is perfectly willing and we are on the safe side, anyhow. I warn you, though, I am not often wrong and I believe his story."

"Sounds only too probable," Cheshire admitted.

"Brownlow from the Foreign Office is lunching upstairs," Melville went on. "I talked to him for a minute or two. Things seem as bad as possible. Both our friends are still doing everything they can to delay matters. They mean war, you know, Cheshire. There's no doubt about that, and we are not ready."

"No more are they," the other rejoined. "Well, we will leave that to the politicians, but I'll tell you this. If ever this thing blows over, or if war does come, nothing in the world would induce me to have anything to do with my present branch of the Service again. I don't mind hardships and I don't mind taking risks, but this is simply awful. You are surrounded all the time by dangers you can't cope with, people you can't get at. A man needs a peculiar sort of mentality, Melville, to do our work."

"And you're extraordinarily good at it, so don't grouse," the Deputy Commissioner pronounced. "You know already everything there is to be known about fighting a ship, and peace-time work would be a cold job for you. You frighten me, Cheshire, now and then," he went on, moving to the sideboard and helping himself to one of the cold dishes, "but I believe in your present plans. I believe if you can only succeed in your last effort and get the truth to these fellows at the psychological moment they will climb down at once and if the other thing happens, twenty-four hours after the first shot has been fired, when they find that there is not a single

thing as they expected to find it, they will lose their nerve."

"Hope so," Cheshire said. "Anyway, the scheme has worked up till now, as one can tell from their attitude, and from some of the dispositions they have made."

The telephone bell rang again. Sir Herbert listened for a moment or two, interposing some brief ejaculations of a somewhat severe character, and rang off.

"You won't like this, Cheshire," he cried as he finished the conversation. "I will send Partridge down and have him make a report. Seems to me like gross carelessness. That man you left in the Police Station last night has escaped."

"The devil! How was that?"

"Well, the Inspector has been explaining that they were treating him a little leniently because, of course, they had no right to hold him without bringing him up for remand. The warden took him some dinner, the fellow was waiting for him behind the door, knocked him senseless, and was out of the place, into the back, and over the wall like a streak. I am terribly sorry."

"Not your fault, old chap, but it's bad luck all the same," Cheshire observed. "You see, he is the only one who must have known that that servant girl saved my life and turned me loose again. If she's gone back to her own home or any haunts where she is likely to be recognised, I am afraid she'll pay for it."

"She will suffer in a good cause, anyway," the Deputy Commissioner remarked.

"Yes, but I don't want her to suffer."

"Always the ladies' man," Melville smiled.

"Shut up!" Cheshire said calmly. "She was a plain, unwashed, ill-spoken, typical low-class domestic

servant. All the same, she saved my life and she knew she was running a bit of a risk. You've got to find her for me."

"With your eloquent description it ought to be easy," was the somewhat sarcastic reply.

"I should send Partridge down to reprimand the officials at the Police Station," Cheshire suggested thoughtfully, "and then put one or two of your best men who know that locality on to the job of finding her. She will need protection."

"I'll do exactly what you say, Cheshire," the other promised, "but so far as your man Florestan is concerned I should think he is well out of the country by now."

"I don't think so," the Admiral rejoined, "and if he is he's as likely as not to be back again to-morrow. His job is not finished yet, and he's no quitter. He has made two mistakes—leaving Meldicot alive for one. But knowing about the ammunition he was using I suppose he felt quite safe. He ought not to have left me with any life in my old hulk, though."

There was a loud yet respectful tapping at the door. The head waiter of the club presented himself. The two men looked at him curiously.

"I offer you my apologies, gentlemen," he said gravely. "I know that it is forbidden to interrupt you, but I hope you will excuse me when I tell you the cause."

"Well?" Cheshire queried.

"The Princess Polouchi has just left her husband here, sir. He has gone into the luncheon room. She asked whether you were in the club. I—forgive me—replied in the affirmative."

"A silly thing to do," Cheshire said. "You know very well that the Deputy Commissioner and myself are never in the club when we are wanted. Go on."

The Princess is in the car outside, Sir. She begged that you would spare her one moment."

Cheshire rose to his feet.

"The mischief's done, I'm afraid, Melville," he observed. "I don't suppose it makes much difference. I decline to go into the street, though. There are half-a-dozen newspaper men hanging round. You must show Her Highness into the Strangers' Room and see that no one else enters."

"Very good, sir."

The man departed, returning in a minute or two more solemn than ever.

"Her Highness is in the Strangers' Room, sir," he announced.

Cheshire nodded.

"I'll be back in a few moments," he told Melville.

Sabine was looking very lovely, as usual, but there was a shadow lurking in her eyes, and her smile was a little anxious. It was a smile which Cheshire did not return. He bent over her fingers with a cold salute and stood waiting.

"You are angry with me, Guy," she said. "I should not have come here."

"It is not wise," he told her. "Just now things are very difficult. Every movement of every person of importance is being watched."

"I did not realise that," she admitted. "I came to speak to you because Elida has told me about tonight. I am afraid for Elida, Guy."

"I don't think she will come to any harm."

"Nevertheless, it is not a good thing that she should go to a place like Machinka's and meet you there alone on this terrible secret business. I came to pray you to take her out into the country somewhere or meet her as privately as you have done before at Regent's Park. Anywhere, sooner than Machinka's."

Cheshire shook his head.

"There are reasons," he insisted, "why to-night Machinka's is necessary."

"You may be spied upon there," she warned him.

He looked at her very steadily.

"I hope so."

"You hope so?" she repeated, considering his words. "What is it that you have in your mind, Guy?"

"It would be no longer worth while keeping in my mind if I disclosed it to you," he answered.

"Is that not unkind?"

"You are a Pelouchi," he reminded her.

"I was also once your very dear friend," she said sadly. "How you have changed, Guy. How cold and stern you have become. Is there anything human left in you?"

"Temporarily," he told her. "I have ceased to exist as a human being. I am like the modern armies—I am not a human unit. I am mechanised."

"If I could only understand a little," she sighed. "I know how terrible it was that I should have involved myself in these affairs with Godfrey Ryson, but is it not almost as bad if Elida has secret discussions with you?"

"Worse," he replied. "Much worse."

"Then why do you urge her to do what she hates?"

"Because individuals count for nothing any longer. I am working only for a cause."

She shivered as she wrapped her shawl round her.

"I am sorry I came," she confessed. "I cannot imagine why this blight has fallen upon the earth. As you say, we are no longer human beings. War itself could scarcely be worse."

He pondered over her words.

"War brings misery to millions," he pointed out. "The struggle to avert war is so gigantic that it is of little consequence if it freezes the humanity out of a handful or so of us."

"What is there that I can do?" she pleaded.

He considered that also.

"Yours is the hardest task," he admitted. "Do nothing. You will save your country from ruin that way, no other, for, believe me, Sabine, that vainglorious egoist who has



SOFT BISCUIT lace to flatter a turtleneck. A danceable frock designed by Paquin with charming emphasis on the tiered skirt treatment.

lost his sense of proportion and everything except his gift of rhetoric is better left alone. If we stop the war we shall save your country."

"Your methods," she ventured, "of saving the world from war are a little cryptic."

"I am not upon my defence," he answered.

He touched the bell.

The door was opened. The hall-porter was in the background.

"Show Her Highness to her car," Cheshire directed. "Princess, a river-derby."

Elida came into the private salon of Machinka's Restaurant that evening with a laugh upon her lips and a glow of excitement in her beautiful eyes. She threw aside the black scarf which she had been wearing almost like a yashmak over her hair, and held out both her hands to Cheshire. He took them, he even raised them to his lips, but she felt the chill of his presence.

"Guy, dear," she protested, "have I come once more to a tragic feast? Can we not pretend that we are playing a game?"

"Should we be better off?" he asked.

"I think so," she declared, looking at herself in the mirror. "Life lasts such a very short time. Why should we brood upon the unhappy side of it? I am fond of you, Guy. I love the thought of our tete-a-tete dinner. I only wish I could cheer some of that gloom away from you."

"YOURS is the right spirit," he acknowledged, "slightly softer note in his voice. It is the same, Elida, these days—each one seems to bring its special tragedy."

"But the world goes on," she argued. "Why pretend that we can control it? We cannot. We are puppets, after all. Why not be happy puppets?"

"A delicious alliteration," he smiled. "You know that Sabine came to see me at the club to-day."

"That was stupid of her," she said. "And now, Guy, what are there serious to tell me? Ronnie is safe? He is still working?"

"He is still working," Cheshire assented.

She shivered a little.

"I do not think that you have the straightforward brain of a sailor at all," she declared.

"Why not?"

"It is too Jesuitical, the whole affair."

"A spy has no conscience," he told her, "neither has a counter-spy."

"What Godfrey Ryson did was terrible," she said thoughtfully. "Even though Sabine begged and prayed him to do as she wished, it was terrible. But you who introduced us, who apparently knew what was going on from the very beginning, why have you spared Ronnie? Why do you keep him there at work? Why do you still allow him to take these tracings which are apt to be passed on to my people?"

"Well, for one thing, his guilt was infinitely less than Ryson's. It was in fact, scarcely guilt at all, because he was obeying his superior officer."

"I think we will not be serious until after dinner," she declared. "Do you not notice how gay I have become? You know medieval Italy was the home of all philosophers. That little company of men and women in their villa near Florence made world history after Boccaccio had set them loose. I have the same spirit. There are still joys in life. I shall cling to them even though now and then I am forced to do evil."

"Isn't this rather a new Elida?" he asked curiously.

"Perhaps so," she confessed. "I should like to make you a new Guy. I should like to smooth those hard lines out of your face, bring the kindness back to your eyes, the warmth to your touch, the tenderness to your tone."

"Better be careful!"

"My dear man," she laughed, "my be careful?"

Perhaps Cheshire was really grateful for this fantastic exhibition of Elida's strange temperament. She was, he knew, in her way sincere. She had all the delightful vitality outlook upon life of the southern European. She conceived it her duty to life and living to be light-hearted. They gossiped about the past and even the future as though the clouds of disaster had ceased to loom over them, or even had never existed. Afterwards, when they lay side by side on the sofa, she thrust her arm through his.

"Now let us talk seriously, if we must," she begged.

"There is very little that is fresh to tell you," he said, holding a light to her cigarette. "As you know perfectly well, I am now taking Ryson's place, and you are taking Sabine's. Next week, perhaps even sooner, I am going to bring you the most important packet of plans and charts of all, but—"

"Go on, go on," she cried. "It's just the but that I want to know about."

"For my own peace of mind in the future, I must be sure that you clearly understand this. Nothing that I pass on to you, nothing that you handle, has been or ever will be absolutely correct."

The gaiety faded from her face, her lips trembled.

"I realise that," she murmured. "I have always known that you are using me to deceive my own people."

"This is my counter-stroke against Sabine for having seduced Ryson, and through him, Hincks, from their duty. By obeying my present instructions, you, Elida, in place of your sister, are making such mistakes as are possible, and furthermore, you are saving young Hinckle's life, giving him a chance to escape the consequences of his sin."

"And Ronnie knows that," she whispered bitterly.

"There has been no bargain between us," Cheshire told her. "I give him the instructions, he makes me over the results."

"But he knows that the maps are the figures, that everything he hands over to you is misleading?"

"Naturally."

Please turn to Page 18

## 51 feels 31

SAYS

### "LIFE is Grand"

HERE is the story of a woman who feels 20 years younger than her age—a woman, who, in spite of working 10 hours a day, always feels healthy, happy, young and active. Astory which brings a joyful message to every woman who values her youth.

"I am 51 years of age," she writes. "I am a lady clerk and work 10 hours a day, and do four journeys a day on my bike, two miles each way. I also keep my own home going without extra help. On my half-day off, I am ready to go to the pictures or to a dance with my husband. I take my early morning Kruschen every day, and I don't know what it is to have backache or a headache, and I am a complete stranger to rheumatism. I weigh 3 st. 4 lbs. and my skin is soft and clear."

"In the summer I slip down the water-chute with all the bright young things, and they say 'Look at that grey-haired woman. I wonder how old she is?' I am happy, free, and enjoy life—and I sincerely believe it is Kruschen daily which does it."

—(Mrs. C.B.)

### Is LIFE Grand for You, too?

Can you honestly stand up and say, "Life is grand"? Can you say, "I enjoy my work—I enjoy my play—I live sixty seconds to the minute"? Can you say that?

If you can't, there's no need to feel discouraged. Millions of people (yes—literally millions) who once felt down and out, have won new health, new LIFE! And you can, too. Start by taking a pinch of Kruschen first thing every morning in hot water or in tea. Within a week or two you'll find a new driving power inside you makes you tackle your work and your play with such keenness and vigour that all your friends are amazed. You look forward to every meal with relish. Rheumatism, fatigue, "nerves" and all those symptoms of middle age no longer hold any terrors for you. You are full of youthful zest and fitness again.

### Learn the secret of KRUSCHEN



This is because the various mineral salts in Kruschen penetrate to every organ, every cell in your body, feed and nourish the blood, awaken the liver, kidneys and intestines to new activity. Poisons so, Rheumatism goes. In fact, you have that Kruschen Feeling. Get a 2/6 bottle to-day. It will last you for three months. (Smaller size 1/6.)

"It's the Little Daily Dose that does it!"

After taking Kruschen for a week, you are often, energetically, self-reliant. Take just a pinch of Kruschen—as much as will fit in a teaspoon—every morning, in hot water or tea. Remember, it's the little daily dose that does it.



# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.  
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



**KIND OLD LADY:** Do you always play by ear?  
**MUSICIAN:** Yes Mum, 'ere or 'ereabouts.



**GLADYS PARKER:** "Cut it in a long bob this time . . . I'm tired of wearing it short!"



**PROSPECTIVE BRIDEGROOM:** Do your parents agree to our marrying?  
**PROSPECTIVE BRIDE:** Not yet. Father hasn't said anything, and Mother's waiting to contradict him.



"You are too late for dinner. Everybody's eaten."

## WHAT HAPPENS WHEN KIDNEYS STOP WORK?

The kidneys are amongst the most important organs of the human body. The correct function of the kidneys is the removal from the blood stream of surplus water and impurities which come from the natural decay of the tissues. If the kidneys do not carry out this work properly, these impurities are allowed to accumulate in the blood stream and to become distributed throughout the system, setting up disorders which eventually cause diseases such as Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Anaemia, and many other prevalent ailments.

Sufferers from such complaints will not find relief until the kidneys are restored to health. For over sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been the accepted remedy for all kidney disorders. It is quick, effective and definitely non-habit forming.

One happy correspondent from North Fitzroy writes: "I suffered with kidney and liver trouble for a number of years and tried practically every medicine on the market without result. I then tried Warner's Safe Cure and after taking a few bottles I began to feel a different man. I continued with the medicine and am now my old self again. Thanks to Warner's Safe Cure."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

## BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

**YOUNG WIFE:** Darling, I won a medal at the cookery school.  
**Husband:** Wonderful! But what is this I'm eating?  
"Guess."  
"Your medal?"

**MILLINER:** Pardon, Madame. This is the hat you just bought; that's the box you're wearing.

**CONSTABLE:** This is the third time I've caught you.  
**Cheerful Motorist:** And now I suppose you think I'm yours for keeps.

**GARDENER:** This is a tobacco plant in full bloom.  
**Lady:** How interesting. And when will the cigars be ripe?

**BILL:** Your wife's blonde, isn't she?  
**Bert:** I'm not sure. She is down at the beauty parlor just now.

**HE:** Do girls really like conceited men better than the other kind?  
**She:** What other kind?

**THE** short-sighted old lady had spent a long time in the antique shop.  
"What is that ugly Oriental figure in the corner worth?" she asked at last.  
"Quite ten thousand," whispered the horrified salesman. "That's the proprietor."

**THEY** had become engaged and had decided to be patient with each other.  
"I shall not be like some husbands who get cross if the dinner is cold," he said.  
"If ever you did," she said sweetly, "I would make it hot for you."

**TOMMY** (to grocer): Mummy said will you give me a quarter of a pound of butter and lb. of salt and that will come to 5d., and that she will send the sixpence down on Friday, and will you give me the penny change now, 'cause mummy wants to put it in the gas-meter.

**SMALL BOY:** Daddy, what do you call a man who drives a car?  
**Father:** It all depends on how close he comes to me.

**YOUNG DOCTOR:** I have got a case at last.  
**Young Lawyer:** Congratulations! When you've got him to the point where he wants to make a will, give me a ring and I'll come over.

"I'm the luckiest man in the world."  
"Why?"  
"I've got a wife and a cigarette lighter and they're both working."

"YOU'D be a good dancer but for two things."  
"What are they?"  
"Your feet."

## ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

Then You Need

# Zam-Buk

**S**HOPPING in the busy stores and treading the hot pavements is especially hard on the feet these long summer days. And there's your cleaning, cooking and other duties at home. No wonder your feet feel the strain, become chafed, painful, and swollen, and make you irritable.

Be kind to your feet by adopting this easy nightly treatment. First bathe them in warm water. Then after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

**Pain, Swelling and Inflammation** are quickly relieved. Corns and hard growths are softened and easily removed; blisters are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Use Zam-Buk regularly for happy, comfortable feet.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists and stores.

**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night**



"Shopping was very tiring and housework too made my feet suffer. Using Zam-Buk regularly gave welcome relief. I've no more pains or foot sores now and can get about without the least trouble."—Mrs. M. Hunting.  
"For preventing blistering and chafing and for keeping the feet sweet and healthy, Zam-Buk is the finest thing out. I walk many miles a day now without any discomfort."—Mrs. D. Jones.

# The Spymaster

Continued from Page 16

"DOES he know that you are making use of me to pass them on?"

"I have never told him so."

"Well," she sighed. "I am glad that he has not sunk so low as that, but although I am fond of him, it would have been better if he had possessed the courage of his friend, Godfrey Ryson."

"Young men are fond of life," Cheshire reminded her. "Then, too, you must remember he was only carrying out the orders of his superior officer. I am not attempting to excuse his fault, but he is at least working out a bitter expiation."

"And if I refused now to go on with my part in this business?"

"The Service, perhaps the world, would have no further use for Commander Ronald Hincks."

"An ultimatum?"

"Precisely."

Elda sipped her coffee slowly and deliberately. She withdrew her arm from Cheshire's hand and she had not replaced it. She lit another cigarette and smoked on in silence.

"It is a hateful thought that I am helping to deceive my country," she confessed at last.

"Sabine had every intention of deceiving the country whose hospitality you are both accepting at the present moment to help your own," he reminded her coldly. "This is your retribution."

"And how do you know that I shall not tear up these papers and send them with a little note to explain that I have no faith in their genuineness, and why?"

"You shall have them," he answered, capturing her hand and holding it. "You know the orders I wear, and I can honestly say that I have the fighting spirit, yet I hate war, and every moment of my life now, every thought, is devoted to preventing it—even at the expense of every principle I have ever cherished."

She reflected upon his words for a moment.

"And what about me?" she asked.

"You are making use of me. Am I to forget altogether the ignoble side of what I am doing? Am I to remember only that I am one of your fellow-workers in this mission, which, I suppose, after all, is greater than anything personal—this mission for preventing war?"

"You are," he assured her firmly.

"You have grasped the situation precisely. What you are doing, on behalf of Sabine, is partly retribution, but, beyond that, if it would help my work, I would sacrifice any living being, even though he or she were the nearest and dearest thing in my life."

"Exactly how am I helping?" she persisted.

"In this manner," he answered.

"The man who is for the moment at the head of your nation, genius though he may be, has one fault. He is over-confident. It is a bad fault. You are helping to feed it. When, at the last moment, he knows the truth, the shock will be greater."

"And what about the other?" she asked.

"He means so much less to me, but he counts."

"You are not in any sort of direct connection with him," Cheshire pointed out. "He is being dealt with in the same way. They are both receiving information which, if it were correct, would make their success a certainty. Incorrect it would spell disaster. Our northern friend will be quicker to realise the position. He will be the first to change his attitude."

"Tell me some more," she begged.

"I need reassurance."

"Not now," he replied. "Within a week or ten days I shall have, as I have already said, a further trust to hand over to you. It will be the most important part of our whole scheme. When that has been studied for twenty-four hours in both capitals the time will have arrived. The Dictators will be told the truth. They will know then that all this army of spies with which they have flooded the country has bungled. The Dictators will have an entirely different view of the situation put before them. They will be shown a plan of the blow we intend to strike if war comes, which will be paralyzing to any hopes they might have had of success. Then will come our moment. Our envoys will change their tone. The conversations will be conducted in a different spirit. We shall give much, we shall expect much, but that much will spell peace. The mistake you make, my dear Elda," he wound up, "is that you think of yourself as a traitress, whereas you are really a prophetess. You believe that you are engaged in a business of infamy whereas really you are the Joan of Arc of your people."

"You are a pleasant comforter, are you not, dear Guy?" she said, stroking his arm.

"I am telling you the truth."

"Oh, I wonder," she answered.

"This business of spying defeats me."

"Did you do that with the last packet?"

"No."

"You sent them without comment?"

"Yes."

"There, you see," he pointed out.

"You have told me the truth. I will go further, Elda. You will always tell me the truth. Next time we meet I shall ask you whether you have sent what I give you to-day also without any warning, sent them in the ordinary way. You will answer me and what you say will be the truth."

She looked at him half fearfully.

"You are a terrible man. Once I was so fond of you, and now I am afraid. What is to come of it all?"

"How can I tell? The soldier who is flung into the battlefield does not waste time thinking of the morrow."

"Will there be a to-morrow?" she asked wearily.

"The chances are even," he replied. "I only know that I am doing everything a man in my position can to ensure its coming. So are you."

"Go on," she insisted. "You owe me plain truths."

"You shall have them," he answered, capturing her hand and holding it. "You know the orders I wear, and I can honestly say that I have the fighting spirit, yet I hate war, and every moment of my life now, every thought, is devoted to preventing it—even at the expense of every principle I have ever cherished."

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"You are a pleasant comforter, are you not, dear Guy?" she said, stroking his arm.

"I am telling you the truth."

"Oh, I wonder," she answered.

"This business of spying defeats me."

A man tells a lie for his country's sake and he is acclaimed a hero. Guy, I wish Ronnie loved me more than his country."

"But he doesn't."

"Give me some more coffee," she begged.

He poured it out in silence, added the sugar gravely and placed the cup in her hand. She drank it and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"No, he does not," she repeated quietly, "and I think I love him for it. The greatest thing in a man's life is his sense of honor. No woman could be jealous of that. Still, she needs just the right word sometimes. How shall I meet Ronnie, I wonder, when we do come together again?"

"As lovers," he told her.

She rose to her feet joyously.

"Give me the papers," she begged.

He placed them in the silk bag she was carrying. She closed it with a little gold key from her bracelet.

"When do we meet again?" she asked softly.

"When we do meet it will probably be for the last time," he told her.

"You will hear from me, Elda."

She clutched his arms.

"Guy," she confessed, "I am terrified of the next time, and I am terrified of the days that will pass between now and then. Sabine, too, is wretched. You know her well enough to understand that there was nothing between her and Godfrey Ryson, but his suicide was a shock to her. She feels that in a way it was her fault."

"YOU must point out the truth to her," Cheshire said.

"She has less to reproach herself with than she thinks. It was not for her own sake that she made him a traitor. It was for her country's. He sinned and he paid the penalty."

"And what about me?" Elda asked.

"Remember, you came into this for the sake of Sabine," he said. "When the crisis is over you will have an English husband, you will be an Englishwoman. You are working for the greatest cause in the world."

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It was an ugly spot, with pools of darkness towards the further end which the lights in the Mews failed to penetrate. There was a certain hesitation about her movements now. She was not at all sure that her knees were not trembling. Perfectly absurd, she told herself. The noise of the busy traffic was all around her. It was only these few yards that seemed unfit and desolate. Even with the thought of the taxicab at the other end, her nervousness remained. Almost she yielded to the impulse of retracing her steps. Then she remembered that stern expression on Cheshire's face which once or twice that evening she had found so frightening. He would lose all confidence in her. It was ridiculous to give in.

Half-way down she stopped. She would have called out if she had dared. She made a second effort and conquered. She staggered on, reached the door, opened it and stepped into the Mews. With a great breath of relief she realised that the taxi was there waiting. The driver descended from his seat and held open the door. She was safe, after all! How absurd it had been to fear anything.

"I have not kept you waiting too long?" she asked, smiling.

She glanced at the man's face as she spoke and the fear came back. It was not the same driver.

"Where is the man who drove me here?" she inquired quickly.

He had moved, as though to cover her possible retreat. He was not an agreeable-looking person and he was also a complete stranger.

"I am his mate," he announced. "He was called away. The lady will please step in."

Elda hesitated.

"But why should he be called away?" she demanded. "I engaged him for the evening from Hill's Garage. You are not one of Hill's men."

"Just as good, young lady. Now, please—"

# £1 FOR BEST LETTER

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

## YOUNG MARRIEDS

**O**FTEEN, when the present-day young married woman is being discussed, very seldom to her credit, one wonders why the many are judged by the few who are perhaps not the greatest ornaments to their sex.

For we must justly admit that the majority of young wives and mothers to-day are excellent at their job.

They run their homes well, bring up their babies on strict clinic lines, are good comrades to their husbands, and, best of all, have attained good common sense which carries them through life admirably.

To us older ones who, when rearing our families, were able to obtain reliable and inexpensive domestic help, they are a constant wonder.

The wife of one of our late Governors confessed she was amazed at the ease with which the Australian mother "could apparently put the baby to bed with one hand whilst cooking the dinner with the other."

Let us, then, give the young married woman all praise and encouragement, for without doubt Australia's future men and women are safe in her loving and capable hands.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. John Alexander, 16 Rangers Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

## CHILD'S WELFARE

**I**T is claimed that civilisation has advanced since the days when a parent had complete power of life and death over his children.

Yet under our present laws parents may refuse permission for urgent surgical treatment, when it is often a question of the child's life.

Surely such ignorant prejudice should not be weighed against the trained and accurate judgment of a doctor.

No uninformed opinion, however well-meaning, should be allowed to stand in the way of a child's welfare, and the law should certainly be amended in this respect.

Miss M. Berry, Box 2277P, G.P.O., Sydney.

## DANCE CRITICS

**L**IKE most young girls, I like dancing, and enjoy learning new steps and dances.

Lately I have noticed at various dances that the older folk sit down and watch the very modern dances, such as the Lambeth Walk, the Blackpool Walk and the Yam, criticising the dress and actions of the younger dancers.

Why don't these older people attend old-time dances instead of spoiling the evening for themselves and for others?

Thelma Heyron, Abbott St., Alphonston, Vic.

## BORROWERS

**T**HERE are people who never borrow, and people who borrow with reluctance and are never content until the loan is repaid.

Then the easy borrowers, who have no conscience and borrow from a friend without the slightest intention of repayment.

They still go on having all the good things of life and never worry about breaking their word to a friend who has trusted them with a loan.

You are quite a good fellow until you ask for repayment; then you are no longer a friend.

Do these people realise there is a very narrow margin between the thief and themselves?

M. Matthews, 6th Floor, 74 Eagle St., Brisbane.



## Are We House-Proud or Home-Loving?

**B**EING "house-proud" is only one of the reasons why there is a decline in the birth-rate, Mrs. Lurse (10/12/38).

We are "house-proud" because it is fashionable. We want motor cars, new clothes, smart furniture, because they are all fashionable. If large families became "fashionable" again we would probably cease to be "house-proud."

Mrs. Hart, Hamilton St., West Hobart.

## In the Minority

**M**RS. B. A. LURSE is a bit too extreme in blaming house-pride for the falling birth-rate.

I suggest that people are beginning to think more and understand more, too. The world is a hard place to live in, and we wonder what is in store for our children.

Why have more than we can decently equip for the Battle of Life?

Admittedly there are the house-prouds, but they are in the minority.

I can call to mind many happy homes with children. They outnumber the spick-and-span dolls' houses.

Mrs. F. Berridge, Anana, Wyalong, N.S.W.

## Time Payment

**I** DO not think the real cause of the falling birth-rate is due to being too "house-proud."

The main reason is that the majority of young married couples begin life on the time-payment system, and they want to postpone the arrival of a family until they are more secure.

Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

## Present Standards

**T**HE real reason for the falling birth-rate is that couples find they simply cannot afford to have large families and rear them to compete with present-day standards.

Taxes, high cost of food and clothing, and higher standard of education make it impossible to rear a family of more than two or three properly.

Of course, if one dressed them in their elder brother's or sister's cast-off clothes, denied them amusements, sports and holidays, books and toys, one might manage to rear a large family, but children of these times will not put up with any sacrifice. They demand the best of everything, and insist on being equal to their more prosperous schoolmates.

Mrs. L. L. Farrell, 64 Alfred St., Milson's Pt., N.S.W.

## Rule the Roost

**I** THINK Mrs. Lurse is on the wrong track when she says people have become too "house-proud."

If she looks around, how many children does she see who are brought up properly and taught to behave themselves in other people's homes?

They are allowed to "rule the roost" in their own homes, and



think they can do the same in others.

Our mothers were just as proud of their homes as young mothers are to-day, but when children went visiting in the old days they were not unruly. They were taught how to behave themselves.

I certainly don't blame people for not having children in their homes if the children can't behave.

Mrs. B. Mark, St. Vincent's Rd., Virginia NE3, Brisbane.

## How to "Get Your Man" or Lose Him

**M**ISS BARRETT (10/12/38) has been told to treat young men in cavalier fashion.

I think any intelligent man resents being kept waiting unnecessarily and having appointments broken.

Although such wives may prove intriguing at first, they are apt to pall quickly, and are doubtful attractions at best.

Besides, they are superfluous. Our sex have enough vagaries without adding to them. Nevertheless, we "get our man" in spite of such heartless treatment, and poor man has to grin and bear it.

Mrs. J. Hamlyn, 17 Wigram Rd., Glebe Point, N.S.W.

## Surprising Advice

**T**O break appointments or to be late in keeping them is surprising advice to be given you by your elders, Miss C. M. Barrett.

Rest assured that men with principle will prefer the girl who sticks to her word, and can be depended on. The preference of an unprincipled man would bring you no reward worth having.

F. G. K. Brennan, 104 Warrane Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

## Girl Who Is Punctual

**I**T is ridiculous to think that a young man would value a girl who was continually breaking appointments or being late for them. A young man of principle would appreciate a punctual girl.

A woman who places no value on

## Dress Allowance For Men

**W**HY not a dress allowance for the man as well as the woman?

So many men allow their clothes to gradually wear out without buying reinforcements, and when the last shirt rips they dash to the nearest store and buy a whole new wardrobe.

This is a big expense all at once. Besides, surely it is better to be neatly dressed all the time rather than to look smart for six months and gradually get shabbier and shabbier until the old performance has to be repeated.

Set aside a weekly allowance and spend it regularly.

Miss E. Ruback, Mary St., Maryborough, Qld.

a man's time would make a very poor life-mate for any man.

Miss E. Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

## Wiles of Women

**P**ERHAPS a woman thinks that by keeping a man waiting for an appointment her presence, when she does eventually arrive, is more valued.

Unfortunately, men being helpless victims of the wiles of women, this is generally true. But be careful that your victim is not the exception to the rule.

You may arrive late, and ready with a pretty little speech of apology, to find the bird has flown.

J. Martin, King's Park Rd., W. Perth.

## Learn Their Lesson

**W**OMEN who deliberately arrive late for appointments and are deliberately temperamental make life difficult for the genuine ones who are always punctual and reasonable.

Men who are treated without consideration learn their lesson quickly and become careless about appointments and little courtesies themselves.

The old adage, "Do unto others as you would be done by," is true, but sound.

Miss E. Harrington, Hughes St., Woodville, S.A.

## Did You Like Your Xmas Gifts?

**T**HE remarks of Mrs. Gardiner (10/12/38) are very timely.

Christmas-giving among acquaintances has degenerated into an exchange of more or less useless articles.

How often this week have I heard



—and made—the comment, "I wish Mrs. X hadn't sent me a present. Now I must buy her something, and I really cannot afford it."

Is there any of the true spirit of Christmas in that? Let us give till it hurts—to the poor, the lonely, to anyone, in fact, who cannot give back.

Miss Ida Wynne, C/o Mrs. J. R. Cress, Campbell St., Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

## Competitive Spirit

**I** QUITE agree with Mrs. Gardiner that often the spirit of Christmas is overwhelmed by a competitive spirit during the festive season.

It deprives one of some of the joy of giving if, after having lovingly fashioned some simple, useful gift for a friend, we are presented in return with something much more elaborate, which we know must have cost quite a lot.

If we only paused to think more of what Christmas really means and less of the value of the gifts we are to distribute, I think everyone would have a much more joyful time at Christmas.

Molly G. Bullock, Evandale, Tas.

## Become Burdens

**M**RS. E. GARDINER has the right angle on the Christmas gift problem.

Material gifts are valued, but the knowledge that their bestowal had caused worry or financial difficulties would rob the gift of pleasure, and such gifts would become burdens.

The value of a present lies not in the money it has cost, but in the fact that someone has thought of us with affection.

Maria N. Rodia, 19 Rose St., Sandringham, Vic.

## Enjoy Giving

**Y**ES, Mrs. Gardiner, it is the spirit and goodwill at Christmas that count, and not the gifts.

If we allow ourselves to buy gifts we cannot afford, Christmas becomes a time of worry instead of a time of happiness and good cheer.

By all means let us give little gifts that we can afford, so that we will again have the pleasure but not the worry of giving.

To know that you are thought of during the festive season should bring happiness in itself.

Doris Hutchison, 7 Spring St., Preston, Vic.

## Infectious Excitement

**S**IMPLE hand-made gifts have a charm of their own. We know a great deal of thought and work have gone into the making of them.

I'm sure most of us would prefer this type of gift, but if we made them and received similar gifts in return we would all be deprived of the infectious excitement of Christmas buying.

We mothers probably enjoy the crowds and colorful displays in the shops just as much as our children do.

So please don't deprive us of all this, Mrs. Gardiner.

Mrs. E. Hannah, Church St., Richmond, Vic.

## WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to write to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

## OPEN-AIR CHURCH

**W**HY don't we have open-air church services in the fine weather?

People who are compelled to stay indoors all the week and yet like to go to church on Sundays would surely appreciate and benefit by being outdoors. There would be a lot against it, but if a suitable quiet spot were chosen people might realise the beauty and goodness of the Lord's work more forcibly than in a man-made church.

Ann Dene, 10 Chilton St., Nedlands, W.A.

## OLD LOVES

**H**OW many young couples, after they have been married for a while, still go out with their old sweethearts?

I myself do not believe in this sort of thing. I think it leads to quarrels and even divorces. If they want to keep in touch with each other, why don't the husband and wife visit old sweethearts together?

Mrs. W. V. Fairall, Albury St., Harden, N.S.W.

## DULL TOPICS

**T**RAVELLING frequently by bus and train, I find the chief topic of conversation among the women so dull and uninteresting.

The conversation usually commences about Monday's heavy washing, and then turns to sickness, hospitals, operations, etc.

How refreshing it is to meet someone who has bright and varied conversation, and does not complain of her troubles.

Miss N. Fisher, 8 Bourke St., Burnie, Tas.

## LITTLE COURTESIES

**A**RE not the little courtesies of life the ones that give the most pleasure, and make existence itself most worth while?

The correct direction given you pleasantly when you ask a stranger the way; making room for you in a crowded lift; passing the cruet at a restaurant table without your having to ask: the mere saying of "Thank you," "Please," "Excuse me," and so on—little courtesies cultured people use unconsciously—these seem to me in many more than all formalities of mere etiquette.

The reaction from them helps to build up the morale of mankind, for after meeting with some little courtesy one goes on one's way not only feeling better towards one's fellows, but ready and willing to return the same courtesy to others.

Mrs. B. M. Wright, Mann St., Glenbrook, N.S.W.

## STRANGE PARTNERS

**O**FTEEN you will find people of opposite temperaments attracted to each other, but if they desire a happy marriage they should forget the attraction.

One often hears people saying that the ideal marriage is a marriage of opposites. These people who say it never really stop to think whether it is correct or not.

In practice, however, one finds that neither partner can understand the other, they have no similarity in ideals, outlook or type, and it is very difficult for the stronger partner to prevent the adoption of a dictatorial attitude.

F. Price, 100 Zastron St., Bloemfontein, O.F.S., South Africa.

## WEDDING RINGS

**I** FAIL to see any sense in the modern idea of ornamenting and decorating the good old-fashioned wedding ring of our grandmothers' day.

If women must have fancy jewellery, there are dozens of other kinds of decorative rings to choose from.

The ornamented wedding ring seems to me a symbol of the bright and breezy manner in which many modern couples marry and then divorce each other.

Mrs. C. F. Menckton, Hopeville, Drayton, Qld.

## After the Storm

Continued from Page 13

THE young husband crouched for a moment over the high steering-wheel, his saloonness livid as he knew the car was stuck. The wife huddled low in her seat with an expression on her face that any woman would have read correctly. Nan was twenty, a soft-mannered little creature natural and shy as a bush bird. For his sake she was calm, nor would panic help, though it was not the storm of which she was afraid. Born and bred in the bush with the hills echoing above her home farm to every thunderclap, storms could not frighten her. They had been married twelve months, loved their life at Brue Farm, to which simple home the lad had proudly brought her, and she was now on her way to hospital for her baby.

In the back of the car a dress-basket lay, covered by a piece of canvas. The hood leaked and as the sky had looked so dark the canvas represented their preparedness and weather-knowledge, but nobody could have predicted this elemental uproar.

Jim had often sat, in the evenings whose quietness never bored them, watching her sew, in between applying himself to his agricultural studies—by correspondence, and the other studies accounting for his unselfconscious air of dignity and thought. "Gosh, ay!" he might say. "Nothing could be small enough to wear that thing." And she would laugh, nod, or smile, feeling important. "You'll see," she would nod, and look wise and mysterious.

There was no telephone at the farm. Of course, later . . . Every season brought some new convenience in or out of doors, but the farm had to be put first, to make money so that the house could be dealt with later—and properly, by George! Only four hundred owing now, and when that was paid off . . . Gosh, ay! Their own place, every stick and stone and animal and piece of machinery.

Two lived cheaply as one, because he had been bacheling, lonely, and a bit bewildered after his father's death, and then Nan had come, to cook magically, save on unexpected things, and run hens and grow produce, so that what she took into the grocery two miles away paid for what she bought. Marvellous!

Of course, two could live on a farm as cheaply as one, but when the extra member promised to arrive that was another matter. Clothes, nursing home in the township, doctor, baby garments, small remedies for ills, trifles and oddments she just had to add to the dress-basket's contents—all those things mounted up.

But a little person all one's own, with soft warm toes and wee plump hands, the miracle of one's own little boy or girl, growing, playing, eating, chattering . . . That, said Nan one night in a softly-hushed tone, with the starlight above and about them, was the meaning of love and life. Wasn't it? Didn't he think so?

Clearing his throat, Jim had said yes, he thought so.

Now he looked at her with his terror stark in his eyes, so that she had to pretend a grand calm, as if everything were all right. Anguish broke his tones. "How do you feel . . . ?" and she, hiding her pain, smiled rally, saying she was splendid, but the storm was awful, and couldn't they . . . walk?

Walk? He almost hooted with despairing laughter. Then he saw the deserted farm and knew where he was. "Come on," he said through stiffly-twisted lips, and stood in the rain to help her out.

"Oh," she cried, stumbling towards him. He held her tightly: "What . . . ?" She fibbed, saying

brokenly: "That flash . . . it was close."

The wind and rain and noise beat round them, tearing her coat from her hands, whipping her skirt about her aching legs, but Jim knew where he was, and while tenderly forcing her on through the screaming murk he thought over the roads and the position of this deserted farmhouse two miles from the township . . .

They bent their heads to push on a step at a time, with the rain-streaked hot wind pressing at their bodies. Everything was ghostly. Pain and confusion and effort mingled with the storm. Her mind cried a plea while her lips made a hard line of her mouth. She could hear herself sobbing as if with hiccoughs, and through that sound came Jim's voice saying anxious, foolish things. Must . . . must . . . must . . . her mind kept repeating. Must . . . must . . .

She swayed against the lintel, eyes closed, after he burst in the door of the house with a burst of his strong young shoulders.

Nan opened her eyes to see two startled people standing hastily upright to stare at the intruders. All were intruders. For one tense moment the four people were rigid, then Michael strode forward, biting off a sharp exclamation. He had the situation well in hand. His brisk voice was authoritative. "My car is out there . . . How far to the hospital . . . ? The doctor? Can she make it?"

Nan stood motionless. It was at Michael's look, with a long, helpless stare of dazed entreaty: "I . . . I can't make it," Nan said.

Marcia was untidy for the first time in months, nor did she notice this. Something strange, beautiful, terrible, had come to the ramshackle little farmhouse through that frightening night. Something awe-inspiring and humbling had attacked the egotism of her character, spoiled, as Michael had said, by too much means—money gone to her head. Money! How useless it had been. In the night, with the dark wings of death beating round their heads and the silence after the storm profound and dramatic.

How silly the beautiful blue clothes were as she busied herself, to find the sleeves dabbling in a bowl, her skirts hampering her limbs. So she had ripped up the light skirt and torn off the circular frills draping her arms, and pinned up her marcelled hair to a heap, tucking strands behind her ears. The heat was intolerable, until the fresher rain came with the sweetness of a warm dawn bright with the gold of day's first hours. The thunder had gone muttering like a sulky giant over the hills, to roar once or twice as if in anger for having been cheated of its triumph. They had, somehow, all four of them, outwitted the storm.

Michael had outwitted it in his decided way, going with instructions to the township after forcing the stubborn car to drag itself out of the gutter, and on through the chaos.

Jimmy had torn out for the dress-basket, carried it in, and made a fire, and broken up part of an old wood-shed to get pine-wood, for the other wood was damp through the roof being partly stripped. And Marcia had looked after the little wife in the dreadful bedroom, nothing more than a wire stretcher, a broken chair, and a window blind. Rugs from the car—Michael's car—brought in by herself through the rain as he started off, and the car's back cushions, and a suitcase dragged hastily forth. The bedroom was almost comfortable in a gipsyish way by the

time she finished draping the ugliness of the wire mattress and garb-ing Nan in a Parisian nightgown of peach satin and coffee lace.

Nan had outwitted the storm with the simplicity of her courage, at which Marcia had marvelled with her heart sinking in abasement.

There was no sunset. The night had followed the day with only a faint change of coloring over the bush, but as the hours endured the storm had abated. Michael had returned with the doctor in the early evening. He made Marcia think of someone out of Dickens. Michael had also knocked up a grocer and called at an hotel. There was tea, food, brandy; and a fire burning hotly in the unfurnished kitchen.

Jimmy had brought in two splint-

## GIRLIGAGS



"SEEING good and looking good in that first pair of glasses are two different things."

ery packing-cases to make a table for the modest cooking. In the living-room one small chair stood, the lower part of a sewing machine, and . . . oddly enough . . . a set of empty bookshelves. Flat on the floor these made a good bench.

## "CONTESSA" HE

protested, "why be foolish? Should I bring anyone so beautiful to a place where harm was likely to happen to her?"

Elda bit savagely at his hand, but it was too tightly stretched over her lips. The driver, who had passed them, had rung a bell. Almost immediately a door, skilfully camouflaged to appear like a part of the wall, swung open. She was in what seemed to be the lounge entrance to a club or small restaurant. Beyond was the vista of a bar, behind which stood a barman in a white linen coat. Her companion who had been holding his hand over her mouth suddenly removed it. She called out to the barman.

"Come and help me!" He took no notice. She turned to her escort. The driver had remained outside.

"What is this place?" she asked. "A place where you can have a very good time if you behave yourself, and can have the worst time in the world if you misbehave."

Elda threw herself into an easy chair. Her companion made no effort to prevent her. He handed his coat and hat to a boy who had hurried out of a cloakroom.

"Come here, boy!" Elda cried. He took no notice. "Do you not hear what I say?" The boy was already retreating. She called again, but his head was kept obstinately turned away.

"Very bad case," her captor confided, smiling. "Born deaf and dumb. That is one curious thing about this club," he went on. "From the commissionaire to the maitre d'hotel every one of the servants is stone deaf and also dumb."

"I think it is a horrible place," she declared. "Why have you brought me here?"

"If you will mount those stairs with me," he suggested, "you will know. You are here to meet the president. He is the gentleman I told you about who wishes to know precisely what you have in that little bag. It would save time if you mounted the stairs. I will perform the necessary introduction and I will leave you—with infinite regret, may I say?"

At dawn the doctor drove away again with Michael, the new-born child sleeping with his absurd list in bunches of frills gathered on the creased little wrists.

Michael could not remove his gaze from his wife as the dawn broke cleanly after the storm. She looked almost as when they had first met, at a picnic when a fire had set alight to the grass. Smutted, laughing, untidy, they had all sat drinking tea later, thoroughly dishevelled and happy. Gone unwillingly to the picnic, too—so odd is the fate of a man, to fall in love on sight of the fourth daughter of a seedy old professor of economics. Seven in family had subdued his manner but not his sense of humor. Asking for her had presented no obstacles. Michael had fallen in love, he often said, with her whole family—though one was quite enough to marry.

Now . . . she was dishevelled, drinking tea in a huddled position, her hair anyhow and her face deprived of make-up. And for a while, at least, she wore her old expression, the biased veneer of smartness either wiped away temporarily or not bothered with. He took out his pipe slowly to light it, in the weariness following the exertions and anxiety of the night.

Sitting in the doorway on a round of wood used evidently as a door-stop, he let his tired eyes gaze on the rain-washed trees, every one of them crowded by the crazy chitter of wide-awake birds. The scent of hot earth soaking with rain came in like incense. This beauty mingled like one picture superimposed on the other, with the incredible peace on the face of the little wife with the new-born child in the crook of her arm.

She had smiled faintly through the vagueness out of which she was creeping. "I never thought . . . he'd see his mother in . . . a peach satin nightgown," she said, and her eyes had closed. For some reason Marcia's eyes had filled as she turned away trying not to see Michael looking at her.

Again she looked away, as her husband turned from the doorway to move his pipe from his mouth, raise his brows as if to speak, then smile with one side of his mouth and look at the trees again. She went red to the brow.

## The Spymaster

Continued from Page 18

"I should prefer even the president of a club like this to you," she told him. "Please to lead the way. I will follow you."

He swung round stiffly and obeyed. Half-way up the stairs he paused and looked back.

"Well?" she asked. "I remind myself," he said, "that only a week ago I buy one of these English picture papers and I see photographs of the beautiful Princess Pelouchi and her even more beautiful sister. There you are all smiles and Court dress and graciousness. The picture is not true. I think myself you are a very disagreeable young woman."

"How dare you!" she exclaimed. "How dare you, when you have been sitting for so long with the muzzle of a revolver pressed to my side! I have a bruise, two bruises, in fact. When I undress to-night I shall hate you even more than I do now."

He sighed. "I regret more than I can tell you that I shall not be present."

"Show me the way to this president of yours," she cried furiously. At the topmost step he knocked at a heavy mahogany door and beckoned her to precede him. A man seated before a desk looked up at their entrance.

"This," her companion announced, "is the young lady whom I was instructed to meet in the Jermyn Street Mews and conduct here."

Of course, the awfulness of her selfish words had come back to him, with Nan to compare . . . Ready-made children: ready-made feelings! Eternal . . . That peace on Nan's young face, the adoration in her down-bent glance, full of wonder and incredulity, was an eternal thing . . . And the peach satin nightgown! Marcia was conscious of a great longing to shower hundreds of peach-satin nightgowns over Nan's rather uncomfortable, improvised sick-bed.

There was a sound out of doors. Jim was returning from trying hopelessly to tinker with his car. Rather bashfully he stood looking at Michael. "I say, sir, I've not thanked you yet . . . somehow things seemed too urgent . . . But I . . ."

Michael shook his head: "I have to thank you, my lad, so forget all that. The only thing worth thinking about is your wife . . . and . . . your son."

The boy—he was little more—stood silent and tense for a moment. His son! The word was a strange one, and one that held too much meaning for him to respond.

As he turned away Michael moved his head and spoke to his wife: "Did you see that look on his face, Marcia?" She nodded, and her husband said slowly: "It makes me feel very poor and lonely."

Catching her breath she went hastily in to Nan and sat softly on the bed-edge. Nan tried sleepily to add her thanks, and wondered dimly why the beautiful person in the ruined blue frock got up suddenly to stare out through the window.

"But I'm sorry," Nan faltered, "to have upset you so. We didn't expect him quite so soon, and the storm . . ."

Marcia swung round, harsh: "Upset me. Good heavens, never think that, or say it to me. Upset me!"—and she laughed.

"Perhaps . . ." Nan said shyly, "we've delayed you."

"The storm delayed us," Marcia answered. Softly she added, so that nobody could hear: "Thank God . . ." and went out.

Please turn to Page 22

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# THIS Time

## A Short Story

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER



"It isn't too late," he said. "I can stay here and keep the job I've got."

GREG had phoned Margot to meet him at The Blakely. His usually steady, dependable voice had stirred with excitement. Greg had work to-night but he wanted to see her first. What had happened that was so important that Greg couldn't wait until to-morrow to tell her?

"What is it?" Margot queried when they were seated.

Greg smiled at her mysteriously. "A little surprise," he said. "How would you like to go on a nice long trip?"

"A trip," gasped Margot. "But I can't go!"

Greg patted her hand soothingly. "I know all about it. But let me explain first."

The export company of which he was a minor official had recently opened a branch office in Cuba. Greg had been offered the management of the embryo concern. "They want me to leave within a month," he blushed. "That will give us time to get married and make the necessary arrangements."

"You know I can't, Greg. There's a still—Sheila."

"I've thought about that. You've saved some money and so have I. We'll pool it in a trust fund and use it for Sheila. It's a wonderful opportunity for both of us."

"For six years we've thought that perhaps the next year we could get married. But always there was something to prevent it. If it wasn't Dunn getting into trouble it was Sheila who didn't want to give up her own home to come and live with us. I've been a good sister and a faithful daughter. But where do I come in—the man you love?"

A faint color crept up to the dark strands of Margot's hair. Greg was right. Somehow Dunn, her brother, and Sheila had never seemed to take responsibility. But Dunn was living with Uncle Ned now, and working in Uncle Ned's department store. And Uncle Ned gave only good reports. Uncle Ned was a bachelor. Some day, he hinted, if Dunn behaved himself and learned the business—

She lifted her other hand suddenly and placed it on top of Greg's. "I'll go with you," she promised.

AN hour later she walked into the living-room at home. From a shabby, faded divan in the corner Sheila rose hastily. "You home already? I'd no idea it was so late."

"I had dinner," Margot interrupted. "I started, birdlike flight to the kitchen. In town with Greg."

"Oh," Sheila's head, that had been golden and was still bright, turned towards her. "Then it's all right. Your Uncle Ned called and asked me to go to dinner and a show. You don't mind?"

"Not at all," Margot kissed the smooth, unlined forehead and had a bend a little to do it. "Go ahead and have a good time. And don't let Uncle Ned astray."

The doorbell jangled. Uncle Ned came in briskly, a well-built man with bright blue eyes. Margot led him to the library while Sheila went to get ready.

"Uncle Ned," Margot watched a jet plume of smoke rise slowly and wreath her uncle's features in embarrassment. "We don't see much of Dunn since he's been staying with you. You know he—well, he used to get into trouble now and then. I always thought he was a good boy and that all he needed was—"

"You don't need to worry about that boy," the man interrupted. "Every boy needs something to do, something to keep him interested. Dunn's fine."

Margot told Sheila a few nights later when Greg's appointment had become a certainty and excitement had begun to mount sweet and sharp and adventurous in her heart. Sheila's eyes widened in disbelief.

Two big tears filled them with a brimming brightness and then spilled over on to her cheeks.

"Havana. But that—that's miles and miles away."

Margot sat down on the arm of the chair and drew the small figure close. "But think," she coaxed, "when we get settled you can come and see us. And you won't have to worry about a thing. There will always be money in the bank for you."

Sheila pushed herself out of the encircling arms and fumbled for a handkerchief. There was pitiful resignation on her small face. Her mother's real feelings, Margot realised suddenly, must always be mixed with histrionics. She gave a sigh of relief.

"For six years now we've thought that perhaps next year we could get married. But always something has happened. This time nothing is going to happen."

But the next day came a call from Dunn.

"Margot," his voice over the phone was thin, muted. "I'm in the dickens of a mess. I don't want anyone to hear me. Margot, I've got to have some money. A lot of it. At once."

Margot's heart began to beat hard. Dunn had to have money. Always before she had accepted his scrapes, the sacrifices they necessitated, with stoic resignation. But never before had she or Greg had so much to lose.

"There's something I've been wanting to tell you, Dunn," Her voice was crystal clear when she spoke. "I should have told you before, but now will do." She told him then for the first time of the trust fund and of her approaching marriage to Greg. Gently but clearly she told him that it would be impossible for her to help him now.

"But, Margot, you don't understand. This is different—there was a sudden sharp intake of breath at the other end of the line and then a click. Dunn had hung up."

Margot had intended to tell Greg about the call but as she sat in The Blakely the next day and watched him swinging towards her she changed her mind.

"It's funny," he said, sliding into the chair across from her, "what a thrill just the sight of you gives me."

Margot's eyes sparkled into his. "The idea of marrying me hasn't palled on you then?" After all, Dunn's call did not seem nearly so important to-day as it had last night. What was the use of marrying even for a moment that look on Greg's face?

For two days that part of her which hadn't been able to forget Dunn argued that this was proof that he was all right. In the first numbing moments of receiving his call she had forgotten Uncle Ned. It would be practically impossible for Dunn to get into trouble under Uncle Ned's watchful eyes.

But on the second night when she came home from the office Dunn pulled his long length up out of a chair in the library to confront her.

"Hello, Sis," Dunn spoke with mock heartiness.

"Dunn—" she caught onto the back of a chair to steady herself.

"You don't seem very glad to see me." The boy moistened his lips nervously. "You know, Sis," he was fumbling his words now, "I think it's great about you and Greg, but—"

"This time there aren't going to be any buts, Dunn. Greg and I are going to be married. I thought I explained that."

"If that's the way you feel—" he said, and stopped, sudden terror in his eyes. With a muffled whimper he flung himself on his knees beside Margot.

There was nothing unusual in Dunn's story. His salary had been

small and there had been so many things he wanted. Because he was learning the business and was in a different department every day it had been easy to sell things and put the money in his pocket. It had taken the department managers a long time to become suspicious and when they did they had been generous. If Dunn could repay what he had taken they wouldn't tell his uncle. "You know what it will mean," the boy finished. "If they tell Uncle Ned."

"Yes," Margot agreed slowly, "I know what it will mean."

That night she sat on the porch alone and waited for Greg. Sheila and Dunn had gone to a show. And then Greg came up the walk. He towered above her for a moment before he sank into the hammock beside her.

"You look so sad," he said, pulling her head to his shoulder. "Is marrying me such a risk?"

Margot attempted to free herself. "Greg," her voice was frightened, "there's something I must tell you."

Greg's tone was light, but she could feel him stiffen against her. "Let's have it. It can't be as bad as you sound."

He listened quietly, but the tenseness of his body against hers did not relax. "They can't do this to us again," he cried at last, sharply. "Margot, they can't. We'll find some way."

"It's no use. You'll have to go without me."

"Why should I go without you?"

"We'll leave my money for your mother. When that's gone we'll find some other way."

"It's no use," Margot repeated dully. "Don't you see? Something will always happen. Dunn will have to be helped, or Sheila will have to be taken care of."

"Then I'll stay here," said Greg. "You're not going to put me off again. We'll get married as we planned. It doesn't matter about the job. I'll keep the one I have and they can send someone else to Cuba."

Margot's heart began to beat at an odd, quickened pace. She couldn't—she didn't want to think of a world without Greg in it. It would be so easy this way. But gradually her senses quieted, her heart slowed again. She couldn't sacrifice Greg to her own happiness. When he left there should be nothing to hold him back. In a new country, with new

duties, he would form new ties, too. Nothing, not even her love, should be a drag upon him.

The day of his departure dawned chill and grey. Drifting billows of fog shrouded the city and wrapped clammy, tenuous fingers about what had been Margot's heart.

"That suit looks well on you, honey," Sheila looked a little frightened after she had said it. There were so many things she might have said instead.

"You like it?" asked Margot tonelessly. With numb fingers she buttoned the collar of the new grey coat and pulled the perky brim of her hat to just the right angle. The costume was to have been part of her going-away outfit.

"I wouldn't take it so hard," Sheila patted her shoulder with quick, nervous little pats. "It will be all right yet, you'll see. Every wrong is righted sooner or later."

The sound of the doorbell broke the silence that followed. Impulsively Sheila pulled down her daughter's dark head and kissed her on both cheeks.

"That's your Uncle Ned," she said, "come to take me to town. I never said this before—but you've been a good daughter, Margot. Much better than I deserved."

Margot spent the whole day with Greg. They talked little, but Margot was painfully conscious at times of Greg's piercing blue eyes on her. Neither of them mentioned the thing that was closest to them both until the train approached.

"It isn't too late yet," he said. "I can stay here and keep the job I've got. We can get married."

But Margot threw herself into his arms and stopped his words with her lips. She hadn't trusted herself to answer. The next moment Greg was running up the steps, the porter bounding behind him.

The house loomed ahead of Margot, big and dark, with no lights glimmering familiarly through an

opaque veil of mist. She tried the door and then inserted her key. The cavernous rooms echoed her call eerily. There was no other answer.

On the dressing-table in her own room she found a blue envelope with "To my darling daughter" scrawled dramatically across it in Sheila's uncertain hand. With sudden foreboding she tore open the envelope.

"Darling Margot," she read.

"You'll find this after I'm gone, in plenty of time to go with Greg. Please, honey, don't think too badly of me for what I'm going to tell you now."

"Your Uncle Ned and I are going away to get married. You see, we knew each other years ago when I was on the stage. We planned to get married and then I met your father and I thought I couldn't live without him. So I'm that 'cruel maiden' honey, whom you've always hated. Only I hope you're going to be too happy now to hate me very much. And I hope it will add just a little bit to your happiness to know that I am happy, too—happier than I have been in years."

Margot stood for a moment with the letter in her hand. Her mother and Uncle Ned married! For a moment her mind seemed unable to grasp the full significance of that fact. "You'll find this after I'm gone, in plenty of time to go with Greg." Her mother had put the note on her dressing-table that morning; she had known all the time that this wasn't the end, Margot crumpled suddenly on the bed, relief and joy and bitterness mingled in her hot, pent-up tears. But after a few minutes she sat up and dried her eyes vigorously. It wasn't too late even now. A wire sent in care of the train at Los Angeles would reach Greg. She would tell him to wait for her.

She smiled as she went to the telephone. Her dark eyes rested with sudden affection on Sheila's note. Hate Sheila! She couldn't. This time everything was going to be all right.

(Copyright)

By ODETTA GOVER

# After the Storm

Continued from Page 20

JIM was in the bedroom later, lifting things clumsily from the dress-basket when Marcia entered again. The big grave-faced lad stood with a small garment dangling helplessly in one hand while Nan smiled at him from the cushions framing her head. "Let me do that," Marcia offered, taking the garment from him with a smile at his wife. A woman-look went from brown eyes to blue. Marcia felt the lovely warmth of comradeship in this small incident.

"Out you go, Jim," she said, because she had to say something or make a fool of herself. "Go and talk cars or world affairs, or something with my husband. Men handle babywear as if it's made of spun glass. This is a feminine room."

"You are so lovely," Nan burst out and sighed. "Why they marry my kind while your kind are about I just don't know."

"Don't you?" asked Marcia, standing still. "Don't you, really?"

"Jimmy is wonderful all the same," Nan stoutly vowed. "But your husband is like someone out of a book . . . And isn't he gentle?"

Gentle! Slow? Slow or gentle, which was Michael? Marcia found out and said slowly: "Yes, he is . . . is the gentlest man I've ever known."

"Gentle-man," said Nan. "That's what it means. Gentleman. Not gloves and manners, and a top hat, but gentle . . . Don't words all at once show their meaning to you? Isn't it funny?"

"Yes, it is . . . funny," Marcia folded some baby clothes carefully.

"Your dress . . . I meant to say it, but my head was funny. Did I say it? I mean, about apolling it. It worried me. And such a beautiful frock."

Marcia heard the wistful note in the young voice: "Rubbish, I'd ruin a whole wardrobe with the greatest of joy to play fairy godmother to . . . What are you calling him?"

Nan thought hard. "James," she apologised, "isn't a very romantic name, is it? I'll give him that for a second one. Would you think it a cheek if I named him Michael . . . in memory of you and Mr. Waverly?"

Marcia said roughly to her husband later: "She's naming the baby Michael . . . in memory of us. Would she, I wonder, if she knew we were . . . divorcing?"

And as she spoke that final word her heart turned over. Gentle . . . gentle, strong, old-fashioned Michael, divorcing her. No half-measures with him, no compromises or weakness. Rather than the shoddiness of legal separation, he preferred the clean break of divorce . . . because she, as a wife, had been only an imitation woman.

Marcia waited with her pulses racing to hear him deny it. But all he said was a cool, "I'm honored, and mean it, but . . . need she know we are . . . divorcing?"—and walked away smoking comfortably.

NAN said later, after a long, refreshing sleep when the doctor had come again and gone in his own car . . . "Small Michael is like a New Year gift to Jim. Cost nothing, too."

Marcia stared and said strongly: "COST nothing? What of all you went through?" The girl-wife was genuinely surprised. "But you have to have them. You can't help that. It's over now and I've got him. So has Jim."

"Wouldn't you," laughed Marcia thinly, "rather have them ready-made without all that terrible business?"

To which Nan said with a puzzled frown: "But they wouldn't feel like your own then, part of you. They'd be just like a silly frock or hat bought in some shop." Her weak laugh sounded. "And then we'd want to take them back and change them if they didn't turn out well . . . How silly I am."

"You like children, honestly?" asked Marcia.

"Yes, as children . . . but not as dolls to dress up, or sort of exhibits to show off. They're fun. Naughty, too, of course, but I'm used to them. There were six in our family and I'm next to oldest. Mother's youngest is only four. He's

Michael's uncle . . . Oh, dear, that's a joke. I think," added the girl in shyness, "if I have a girl next . . ."

"Do you mean to say you're willing to have more after this experience?"

"You forget very soon," Nan stared. "Of course." She asked: "Have you any children . . . for I wondered, when you lifted Michael just now. You sort of fit your arms round him. So I thought you had some of your own."

Marcia was conscious of feeling flattered, but her words came dead of tone. "No, I'm thirty-two and haven't any."

Nan was compassionate, sensing some obstacle, but never the selfish one of dread for altered appearance, the cowardly one of fearing this self-same ordeal in luxurious care, and the mean cheating one of wanting all Michael's favors while giving him almost nothing for them.

"I'm sorry," Nan said softly. "Because, when you're rich, as you must be, they aren't a problem. Not if you don't spoil them and make them dependent too much. They have a start in life, and when there's little they can be kept so graciously and trained so gently."

"I'm sorry. But perhaps . . ." Her lids were drooping . . . "Perhaps . . . you never know . . . it's not too old even at thirty-five or so . . . perhaps you might have some yet . . . you never know."

Marcia stole out with her face a mask of pain.

Two days later Jim got his car to start, with the triumphant feeling of having worked a miracle. Michael had meanwhile telegraphed to his people, postponing the visit for a few days, and Marcia had contrived, with extra comforts bought in the township, to make the farm-house comfortable in picnic fashion. Money, she realised, was useful. It could enslave you and use you, or you could enslave it and use it, and from this thought grew an idea taking harder grip of her mind as the hours went by.

"Michael," she said on the fourth evening at the farm, "I'm worried . . . Mike, forget all my hatefulness for a moment, and push the personal aside to listen to me. For a moment try to believe I've a little left of . . . of what you once thought me to be. Money went to my head," she said, lifting that head proudly; "well, I know it did, but this time it . . . well, it's gone to my heart."

"What do you mean?" he asked without warmth, though his own heart was pounding. He was watching her, and a breath of fragrance came back from the past. Natural, sincere, and almost wistful, she did not know how much she resembled the girl she used to be.

"I'm a fool," she said, red tinging her cheeks. "I'm a sentimental fool, but I don't care. Something about those three blessed infants has got me. I was . . . wondering. I honestly believe she's one of those genuine people who find the things of the spirit best. She is good, Mike, in the only real way, giving, working, loving, serving, and . . . creating. I've destroyed, but never mind that now." Her voice broke as she forgot her pose of hardness and spoke as long in the past: "Mike, I've no money of my own, only those bonds you gave me when we married . . . can't you let me have the cash value . . . a cheque would do . . . and let me give the god-child a real fairy-godmother's gift? I want to see light and joy in Nan's eyes that nobody put there ever before . . ."

"That infant put the light and joy there," Marcia, that we never could . . ."

She nodded, ardent with her plan. "Yes, I know that. But we can fix it for them to get their roof mended, start the children in life, and . . . let her have some peach satin nightgowns when the babies come. Those little flashes of safety and comfort might keep their marriage safe all along. I want it to be. Too much money and luxury can kill love . . . but so can too much poverty and care. Can't I do that, just because I want to act unselfishly with my own money . . .?"

"And . . . when you are divorced, what then? You'd need it."

"I'll manage somehow." She was so eager that she thrust the thought aside. Just as though she were actually trusting Self aside, and Self were a heavy door, Michael stood up and threw an arm round her back, gripping her firmly: "You can give your god-child his cradle-gift, Marcia . . ."

A WEEK later the Waverlys drove on towards the inner country, and three weeks later they called in at Jim's farm to stay over a night on the way back to the city.

Nan was busy round the house as months ago, and fresh as a flower in her patterned cotton frock crisply ironed. Her brown eyes were big in her face, but they were happy, and the boy was ridiculously proud to show Michael round the farm. To think of the mortgage ended like that . . . They simply could not get over it.

"But you," Nan said in a pleading whisper as though someone might overhear; "You, Marcia . . . you ought to have dozens of children and they'd be so lovely. If only you did . . ."

Marcia was about to speak, but Michael was at the door. She stared. He had been watching without their knowing this, and came forward to throw an arm round her shoulders in his instinctive gesture of possession and protection. Never before had she so wanted to be owned, nor in such deep need of protection. He said with a chuckle that he imagined was amusing the child; "Hullo . . . hullo there, young man . . . By Jingo, he grinned at me. What

And then her voice came soft and slow. "I feel like flying back to England," she said.

"What in the world's wrong with you?" Bill shouted. "Mickey, you've got to come straight on in. You've got the record in your grasp. I'm waiting for you. Just think, Mickey. We haven't seen each other for two years."

"That shouldn't make any difference," she answered, "when you've got Diana."

And then Bill knew. Mickey was still jealous. Why didn't he see that at once? He laughed. There was Mickey sitting up there in her white overalls and helmet, risking her life for the glory of speed, and the only thing that worried her was . . . jealousy.

"Mickey," Bill said to her. "The day you walked out on me I walked out on Diana. I didn't know I loved you until you left me."

"Bill, I . . ." Static robbed them of the next words. "There's only water. It's everywhere. Bill, you seem to be getting further and further away. I can't go on!"

Perspiration stood out on Bill's face. The reporters were tense. Somewhere out over the sea, they knew, a ship of a girl was battling for her life. Against terrific odds. Fighting against exhaustion and despair. She was falling, they knew.

"You've got to talk to her," Martin touched Bill's shoulder. "She loves you, Bill. Ask her to marry you. Give her something to live for."

And out across the air a proposal

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## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vantier

WEDNESDAY, December 28:

4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, "Maison Rouge," by Dumas; Music, and The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, December 29:

4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, 10 minutes' Music, and June Marsden, Astrologer.

FRIDAY, December 30:

4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, and Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, December 31:

4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Continental Nights, Wide Range Continuity.

SUNDAY, January 1:

4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., June Marsden, Astrologer, and Music of the Stars.

MONDAY, January 2:

4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, "What's New," "Things That Happen."

TUESDAY, January 3:

4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, Music, and June Marsden, Astrologer.

do you think of that for precocity, eh?"

"Wind," said Nan, then to Marcia: "I wish you were staying here for months."

"Next year, at about this time, we're coming for a month," said Michael; "I've just fixed it with Jim out there. And you two are coming to us, in town, for a month at Easter . . . We fixed that also."

Marcia stood still with her heart running over.

"Every year," said Michael, his hand closing firmly again on his wife's shoulder, "we hope to make the same arrangements—in commemoration, let us say, of a great event."

Marcia swallowed, and closed her eyes. Heavens . . . the agony was over, and this wild sweet relief too beautiful to bear. Every year, he had said, and pressed her shoulder. Her glance fell, as if by accident, down on the face of the baby, and she smiled.

"A very great event . . ." she said, and Michael knew he had his wife safely back again with the reality of her character restored. "And some day . . . you never know, perhaps . . ." She broke off, while Nan, suddenly delighted, understood, but Michael did not. "Perhaps what?" he asked.

The two women exchanged a mysterious glance full of sly wisdom. "Perhaps," said Marcia, handing the baby back to his mother; "Perhaps we'll turn Nan into a town-bird . . . but I scarcely think so."

Out in the trees a bush bird called.

Nan wagged her head towards the window: "No, that's me," she said. "Now let's find Jimmy . . . Come along."

(Copyright)

## Last Solo

Continued from Page 6

of marriage was sent. "Mickey, you've got to fight. Fight for me and the record. They're both yours the moment you land in Darwin. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, Bill," she answered softly. "I'll marry you."

And so across that space Mickey and Bill encouraged each other. They talked of old times. It made Bill happy when he heard her laugh. To forget for a moment that she was flying an aeroplane. Then suddenly he heard her voice quiver.

"I can see the flares, I'm coming in now over the coast."

Bill was there on the drome when her plane dropped down from a moon-bathed sky. It came in gracefully before the flares and pulled up before the hangar. Bill was the first to reach her. He lifted her out gently.

"I thought you never got scared flying," was the first thing he said. "You've changed a lot in two years."

Mickey pulled off her helmet and let her blonde hair fall back before she answered. Under her eyes were light shadows.

"I was never scared of flying all the time until you spoke, Bill. But when I thought I'd lose you if I went down," she smiled at him—"well, I just couldn't bear to lose you all over again, and my nerves went on me."

"My nerves are quite all right," said Bill, as he folded his arms around her, "but I'm never going to lose you again."

(Copyright)

**HITCH YOUR WAGON TO this STAR!**

**2GB**

Hopes that YOU will find in 1939 a better world than you knew in 1938.

Here's hoping, too, that we will have the pleasure of your company along that road of happy entertainment which we have planned for you next year.

There will be lots of new ideas, and lots of new programmes . . . and once again, we know you will agree that

**2GB SETS THE STANDARD**

**THE Pick of the Programmes**

# THE MOVIE WORLD

December 31, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

## On "The Citadel" Set



ROSALIND RUSSELL cycles to the school-room where she teaches in the Welsh mining village of Blaenelly.

• The film of "The Citadel" promises to be as good as Cronin's novel, on which it is based. At the Denham Studios, outside London, the Welsh mining village of Blaenelly was reconstructed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the most ambitious exterior setting ever built for an English production.

Some of England's foremost actors clamored for the chance to take even small parts in "The Citadel," and Cronin personally chose Robert Donat for the leading role of Dr. Manson. Rosalind Russell plays the wife.

Emlyn Williams, the actor-playwright, Rex Harrison, and Joyce Bland are noted British stage stars who accepted small featured roles in this important production directed by King Vidor.

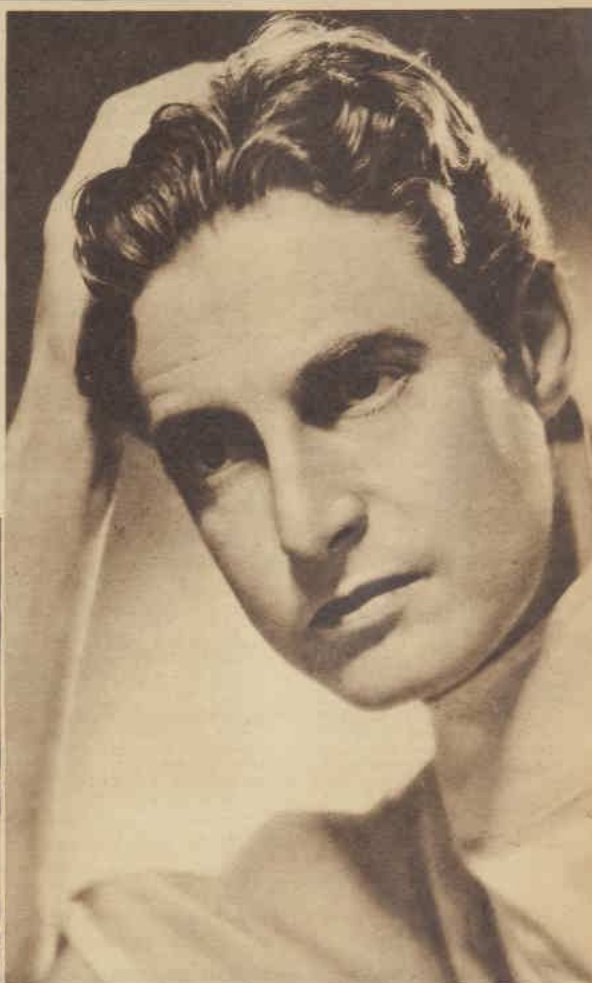


ROBERT DONAT, smeared with coal-dust, with Rosalind Russell on set between shots in the dramatic mine accident sequence.



DIRECTOR KING VIDOR has a pithead palaver with some of his miner-actors. This is Vidor's first picture since "Stella Dallas."

**LOVELY** Rosalind Russell, who travelled from Hollywood to London for the role of the doctor's wife in "The Citadel."



ROBERT DONAT puzzles a knotty ethical problem in his role as Dr. Manson, idealistic young doctor of "The Citadel."



ELLIOTT MASON, noted Glasgow character actress, plays a dour village nurse.



A. J. CRONIN, "Citadel" author, lunching on the set with the director.



BREAK FOR COFFEE during all-night shooting; Donat and Vidor drink with Ralph Richardson (right) who has a great part as the drunken Dr. Denny.

# Film Folk Relax in Dandy Summer

## Color Riot Is Higher



● These two fetching playtime outfits are worn by young MGM starlets Priscilla Lawson and Rita Johnson. Priscilla wears a white bolero over a one-piece suit of vivid Roman stripes. Blue with white is Rita's choice. Her halter is blue jersey, and shorts and jacket are of white pique with a braid binding in white and blue.



● Three charming extras from the new Cinesound film. Bonnie Cameron (left) wears skirt, shorts, and suntop in her blonde beauty with a chintz-patterned jacket over white. Pat Nall, whose multi-colored sandals

# Suitings

## With White



...worth "Steps Out," relax on location.  
...stripes; Sheelagh Lyle (centre) enhances  
...the flag-sprinkled twin prints are worn by  
...and repeat the colors.

● Mary Maguire goes down to the sea in a super swim-suit of vermilion, patterned in white boats and blue gulls. Mary is at present in England, and recently completed an important part in the new Gracie Fields film, "Keep Smiling." For this she had to learn tap-dancing, and was taught by Jack Donohoe. An urgent appendix operation interrupted her present work at Elstree on "Black Eyes."

# PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Guide to All Films]

Adventures of Marco Polo — Gary Cooper good in pastiche spectacle set in medieval China.

♦♦♦ **ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD** — Smashing action drama in technicolor. Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland.

♦♦ **Alexander's Ragtime Band** — Irving Berlin's tunes share stardom with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and Don Ameche in orchestra story.

♦♦ **Algiers** — Brilliant and sometimes brutal drama of French criminal in African hide-out, with Charles Boyer and beautiful Hedy LaMarr.

**All-American Sweetheart** — College rows to victory.

**Always Good-bye** — Mother — love drama for Barbara Stanwyck.

**Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse** — E. G. Robinson mixes science and crime.

♦♦ **Bad Man of Brimstone** — Rousing Western, stars Wallace Beery.

**Baroness and the Butler** — Annabella disappointing in phony story of Hungarian politics. Powell grand.

**Bar 20 Justice** — Hopalong Cassidy saves gold-mine.

**Between Two Women** — Franchot Tone makes popular choice.

♦♦ **Big City** — Spencer Tracy, taxi-driver, and wife Louise Rainer get tough spin from racketeers.

♦♦ **Blockade** — Vivid scenes of Spanish war suffering, plus routine spy drama, with Madeleine Carroll.

★★★ Three stars—  
excellent

★★ Two stars—  
above average

**Blonde Cheat** — Good comedy for Cecil Kellaway.

**Blondes for Danger** — Gordon Barker cannot save added thriller.

**Blotto** — Laurel and Hardy reissue.

**Booles** — Monkeys and melodrama.

♦♦ **Boy from Barnardo's** — Freddie Bartholomew fine as spoilt brat. Mickey Rooney reforms him.

♦♦ **Boy of the Streets** — Jackie Cooper as adult, sensitive actor in telling melodrama of slum life.

♦♦ **Break the News** — Maurice Chevalier and Jack Buchanan in comedy of publicity-seeking chorus men.

**Breaking the Ice** — Another for Bobby Green's fans.

**Bride for Henry** — Slight comedy romance with Warren Hull.

**Bride Wore Red** — Stilled Continental romance, with Crawford, Tone, and Robert Young.

**Bringing Up Baby** — Cary Grant, Hepburn, and leopard. All crazy.

**Broadway Muskeeters** — Three orphanage girls meet melodrama.



● **SHIRLEY TEMPLE**, learning to ride side-saddle for her newest film, "The Little Princess." She is an expert rider in the modern style. The story of the film is taken from the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, who wrote "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and it will be Shirley's first feature picture all in color.

♦♦ **Brother Rat** — Escapades of three youths in American military academy provide enjoyable comedy and rather charming romance.

♦♦ **Buccaneer** — Swashbuckling pirate adventure in old New Orleans, for Freddie March, Akim Tamiroff, and newcomer Francisca Gaal.

**Bulldog Drummond in Africa** — Barely average sample of series.

**Call of the Yukon** — Don't bother to answer.

**Campus Confessions** — Adolescent jumble of music and basketball.

**Cassidy of Bar 20** — Poorest of series.

♦♦ **Challenge** — Alpine adventure, based on first Matterhorn ascent. Magnificent thrills and photography.

**Chaser** — Newcomer Dennis O'Keefe in racket drama.

♦♦ **Cocoanut Grove** — Attractive comedy of a dance-band Hollywood-bound. Fred MacMurray with baton.

**College Swing** — Mediocre musical for J. Cagney and real-life wife.

**Command Performance** — "Street Singer" sings well in bad film.

**Condemned Woman** — Frank, rank, and effective crime melodrama.

♦♦ **Cowboy from Brooklyn** — Musical fun for a comic Dick Powell.

**Crackerjack** — An aged Tom Walls as modern Robin Hood-cum-Raffles.

**Crime of Dr. Hallett** — Mediocre melodrama of tropical medicine.

**Crime Ring** — Exposure of racketeer methods in the fortune-telling game.

♦♦ **Crowd Roars** — Tough, exciting boxing drama. Bob Taylor as a fighter from the slums.

♦♦ **Dad and Dave Come to Town** — Bert Bailey goes to town in modern, streamlined plot to mix city business with his own rich brand of humor.

**Danger on the Air** — A murder to miss.

**Devil's Party** — Gangster plot for Vic McLaglen.

♦♦ **Divorce of Lady X** — Saucy comedy of London scandal, involving Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier.

♦♦ **DRUM** — Thrilling frontier adventure, with Indian star Sabu, excellent English cast, and A. E. W. Mason plot.

**Escape by Night** — Country life reforms crooks.

♦♦ **Firefly** — Big, glamorous, tuneful operetta for Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones.

**Flight Into Nowhere** — Jack Holt controls plane.

**Fools for Scandal** — Pointless Parisian romance for Carole Lombard.

♦♦ **Four Daughters** — Life and loves of a charming household, with the Lane sisters and two newcomers—engaging Jeffry Lynn; brilliant John Garfield.

♦♦ **Four's a Crowd** — Uproarious comedy spies a romantic change of partners involving impudent Errol Flynn, Rosalind Russell, Olivia de Havilland, and Patric Knowles.

**Freshman Year** — Feeble little fantasy of American college life.

**Gallant Defender** — Better than average Western; has P. B. Kyle plot.

**Gangs of New York** — Melodrama ending in defeat of four gangs by one policeman.

**Garden of the Moon** — Rowdy musical set in luxury hotel.

**Gateway** — Detained immigrants provide several interwoven dramas.

**Girl of the Golden West** — Weakest lavish MacDonald-Eddy musical.

**Girls on Probation** — Different type of crime melodrama.

♦♦ **Girls' School** — Sentimental romance trips to tearfully happy ending.

♦♦ **Gladiator** — Funny Joe E. Brown in funnier farce, with Man Mountain Dean.

**Glamorous Nights** — Musical romance with gipsy setting.

**Go Chase Yourself** — Joe Penner, more or less comic.

**Gold Diggers in Paris** — Rudy Vallee sings three hit tunes, and Hugh Herbert tosses in gorgeous fooling.

♦♦ **Gold in Where You Find It** — Surring saga of ranchers against gold-miners in old California.

♦♦ **Goldwyn Follies** — Technicolor musical with brilliant fooling by Rita Brothers, dancing by Zorina.

**Good-bye Broadway** — Average comedy drama struggles between laughter and tears.

**Great Garrick** — 18th century satirical comedy, features Brian Aherne.

**Gun Law** — Gunplay way out West.

**Hard to Get** — Patchy madcap comedy of heiress and garage-mechanic.

**Headin' East** — Buck Jones employs Western tactics on racketeers.

**Her Jungle Love** — Ray Milland, Dorothy Lamour and a chimpanzee in technicolor.

**Highway Patrol** — America's motorcycle police meet melodrama.

**Hold That Co-Ed** — Politics and college football. Grimly unfunny.

**Hold That Kiss** — Pleasant romance with comedy trimmings.

♦♦ **Holiday** — Romance involving two wealthy sisters and one poor young man. Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn likeable stars.

♦♦♦ **HURRICANE** — Exciting and tender story of a South Sea island fugitive culminates in the screen's biggest and most breath-taking storm.

**I Am the Law** — Edward G. Robinson entertainingly prosecutes crime.

**I'll Give a Million** — Good farce idea concerns a Riviera search for a millionaire in tramp disguise.

**Invisible Enemy** — Beautiful spy disturbs peace of fishing lodge.

**It's a Grand Old World** — Exuberant Lancashire comedian Sandy Powell makes poor film passable.

♦♦ **Jezebel** — Bette Davis superb as the callous belle in old and lovely New Orleans, who is conquered only by yellow fever.

**Jessie** — Simone Simon's last Hollywood picture, and least.

♦♦ **Judge Hardy's Children** — Loveable comedy from well-known series.

**Jury's Secret** — Not worth hearing.

♦♦ **Kentucky Moonshine** — Laughs and lunacy from Ritz Brothers, who burlesque everything, from hillbills to Snow White.

**Kidnapped** — Freddie Bartholomew in sugary travesty of Stevenson.

♦♦♦ **LADY VANISHES** — Super thriller with tight-rope tension covered by a constant ripple of laughter. Crisp, witty dialogue combines with plot of wizard ingenuity. Michael Redgrave grand new star.

**Last Gangster** — Edward G. Robinson again plays gunman.

♦♦♦ **LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA** — Paul Muni's penetrating and brilliant biography of the great French novelist and Dreyfus case.

**Little Miss Thoroughbred** — Sentimental story introducing new child star, Janet Chapman.

**Little Tough Guy** — Fair drama of New York slums.

♦♦ **Live, Love and Learn** — Lively acting by Rosalind Russell and Bob Montgomery in comedy mood.

♦♦ **Love Finds Andy Hardy** — Latest and best in Judge Hardy series. Mickey Rooney tangled in romance.

♦♦ **Love, Honor, and Behave** — Bette Davis and Leslie Howard take a slap at conceited stage-stars.

♦♦♦ **MAD ABOUT MUSIC** — Deanna Durbin, singing, "I Love to Whistle," and sharing delightful comedy romance.

with youthful Jackie Moran, veterans Herbert Marshall and Arthur Treacher.

**Mademoiselle Docteur** — Post op drama. Eric von Stroheim good.

**Making the Headlines** — Jack Hill talks through his teeth while murder is done.

♦♦♦ **MARIE ANTOINETTE** — Norma Shearer, lovely, emotional, charming, returns in a blaze of glory and a stupendous period drama. Film follows career of French Queen from girlhood to guillotine and lays forceful emphasis upon romance, realism, and human appeal.

♦♦ **Maytime** — Lovely songs by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in sheer romance built around faded love of famous opera-singer.

(Continued on Next Page)

"I'm a ONE Brand  
woman now —



"I insist on  
**KAYSER**"

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# PRIVATE VIEWS

Alphabetical Film Guide  
Continued

Meet the Girls—Uninteresting introduction of new comedy series.

Men Are Such Fools—Class of careers of newly-wed pair.

Men With Wings—Thrilling saga of winged progress often obscured by sentimental romance. Magnificent flying in technicolor sky compensates.

Merrily We Live—Another eccentric household, almost too funny.

Michael O'Halloran—Emotional guff from Stratton Porter novel.

Miss Fix It—Jane Withers with more sugar than usual. Plot cracks.

Mother Carey's Chickens—Just plain being another "Little Women." Has humor and charm.

Mr. Moto's Last Warning—More action and less mystery than usual.

My Bill—Kay Francis in gingham and mother love drama.

My Dear Miss Aldrich—Edna May Oliver scores in feeble film.

My Lucky Star—Gloria Henie a doped dream in gay, tuneful film. Grand holiday entertainment in American college setting.

Nel Wanted on Voyage—Return of Neil Lyon and Bebe Daniels in obvious thriller.

Nurse From Brooklyn—Sally Eilers efficient in tolerable melodrama.

Oh! Mr. Porter—Broad British farce for British Will Hay.

Overland Express—Buck Jones as pioneer rider of the pony express.

OWD BOB—England's best for some time, this jaunty human sheep-dog turn is set in the Cumberlands. Will Wyffe outstanding as a wily Scots shepherd.

Panamint's Bad Man—Smith Balle's best Western.

Paradise for Two—English musical with J. Hulbert and Pat Ellis.

Parnell—Unfortunate attempt to put Gable and Loy in period drama.

Partners of the Plains—Fifteenth of "Hopalong" series, and a good one.

Big o' My Heart—Revival of one of Marion Davies' successful pictures.

Perfect Crime—But not a perfect film.

Perfect Specimen—Joyful tale of delirious fight with Errol Flynn and Joan Blondell.

★★ Two stars—  
above average

★★★ Three stars—  
excellent

Port of Seven Seas—Human story of Marcellus waterfront. Unusual cast headed by Wallace Beery.

President's Mystery—Henry Wilton scores in ingenious story.

Pride of the West—Fine example of Cassidy series gives new twist to old coach-robbery theme.

Prison Farm—Lloyd Nolan and Shirley Ross in tough melodrama.

Professor Beware—Harold Lloyd in slapstick farce, funny in spots.

PYGMALION—Sparkling satirical comedy from G. B. Shaw play with delicious plot and subtle acting. Leslie Howard and amazing new Wendy Hiller magnificently head superb cast.

# DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success.

"Thanks for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Eucrasy. He says he will never touch it again," writes a grateful woman.

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE. Booklet and many testimonials. Dept. H. EUCRASY CO., 30 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

# SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



\$25,000 WAS SPENT TO PUT THIS ANCIENT LOCOMOTIVE INTO SHAPE TO RUN IT TO UTAH FOR SCENES IN "UNION PACIFIC" COAXED ALONG AT 15 MILES AN HOUR, IT TOOK 4 DAYS TO MAKE THE 1,000-MILE TRIP.

JOHNNY DOWNS HAS BEEN IN A SCORE OF COLLEGE PICTURES BUT NEVER SET FOOT ON A COLLEGE CAMPUS UNTIL RECENTLY WHEN HE ATTENDED A FRATERNITY DANCE.

CLAUDE RENO

Radio City Revels—Good songs and poor players.

Rage of Paris—Introduces captivating French Danielle Darrieux in gay comedy, supported by Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., and Mische Auer.

Rascals—An irrepressible Jane Withers plus gipsy band.

Renfrew of the Mounted—James Newill lifts a rich baritone.

Reported Missing—Aeroplane adventure for William Gargan.

Return of the Pimpinel—Barry K. Barnes in unfortunate sequel.

Rich Man, Poor Girl—Aimless comedy romance; Lew Ayres scores.

Road to Reno—L. A. R. Wyllie's romantic drama becomes comedy.

ROMANCE FOR THREE—Delightful comedy set in Alpine "esort, with mistaken identity the plot, and Frank Morgan the genial lead. Robert Young and Florence Rice handle the romance.

Romance of Limblost—Crude melodrama, with Jean Parker.

Room Service—Marx Brothers caper through rougly funny farce, based on a New York stage hit. Unexpected situations, frank snappy dialogue.

Rosalie—Lavish but heavily-moving musical, with some compensations.

Rose of the Rio Grande—Swashbuckling musical, with John Carroll as Mexican Robin Hood.

Rose of Tralee—English Binkie Stuart and Irish tunes.

Safety in Numbers—Jones family outwits visiting swindlers.

Sailing Along—Attractive musical with English river background Jessie Matthews dances afresh.

Saint in New York—New type of detective thriller, based on the Leslie Charteris books.

Scraper—Mickey Rooney sincere in sentimental small-town drama.

Screen Test—Film on Hollywood try-outs, with Australian section added.

Sea Racketeers—Costaguardians trail smugglers and romance.

Shadow—Second-rate murder in sixth-rate circus.

She Married an Artist—Comedy concerning artists and art of loving them.

Snapworn Angel—Poignant drama of actress and idealistic private in 1917 New York. Jimmy Stewart, Margaret Sullivan fine.

Sing, You Sinners—Pleasantly mad tale about pleasantly mad family of Fred MacMurray, Bing Crosby, and Elizabeth Patterson.

Sky Giant—Richard Dix in a competent aviation melodrama.

Sky's the Limit—So's this musical.

Slight Case of Murder—Broadly funny burlesque of gangsters. E. G. Robinson takes off himself.

Smashing the Rackets—Chester Morris cleans up the big city.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—Walt Disney's first feature-length cartoon, based on the well-known fairy tale, is sheer enchantment—and a new milestone in screen history.

South Riding—Sincere drama of English provincial life makes Ralph Richardson new star.

Spawns of the North—Friendship and feud in the fishing industry in Alaska provide lusty adventure film with superb photography.

Speed to Burn—Fast and furious race-track film.

State Police—John King weak in paragon of praise for police.



GRACIE FIELDS, star of "We're Going to Be Rich," a goldfields drama, set partly in Australia.

Stolen Heaven—Novel drama set to classical music has jewel-thieves reformed by an old concert pianist.

Strange Boarders—Tom Walls blends impudent entertainment with thrills of stolen political documents.

Sweet Devil—Feeble English comedy.

Swing Your Lady—Breezy farce of hillbilly wrestlers, with Fazenda.

Swiss Miss—Exit Laurel, with one gorgeously funny scene.

TEST PILOT—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy in drama which zooms from romance on ground to thrills in the air. Fine shots of plane adventure.

Texas—Struggles of Southern cattle-ranchers after the American Civil War on grand, exciting scale.

Continued on Next Page.

# NEW THIS WEEK

## That Certain Age

DEANNA DURBIN'S new film, "That Certain Age," shows her at the transition age of hero-worship, diary-keeping, and a longing for high heels. As daughter of a society-mad mother and millionaire newspaper-proprietor father, she has her first hint of puppy-love with Jackie Cooper opposite. Melvyn Douglas is the adult with whom she becomes romantically smitten.

## Carefree

LATEST of the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers dance and song vehicles is "Carefree." Astaire plays a psychiatrist, who is asked by Ralph Bellamy to psycho-analyse his fiancée, Ginger Rogers, because she keeps breaking off her engagement. Dance numbers include "The Yam," and a novel golf number.

## Little Miss Broadway

SHIRLEY TEMPLE in "Little Miss Broadway" heads a cast that includes veterans such as Edna May Oliver, Jimmy Durante, and a number of former variety artists. It's all about a little miss who lives in a vaudeville hotel with her foster family. Rehearsals annoy a rich neighbor who threatens to close the hotel. Shirley saves the day.

## There Goes My Heart

FREDRIC MARCH and Virginia Bruce play the leads in the new comedy, "There Goes My Heart," and there are noted players in the supporting cast, Patsy Kelly, Allan Mowbray, Nancy Carroll, and Eugene Pallette. The plot concerns a runaway heiress being trailed by a go-getting reporter.

## Down on the Farm

LOUISE FAZENDA plays Aunt Ida to the Jones Family in "Down on the Farm." The familiar family go to her when Pa, helping son with a chemical experiment, blows up the house.

## Submarine Patrol

A RICH man's son assigned to a submarine chaser as chief engineer is the part played by English Richard Greene in the war-time film, "Submarine Patrol." Nancy Kelly has a checkered romance with him and Slim Summerville lends comic relief.

## Army Girl

AMERICA'S peace-time army provides the background to "Army Girl," which puts Madge Evans in a leading role again. She is a colonel's daughter who falls in love with Preston Foster, a dashing captain noted for heart-wrecking.

## The Lady Objects

GLORIA STUART plays the role of a successful lawyer with singer Lanny Ross as her husband in "The Lady Objects." She makes money, he doesn't, and goes crooning to earn more. There's a murder, and wife defends husband in dramatic court scene.

## Heart of Arizona

WILLIAM BOYD plays Hopalong Cassidy again in "Heart of Arizona," this time presenting a picture of Western chivalry in the protection of women ranchers.

## Sons of the Legion

PROBLEMS of the younger generation and echoes of the Great War are combined in "Sons of the Legion," a patriotic film about the organization of sons of American ex-service men.

## The Affairs of Annabel

A TEMPERAMENTAL screen star and a hare-brained Press agent are central figures in the story of "The Affairs of Annabel," which pokes good-natured fun at Hollywood's publicity methods. Jack Oakie and Lucille Ball play the leads.

## Nancy Drew Detective

THIS is the first of a new series of pictures featuring Bonita Granville as a nice girl, instead of a brat.

# What Does Your Horoscope Reveal?

Let Professor Benedict, Noted Continental Astrologer, Give you Absolutely Free, the Verdict of the Zodiac on your Life, and Tell you of Its Influence on Love and Marriage, Business, Success, Friends, Lucky Days, Travels, Change, and Happiness.

Would you like to know what tomorrow will bring you? According to the lore of the stars? Would you like to hear about happiness, love, marriage, friends, lucky days, travels, change, and many other matters of vital interest? This invaluable information will be sent to you free by return post in a two-page horoscope reading that will answer you by its clarity and precision. Like thousands of others who have been helped by Professor Benedict's amazing skill, you may find this document a turning point for the better in your life, a first step on the road to happiness and prosperity.

Simply send your name (Mr., Mrs., or Miss), full address, date and place of birth to Professor Benedict (Dept. 351, 13 rue Richelieu, Roubaix, France. Postage 1d. Airpost 1/6). If you wish, add four two-pence stamps to your request to help defray expenses (no coins). They will be returned if you are not satisfied.

Extra 6/6. Write legibly, and Professor Benedict will send you a curious free gift with his reply.



When you feel you can't lift your poor old aching feet—when agonising pain seems to tie them to the ground—blame Stale Foot Acid. This crippling condition begins in the skin-pores. Your feet have 3000 pores to every square inch of skin—more than any other part of the body. When these get choked up, the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Your feet swell inside your shoes. They ache and burn. Corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering!

The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Oh, the relief! Muscles are soothed. Swelling goes down. Tired, burning, acid feet are eased and comforted. Radox is obtainable of all Chemists. Price 2/6 and 3/9 per packet.

# RADOX

# Do You Know?

Sea waves spoil hair waves, but Dampette puts them back in 2 minutes.

It's out of fashion to say "O yeah" and "Too right"—Smart girls say "I use Dampette."

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Dampette makes the dulllest hair glossy.

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PLANE PALMS—WIGWAG—THRU (IN 1935)

## Here's Hot News From All Studios

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

**GARY COOPER** disappointed hundreds of eager-eyed young girls when he sneaked out of Grand Central Station, New York, by a freight elevator and through a baggage-room. The experience he had the night before in Chicago was enough to warn him. The girls there nearly tore him asunder.

**CARTHAY CIRCLE**, the famous theatre in Hollywood where the greatest previews have been shown, is being reopened. It has been in darkness for many months. The momentous occasion is the opening of Loretta Young's "Kentucky," in which Richard Greene is co-starred.

Darryl Zanuck thinks so much of this picture that he is having the theatre specially redecorated, and will put on the biggest sidewalk show in years—great spotlights, flowers, music, and all the famous stars arriving in their finest duds.

**ZASU PITTS** hasn't made a picture for over a year, but Warners have suddenly realised she's still around and have cast her in the new Dick Powell picture, "Always Leave Them Laughing." She appears as a flutney nunt who's crazy about swing music.

**SPENCER TRACY** has been borrowed by Fox for their "Stanley and Livingstone" epic. He'll portray Stanley, who trekked into Africa in search of the missing explorer in 1871. Over 90,000 feet of background film for the feature was made in Africa last year by a company headed by Mrs. Martin Johnson.

**JOAN BENNETT**, Fredric March, Ann Southern, Ralph Bellamy and three other members of the "Trade Winds" cast were rounded up from holidays all over the country to make four more scenes for the picture when some bright soul decided to place the ending in San Francisco instead of the South Seas! Ann Southern had to fly back from New York.

**FREDRIC MARCH** and his wife, Florence Eldridge, are back in New York looking for a play. Last year they appeared in one for exactly one night—a record run. They published an advertisement, following the critics' merciless basting, which read: "Excuse it, please... Florence Eldridge, Fredric March."

**BASIL RATHBONE** has signed to portray Sherlock Holmes in a forthcoming Fox picture. Nigel Bruce will appear as Watson.

**YOU'LL** be hearing of Gene Krupa next year when he makes a picture for Paramount. Gene became the idol of youthful American "jitterbugs" as drummer in Benny Goodman's band—the most popular purveyors of swing music in America. He broke away to form his own orchestra, and will appear with it in a musical.

**THE** London stage success, "George and Margaret," will probably be brought to the screen by MGM early next year. Warners bought the screen rights last year, but didn't get around to making the picture. Gerald Savory, author of the play, was on the MGM writing staff for about six months, but was not given any work to do so he recently walked out.



• **SIDNEY TOLER**, made up for his role as Charlie Chan, in which he will replace the late Warner Oland.

**ON** completion of "Little Princess," Shirley Temple, the miniature gold mine, will display her talents in "Susannah of the Mounties," a tale of the Canadian Mounted Police. At the moment she's trying to talk her bosses into letting her ride her own pony in the picture.

## Betty's "Racey" Narratives

By BETTY GEE

Is it just crusty old conservatism which influences Australian rulers of racing to discountenance women as trainers or jockeys?

**"KEEP** them in their skirts," is doubtless their slogan. And they know that without breeches we can neither ride nor train.

But the rest of the world has granted a 'Turf' suffrage to women. Even conservative old England has its women trainers and occasional races for lady riders, principal among them being the Newmarket Town Plate, a world-famous event.

And New Zealand has admitted women to its racing ranks. They enjoy equal rights with men, and hold their trainers' licences on several racecourses.

Among them is Mrs. W. A. McDonald, who trains a team of twenty-two horses at Palmerston North year in and year out. She rides many, and even schools them over hurdles and fences. Her husband rides them in their cross-country engagements. They are an invincible pair.

A few years ago they brought horses to Australia to race, but the clubs debarred Mrs. McDonald as trainer at Randwick and Flemington. So her husband rushed over to do the training.

But what have these clubs to say now that Catalogue, trained until the previous few weeks by Mrs. McDonald, won the Melbourne Cup? Will they relax their harsh rule against women trainers and permit her to complete Catalogue's preparation when the horse comes back to Australia in the autumn to race in the Australian Cup at Flemington in March, and the Sydney Cup at Randwick in April?

"She is a better man with horses than I am," her husband admitted when I questioned him after Catalogue's Melbourne Cup win. "Because of the rule against women over here, I had to complete Catalogue's Cup preparation," he added, "but I give her every ounce of credit for the Cup win."

Mrs. McDonald has a way with horses which is rare among men. She can do things with a stubborn creature which won't be handled by the other sex.

There are other women who possess the same influence.

For instance, there's little Miss Joan Hush, daughter of Randwick

trainer Ted Hush, who can influence horses which are mullah for mere man. She rides like a Bedouin.

Doubtless there are many others of our sex who might vie with the McCartens, the Beeds, and the Munros for riding supremacy—if they were allowed.

When they permit Mrs. McDonald to come to Australia to train Catalogue next year, it will be the first step towards women jockeys, for, mark you well my word, come they will some day.

**Now for Some Winners**  
THE races on Saturday are at Randwick again, with Tattersall's Club entertaining the public with a \$1000 sprint, the Carrington Stakes. Welcome, of whom I'd had the big tip a week or so ago, unfortunately stubbed her toe on a rock, and will never race again. Such a swift, beautiful mare she was, too.

So I've been given the wink to substitute another mare, Bonheur de Pere, owned by Mr. W. J. Smith and his son, A. E., the bosses of Australian Glass. Bonheur de Pere goes like a streak of greased lightning, and this six-furlong event ought to be just made to order for her, my informant, the baker's delivery, says.

We called at Vin O'Reilly's hotel at Punchbowl on our way back from a Christmas-week picnic, and he said his Bush Bee wasn't out of the Carrington, and then there's another of the weak sex (the fibbers) Del-mestor. My tip is that these three lady racehorses will fill the places in the Carrington.

A strong tip comes from the florist's girl for the Maiden on Saturday, Feminist. Another beautiful creature, and fast, to boot.

And I suppose anybody who doesn't back Toy Time during Christmas racing isn't in his or her right senses. She's in the Novice.

On Monday, New Year's Day, they race again at Randwick, when the big event is the \$1000 Tattersall's Cup, and the strong, silent Syndicate tip for this race is Sal Volatile.

Constant I have from the person who performed the Returned Empty rites for our block of flats. She is in a race called the Alfred Hill Handicap.

There's Always a Woman—Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas entertain in slick comedy thriller.

Thoroughbreds Don't Cry—Youthful comedy plus race-track drama. Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney lift picture.

Three Blind Mice—Synthetically sparkling comedy of three girls stalking a millionaire. Binnie Barnes takes show from Loretta Young.

THREE COMRADES—Beautifully haunting performance by Margaret Sullavan in heart-shaking drama of youth lost in a post-war world.

Three Loves Has Nancy—Brooky comedy of two New York men and one country girl. Gaynor scores.

Thunder Trail—Melodrama of the mid-west, with Gilbert Roland.

Time Out For Murder—First of "Roving Reporter" series with crisp, thrilling action.

Tip-off Girls—Another American racket, revealed by Lloyd Nolan.

Too Hot to Handle—Also too long, too loud, and too improbable, though entertaining. Gable grand as newsreel cameraman, but plot is fractured.

Torchy Gets Her Man—Girl reporter gets less plausible—but gets by.

Touchdown Army—Young love and fast football.

Tovarich—Suave comedy of Russian exiles in Paris, starring Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer.

Toy Wife—Lulise Rainer as frivolous belle of old New Orleans, who coquettes herself into tragedy. Tearable entertainment.

Trader Horn—Revival of African adventure film.

Trapped by G-Men—Jack Holt on the side of law and order.

Tropic Holiday—Gay Mexican tunes and settings for romance. Add riotous comedy.

Typhoon Treasure—Australian adventure filmed on Barrier Reef by Noel Monkman, with fine backgrounds and easy acting.

Valley of the Giants—Peter B. Kyne's story adapted to red-blooded drama of timber-stealing.

Vivacious Lady—Comedy of young marrieds wins new fans for Ginger Rogers and James Stewart.

Wallaby Jim of the Islands—George Houston sings and slobes through peering melodrama.

Way Out West—Laurel and Hardy seek gold-mine.

We're Going to be Rich—Robust drama with song set in Australian and African goldfields, with Grace Fields and Victor McLaglen.

While New York Sleeps—Second of popular "Roving Reporter" series.

White Banners—Uplift drama by author of "Green Light."

Who Goes Next—Finely acted, grimly exciting drama of British officers' escape from German concentration camp.

Who Killed Gail Preston?—Nobody wants to know.

Wives Under Suspicion—Marital drama plus murder trial.

Woman Against Woman—Mary Astor as snake in domestic grass.

Wrong Road—Improbable fairy tale of youth and stolen money.

Yank at Oxford—Bubbling comedy made in England with Bob Taylor.

Yellow Jack—How they conquered yellow fever down in Cuba, with Irish comedy from Robert Montgomery.

You and Me—Uneven drama of young love on parole from gaol.

Young Fugitives—Civil War veteran plays fairy godfather to youth.

You're Only Young Once—Judge Hardy family on holiday.

Youth Takes a Fling—Joel McCrea enlivens charming romance of girl who goes wooing her man.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel hot, tired and weary and the world looks like a vast, dreary, uninviting place. Calomel is the only medicine that gets the liver to pour out two pounds of bile during food and makes you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making life flow sweet. Ask for CALOMEL Little Liver Pills or Juice. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 15c.

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Dances! Dramas! Musicals! Colours! Spectacles!

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**Captain** Rich Red Sockeye SALMON STEAK

MAKE FRIENDS WITH "CAPTAIN" CRAB TOO!

# A Year to Remember



★ CAVALCADE OF NOTABLE EVENTS OF 1938—FIVE PICTORIAL PAGES

WE have passed through a momentous year . . . Our children's history books will take the impress of 1938 . . . For us in Australia there has been gala and tragedy and suspense. Not in twenty years had we felt as we did in the tension of Europe's tottering on the brink of war. This year, our 150th year, was a year to remember . . . Its highlight happenings are brought back vividly in this five-page picture parade.



## ANNIVERSARY

Australia celebrated with pageantry its 150th Anniversary. In Sydney was staged the spectacular March to Nationhood procession.



## Games Girl

Empire Games discovered a world-star in Decima Norman, of W.A. (February).



## Barcelona

Franco bombers ravaged Barcelona . . . One bomb on a crèche slew 100 children. (January 30).



## Rodney's Toll

The launch Rodney capsized in Sydney Harbor. Nineteen of the happy people in this picture were drowned . . . (February 13).

A YEAR TO REMEMBER

Continued... 2

## The Map of Europe Changes :: Distance Shrinks

## HEADLINERS



**RESIGNED** from Cabinet, Anthony Eden differed on foreign policy.



**DEFEATED** by Hitler's moves was Czechoslovakia's President Benes.



**"WRONG WAY"** Douglas Corrigan flew Atlantic "by mistake."



**BRADMAN'S** team retained "The Ashes" on English tour.



**Soviet Drama** Russian scientists, marooned on an ice floe, rescued after nine months.



**Comet's Dash** Clouston flew from England and back, breaking eight records.



**AUSTRIA IS HITLER'S** Said Hitler: "Germany and Austria must unite." Opposition, bloodshed was less. So Austria, Hitler's birth country, became part of Hitler's Germany. (March)



**Sky Ships** Flying-boat mails commenced between England-Australia in nine days, at reduced rates. (July).



**Rome-Berlin** Hitler visited Mussolini, and received with Fascist pomp.

YEAR TO REMEMBER

# Continued... 3 Threat of War :: Then—"Peace Declared!"



**Memorial** King and Queen visited France, unveiled the Australian War Memorial. (July).



**FALL OF CANTON** Japanese planes bombed Canton, retreating Chinese laid it waste. Transferred to the south of China, the war went on.



**Strike** Coal-miners struck for a New Deal, were "out" two months.



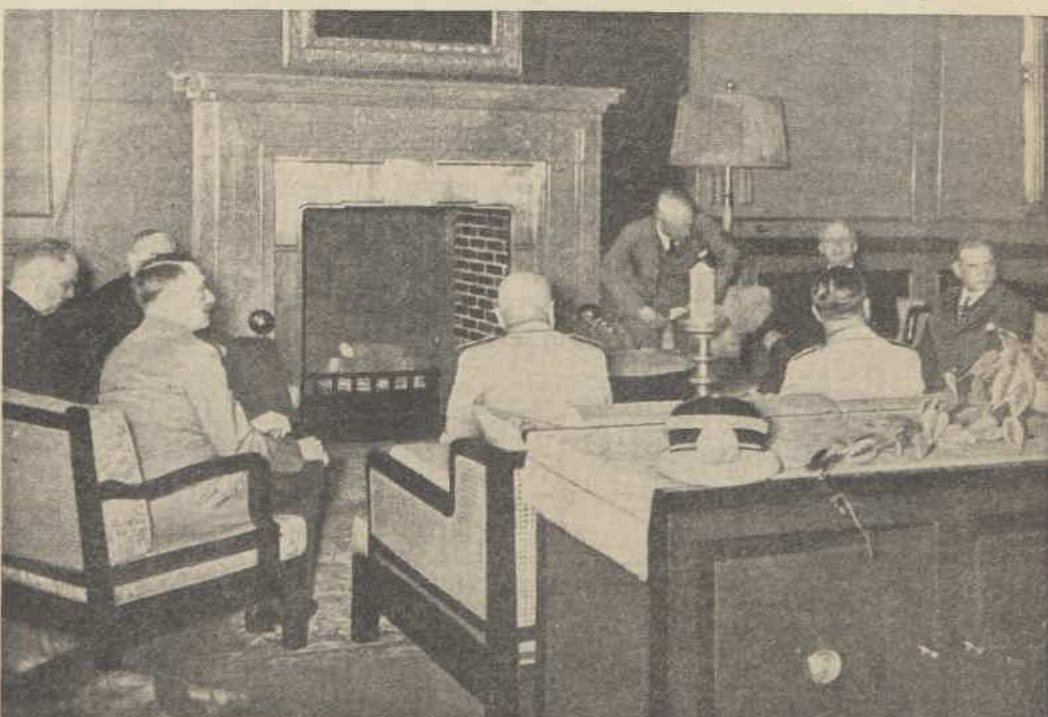
**Wed** Musical Menuhins married the Melbourne Nicholases.



**CZECH CRISIS** The Czechs must return Sudetenland to the Reich, demanded Hitler, backing Henlein.



**Contact** Mr. Chamberlain flew to peace-talks with Herr Hitler.



**MUNICH AGREEMENT** Chamberlain, Hitler, Mussolini, Daladier met and partitioned Czechoslovakia. Germany and Britain agreed not to resort again to war. (Sept.).

A YEAR TO REMEMBER

# Continued... 4 The Jews Find No Peace :: Gold is for Guns



**Palestine** To quell a serious rising of the native Arabs against the Jews settled there, Britain had to send 25,000 troops.



**No Prohibition** Victoria's referendum on whether liquor licences should be abolished resulted in a big "No" vote.



**Air Tragedy** Air-liner Kyeema crashed on Victorian ranges, 18 dead. (Oct. 25).



**Royal G.-G.** Duke of Kent's appointment made.



**£63-Millions** Australia decided on a £63,000,000 defence plan, appealed for 70,000 men.



**Air Triumph** R.A.F. Vickers-Wellesley bombers flew non-stop from Egypt to Australia, setting a new world's record.



**Pogrom** Renewed persecution and looting of Jews in Germany widened further the gulf between the Democracies and Fascism.

# ★ Five Unforgettable Pictures of the Year ★

● Fleeting moments fraught with tremendous drama of human emotion, with danger, destruction, tragedy or joy, are sometimes captured with the click of a camera. We pick these five photographs as unforgettable pictures of the year.



**Woman of the Crisis** THIS SUDETEN woman wept (for joy, the tag to the picture said) as German troops entered the former Czech town of Eger.

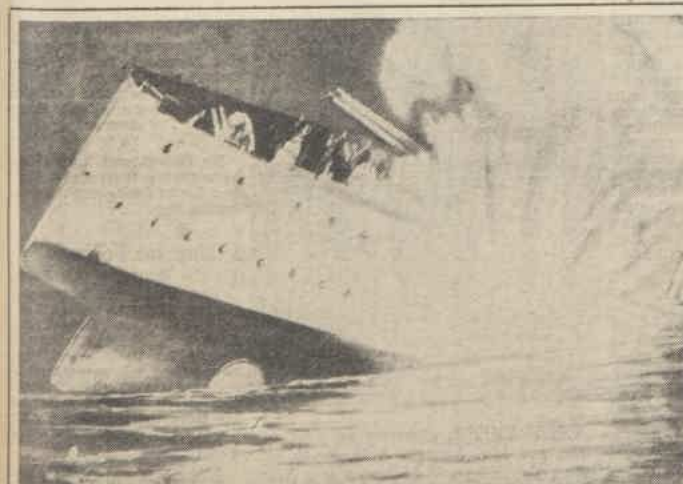


**Death-Cheater** AMONG the greatest air-war pictures is this photograph of a Spanish rebel pilot escaping by parachute as his plane, shot down, spins earthward in flames.



**Ordeal** THIS PICTURE was taken from the deck of the American cruiser Louisville seconds after the launch Rodney capsized last February. Beyond its foreground of lifebelts are graphic details of

men and women still fighting for their lives, clambering along the bottom of the overturned launch. The lifebelts were catapulted from the Louisville. Nineteen drowned. This was a front-page picture all over the world.



**Torpedoed** SPANISH LOYALIST DESTROYERS torpedoed the rebel cruiser Baleares last March. Planes which sank the crippled ship, killing 600 men, took this amazing picture.



**Girl in Shark Pool** MISS LEILA STEPPE, visiting American model and "glamor girl," swam in the shark pool at Sydney's Zoo. J. Boberg was the photographer.

# Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

## DID YOU KNOW—

That the attractive Yuletide design on the cards sent by Betty Arnott to wish her friends good cheer was a reproduction of one of her own woodcuts?

## Keeping Up the Tradition

As she has done "for as long as she can remember," Mrs. Edmund Playfair gathered together all her children and grandchildren on Christmas Day at her Darling Point home. The John Playfairs, Strath Playfairs and Buster Playfairs and their children were there for dinner and high tea and to receive their presents from the huge Christmas tree in the afternoon. The only ones missing were Mrs. Norman Robertson and her daughter Betsy, who are visiting Mrs. Hew McMurdo in the East.

On Christmas Eve, also true to her annual custom, Mrs. Playfair asked a number of friends in to cocktails, and now, for New Year's Eve, she plans another party.

The four Marriott sisters, Melodie, Margot, Suzette, and Sylvia, will be among the holiday-makers at Terrigal early in the New Year. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Marriott, of Cremorne, have taken a cottage there.

## Country Visitors

PEGGY BUCHANAN is down from Pokataroo for Christmas, and to enjoy a spot of surfing. With her mother, she is staying at the Australia Hotel. Toots Lyons, of Orange, is also at the Australia.

## Won Her Bet

A FEW months ago Sheila McDonald took a bet with her father that she could keep her job until Christmas. Result . . . Sheila is very thrilled at winning her bet, has been presented with a handy cheque, and is still of the opinion that work is grand.

She is spending Christmas at Avalon with Betty Munro.

## Singing Carols

I HEAR that Helen Aspinall and a lorry load of her young friends had a grand time on Christmas Eve going from suburb to suburb to sing carols. The money collected was for charity.

## Governor at Hill View

THIS is holiday time, too, for the Governor and Lady Wakehurst and their family. They went to the lovely Vice-Regal country residence, Hill View, at Sutton Forest, for Christmas, and are staying there for several weeks while their young son David is on vacation from Tudor House.

David and his small brother Robert are enjoying themselves thoroughly riding their pet ponies and exploring the countryside.

In February Lady Wakehurst will leave for a six months' holiday visit to England.

## Down the South Coast

THE holiday "hide-out" of a number of well-known doctors and their families is Bawley Point, down the South Coast. The Bouvierie Anderson Stuarts and Conrad Blakemores are among those who are spending their days fishing and lazing on the sands.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Wilson, of Barraba, are holidaying at the Hotel Manly. Their daughter and son-in-law, the Max Wrights, will join them for Christmas.

## June Bride

A LOVELY square-cut diamond is the engagement ring chosen by Eve Condon, of Bellevue Hill, who announced her engagement last week to Dr. John Mutton, the youthful superintendent of the Royal Hospital for Women at Paddington. Their marriage will take place next June.

## To and from Sydney

AFTER being one of the twelve young hostesses who entertained at a dance at Merrybryn, Bellevue Hill, on Christmas Eve, Joan Wharton left on Christmas Day for Melbourne and then New Zealand.

Her sister, Mrs. Scott (formerly Miriam Wharton) is over from her home in Tasmania, staying with her parents, the Douglas Whartons, of Vaucluse.



## Lovely Evening Frocks

HELEN WEIHEN wore one of the most attractive frocks seen at Prince's last week. Originally, it was the white marquette frock mounted over a white underskirt, appliqued in petunia flowers, which she wore when bridesmaid at her sister Betty's wedding. Now she has covered the white underskirt with petunia net, full-skirted and off-the-shoulder. Mrs. Rex Carmichael looked very charming, too, in a brown-and-white figured net frock with a ruffle of the same material outlining the strapless bodice.

No one created so much interest, however, as blonde Mrs. Larry Adler, wife of the visiting mouth organ virtuoso. She wore long trousers of wine crepe with a gold lame tunic and gold lame turban.

## Dinner With Their Families

SIR GEORGE AND LADY JULIUS spent Christmas Day with their sons and grandchildren at their home at Darling Point. With Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Ruthven at their Double Bay home were their daughters, Mrs. John Buchanan and Mrs. Tom Crossing, with their families. Margot Ruthven was the only one absent. She is spending a holiday at Katoomba. Margot recently gave up her job in a beauty shop to concentrate on amateur theatricals.

## On Holiday from Fiji

AN eager welcome from her sister Patricia and her cousin, Mrs. P. J. Davy, of Darling Point, awaited Sheila Gale when she arrived this Monday from Lautoka, Fiji, for six weeks' holiday in Sydney. Sheila, an expert tennis player, is looking forward to some games here.

Patricia came to Sydney six months ago to take a commercial course. Both sisters will return home when Sheila's holiday is over.

## Going Along Merrily

PALM BEACH season is now in full swing. The Surf Life-Savers' dance at the Pacific Club on Boxing night set the ball rolling merrily.

John and Nora Ralston, Ralph and Barbara Huntley, Kit Hay, Rosemary Waddy, Clare and Lou Spruson and most of the Arnott sisters were among the merry-makers at the dance.

Laurie Arnott, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Arnott, is spending the vacation aboard the cruiser Lauriana, and New Arnott is with her family in their boat, Oomooobah.

Jean Mackay, with her parents, Major-General Mackay (head of Cranbrook) and Mrs. Mackay, is also at the beach for the holidays. And you'll find the Keith Coles in their new cream house on the hill; the Alan Copelands entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Jack Robertson, of Queensland, and a party of bright young bachelors, including Wal Anderson, Alan Weekes and Bill Campbell, at Barton, the house they have taken near the beach.

## Grand Old Lady

ONE of the most amazingly youthful old ladies I have ever met is Mathilda, Lady Williams, aged 79, who is on a visit from England. Her last "adventure" was a day's sailing on the harbor in a boisterous wind in the yacht Scotia, which is partly owned by her friend, Mrs. G. B. Montefiore, of Neutral Bay. Lady Williams, during a round of country visits, recently stayed with Mrs. Whitney at Coombling Park. She spent Christmas at Yarralumla, Canberra, as the guest of the Governor-General and Lady Gowrie.

## Guest at Weemabah

MARY THROSBY, of Inverell, left town last week to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. George Mack and Anthea at Weemabah, Trangie. The chief topic of conversation in the Mack family these days is, of course, Morna Munro, the three-weeks-old daughter of the Gordon Munros, of Keera, Binalong. Mrs. Munro was formerly Charmian Mack.

## She Would Like to Live Here

THAT charming person, Madame Antal Dorat, wife of the conductor of the Covent Garden Ballet Orchestra, says she would like to make her home in Sydney.

Last week, when having afternoon tea with her, after I had struggled through the shops in search of last-minute gifts, she told me that our Christmas shopping rush was comparatively quiet after her experience in Continental cities. If this is so, no wonder she would like to live here!

## Cruising to New Zealand

ON board the Otranto when she sails this Friday for a cruise to New Zealand will be a number of well-known town and country people. Dr. S. A. Smith and Mrs. Smith, who have had such a busy time during the last fortnight with the inauguration ceremonies of the Royal Australasian College of Physicians, will enjoy a holiday at sea. Other passengers will be Mr. and Mrs. P. Brown, of Mogilla, Binalong, Mr. N. F. Dawson, of Condobolin, Captain F. W. Follett, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Ritchie, of Rose Bay, and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Crick.

## In the Country

MRS. CECIL ROBERTS, of Point Piper, left town by car last Thursday to spend Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. George Hill, in her lovely new home at Quirindi. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cobcroft, of Edgecliff, and their daughter Kathleen also are out of town for Christmas, staying with the Gavin Cobcrofts at Parraweenah, Willow Tree. In the New Year Mr. and Mrs. A. J. will motor to Armidale to stay with Mrs. A. E. Cobcroft at Herbert Park.

## At Bowral and Moss Vale

RIDING around the leafy byways and highways at Bowral you will find lots of well-known people during this holiday season. Mrs. Kitty Paradise and her children, John and Jacqueline, are staying at Anterley. Mr. and Mrs. John Mann, of Rose Bay, have taken their children to Bowral, and at Moss Vale are the Bill Mitchells, of Wahroonga, also with their children. In a few weeks' time Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell will be packing again . . . this time for a long abroad.

## In Town for Summer

LINDSAY SINCLAIR came to Sydney from Collymore, Pokataroo, last week in time to attend the party given on Wednesday by Daisy Osborne and Margaret Thill at Royal Sydney Golf Club. Lindsay and her mother, Mrs. Jack Sinclair, have taken a flat at Edgecliff for the summer.

Sir Robert and Lady Wad have moved from Point Piper to a flat in Gladwood Gardens, Double Bay.

## Sailing for Brisbane

In the Duntroon this Saturday Mrs. Joan Munro will sail for Brisbane to collect her schoolboy sons, Douglas and Mackenzie, and bring them to Sydney for their school vacation. They will spend most of their holiday with Mrs. Munro's father, Sir Norman Kater, at his Moss Vale house.

## I LIKE—

Nancy Macnaught's picture hat of shiny black straw, with its wide brim underlined with emerald felt.

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in edge-to-edge  
for the beach

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as a party gown—beach coat  
of matalasse pique with a  
flaring flippant skirt and two  
porky waist buttons. Navy,  
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**THE NEW TANJU**

Tan for burn, and speed-up of  
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Kotex, the genuinely absorbent  
pad with the centre  
lengthwise regulator, rounded  
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comfort at only 1/6 for 12,  
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A. 8/6  
nr. 10/9



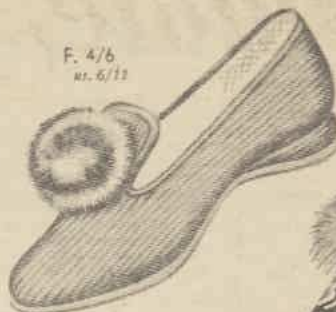
B. 7/6  
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C. 4/11  
nr. 6/11



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nr. 6/11



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satin mules, with a beautiful  
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all faults



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very best styles, offered you at truly remarkable reductions, in hundreds of  
pairs, dozens of styles... your chance to give a handsome New Year Gift.

A. NATURAL linen sandal,  
English fittings, kid  
trim. 10/9, now at 8/6

C. FOOTPRINT sandal,  
white, red, blue. All sizes  
but not each colour. 4/11

E. TOELESS sandal,  
English, multi-colour,  
rubber soles. 2/7. 8/6

R. SUEDETTE sandal,  
English. White/brown,  
white/blue. 1/2, 3/6. 7/6

D. 22/9 AMERICAN play  
boots, leather, assorted  
colours, 3 fittings. 11/-

F. PINK CORDED vel-  
vet alpini, uncrushable  
pom, silver lined, 2-7. 4/6

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giddy New York, and now to you... after the originals  
worn by whooping broncho-riders in the blazing Bad  
Lands round Popocatepetl. Natural with multi-colour,  
4/11 each. Country customers, 1/- extra for packing.

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Real human hair in gleam-  
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ing Edwardian coiffure.  
Shades of medium, dark,  
and auburn only, 16 inches  
long. Plaited or plain. 3/6

Ground Floor.



New shaker special  
**HANDY KITCHEN HELPS**

Handy shakers to help a busy  
cook, for flour, sugar, salt,  
pepper. Beautiful opaque glass  
in a cool green shade, ea. 1/9



American idea

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Give them a long deep drink  
with this polished copper and  
brass vase filler. Lasts a  
lifetime. And priced at 18/6

Lower Ground Floor  
Country Carriage Extra.

**NEW YEAR DINNER DANCE**

at Farmer's, on Friday, Decem-  
ber 30th in the Fifth Floor  
Restaurant. It will be the  
grandest, gayest Hogmanay  
ever seen outside of Scotland.  
Ring M 2405 now and book a  
table! No charge for reser-  
vations. Table D'Hôte, 5/-  
In Fifth Floor Restaurant



## Sports Shades

When winds blow, an adjustable band  
over the top keeps your hair tidy and  
helps the shade to stay put. The peak  
extends to the back of the head, giving  
extra shade on both sides. All white,  
white with green underlin-  
ing, navy, canary, green. At **6/11**

Lower Ground Floor



## New Year Cards

Wish them a Happy New Year with  
these cheerful loose or boxed cards,  
big range, 1/- to 2/- box of 6. Loose  
cards, with envelopes, 3d. to 7d. each.  
On the Ground Floor.

## Helpful Herman

Continued from Page 5

A FINE friend she turned out to be, dumping her dippy uncle on him that way!

"I'm a great one for getting acquainted with folks and trying to give them a helping hand," said the self-made guest.

He took a little cigar out of a paper packet, lighted it, and made himself at home. Tink was trapped. He could not kick Mrs. Baylor's brother out of the shop and make him walk home through the mud. There was nothing for him to do but listen to the old boy's tiresome chatter about Larabella.

After this had been going on a while Tink said with that bluntness for which he was justly famous:

"If Larabella's such a swell town, I don't see how you can bear to stay away from it."

"I can't hardly, but my people here need my help. They're the most impractical lot of folks you ever saw. Every little thing that goes wrong they have to phone for somebody to come and fix it."

Another thing that was the matter with the Bayers was Virginia. She was a nice girl and not bad-looking, but here she was twenty years old and not even thinking of getting married. The place was crowded with young fellows at night, but she made no effort to land anybody.

"I'll have to see what I can do for Virginia while I'm here."

"Sometimes," said Tink, "the best thing you can do for folks is to let them alone."

"No, sirree, sir. That's just selfishness. A person should do what he can for others. Now, you take your own problem here—"

Before the terrible day was over the helpful Hoosier had taken Tink firmly in hand and remodelled his life. In his fancy he had Tink installed in a magnificent garage on the Post Road, with a corps of courteous, uniformed attendants. He planned an advertising campaign—newspapers, calendars, blotters, and radio.

Goaded to desperation, Tink lost control of himself, and cried:

"Aw, go climb a tree, Duke!"

The old gentleman was not offended.

"I know it will seem strange at first. I was that way myself once."

The post now launched into an extensive autobiography.

It was a terrible ordeal.

When the job was done, Uncle Herman paid cash for the work, thanked Tink for a pleasant day, and promised to see him soon and often.

"I'll be thinking over your problem, Tink."

"Don't give yourself brain fag," was the ungracious answer.

THE next day Virginia drove to the garage alone.

"What, no uncle?" asked Tink with heavy sarcasm. "No cheery little playmate to spend the day with me?"

"I left him down-cellar playing a violin and cello duet with Tony Moore, the barber. Tink, I'm just heartick."

"Let's take down our hair and have a good cry." He had not forgiven her for yesterday's shabby trick.

"You haven't heard anything yet. You know that rock garden of mine by the little pool in the back yard. Well, Uncle Herman got up at dawn and whitewashed all those lovely old stones. He thought it would be a delightful surprise for me. I'll never be able to get the stuff off. It looks like a graveyard. What shall I do with that man?"

"That's not down my alley, Jin. I can get rid of knobs in the engine or obstructions in the oil feed, but not uncles."

"He'd be such a nice guest if he didn't try to be helpful."

"I found that out. He wants to set me up in a garage on the Post Road—something like the casino at Monte Carlo, as far as I can make out. He's got plans for you, too. Tink rubbed it in: 'He's going to save you from being an old maid.'"

Weeks passed, and the pickle duke continued his mad career of helpfulness. He had driven the Bayers to distraction, reduced Tink to helpless rage, and brought pain to the authorities. He had inserted his genial personality into everybody's affairs, and there was one complication in particular which was bringing his relatives keen disquietude.

On a morning in late May Virginia came up the Lane and told Tink she had interesting news for him.

"Uncle Herman has passed away?"

There was the light of hope in the repair man's weary eyes.

"No; the twins are coming back. We're going over to-morrow to see them graduate. They'll be home the next day."

"They'll give Uncle the works," said Tink. "They'll make him wish he had never been born."

It was not, Virginia pointed out, as simple as that. The family would be greatly relieved to have this problem uncle subtracted from their lives for a while, but the situation required tact, not rough stuff.

"After all, Uncle Herman is well-to-do and—you know how it is."

"I get you. The Bayers might be subtracted from the will."

As usual, Tink spoke with brutal frankness.

"Listen. You've knocked around with those kids a lot and you can handle them better than I can. If I ask them something, all I get is that dying-godfish look. Maybe you can get them to co-operate. They're crazy about you and they'll do whatever you suggest."

"They will if it's something they want to do, anyhow. Otherwise not."

He thought it over and agreed to have a talk with Jane and June.

As he went about his daily task of spring-cleaning his customers' cars, he evolved a plan of action. In the past years he had been tangled up in a number of enterprises with the Baylor twins and he knew pretty well how their minds worked.

HE was not caught unprepared, therefore, when the workshop was filled with raucous noises, honks from the "Baby Grand," shouts of greeting, flashes of color, and the rush of slim forms. Tink withdrew his head from the hood of a car and got a double armful of sweet girl graduates.

"Here come the old grads," cried June.

"We're a finished job," Jane added.

"I never thought they'd let you stay to the end," he said.

Tink inspected the twins. The brown-eyed youngsters had always suffered by comparison with the family beauty, but now at seventeen they, too, showed distinct traces of pulchritude. He remarked this in well-chosen words:

"You kids don't look as bad as you did."

"Oh, you and your pretty speeches!" cried June.

Tink said that this reunion of three loving hearts seemed to call for a celebration. How would they feel about gulping down a mess of lunch? They accepted this proposal without hesitation.

As Tink was about to withdraw to take off his overalls and wash up he displayed signs of acute embarrassment. From his workbench he produced two little white cardboard boxes.

"You better take this junk off my hands before the police find it," he said, and hurried away.

"This junk" was a pair of lovely wrist watches.

Cheered by the graduation presents, the twins seemed in a receptive mood, so Tink broached the subject that lay heavy upon his heart.

"I've got a little job for you kids."

Tink lowered his voice. "I want you to take your Uncle Herman Vogel for a ride."

"All right, we'll bump him off," Jane said.

"I thought he was kind of cute myself," June added, "but if you want him rubbed out, okay."

"That man has an incurable case of helpfulness. He has no business of his own, so he minds everybody else's."

"What has happened so far?" June asked.

Tink started with the original attempt at arson and the rock-garden crime. Then the old boy burned grass in the back yard. The fire got away from him in the wind and threatened to run all over that part of town. The next time the fire department came it was on a different errand. Uncle had gone up to the roof to try to fix a leaky flashing around the chimney. The ladder fell, and there was nobody at home who could get him down.

"You see, he doesn't believe in hiring people for these odd jobs. The radio didn't work very well, so he fixed it. Now it doesn't work at all."

Uncle Herman was shocked to learn that the Bayers had to pay a man to haul away garbage, so he built a tin incinerator out behind the garage. This was the only one of his contraptions that worked. In fact, the smoke annoyed all the

neighbors, and the Board of Health cracked down on the family for maintaining a public nuisance.

But this philanthropist did not confine his work to the household. On the contrary, he was forever dropping in on neighbors with a word of advice about their problems and helpful hints on how things were done in Larabella, Indiana.

"It's getting so bad that citizens hide behind bushes when they see the grand duke rolling down Mayfield Road, for fear he'll stop and pep them up. He shows kids how to shoot marbles and fly kites. He umpires ball games, and he's pestering musicians to organize an orchestra. He entertains Jim's boy friends with stories about Larabella's swell wipers and temperies, and he's driving away some of her best customers. In fact, he's an ache to every head in town except one." Tink paused for rhetorical effect. "That's the blonde one of the Widow Klump."

"Oh-oh!"

"Yes, sirree, sir. Amanda laps up all the duke's advice and asks for more. He drops in every day to give that good-looking young widow a hand, and he's been seen driving around town with the three little Klumps. Maybe your family hasn't got the jitters! They don't think it would be so hot to have Amanda Klump turn out to be the Grand Duchess of Pickledown."

The twins were rendered speechless by this thought.

"Of course, if you want that dippy dame to be your aunt, it's okay by me. If he'll marry Amanda and take her and her three holy terrors to Larabella, Indiana, it will make Burnley a better place to live in. A man can't walk down Main Street without danger of getting backed into a corner and told all her troubles."

"Something has got to be done about this," said Jane.

"She's the world's worst mess," June declared.

"So's your old uncle."

Tink returned to the attack. He told his pitiful tale of the busybody's efforts to uplift and modernise him and make him stop being a stick-in-the-mud.

"It's a good thing we came home," said Jane. "You ought to have sent for us long ago."

"The Martins are on the job," her duplicate announced.

"There's a catch in it, though. You can't use strong-arm stuff. If you make him sore he'll cut your family out of his will, and it might cost you two a nice piece of change. You've got to kill him with kindness."

The idea was that the girls were to take up Uncle Herman in a big way and run him ragged with entertainment. Make him spend money till it hurt and keep him on the go night and day.

"You can do anything with him if you sell him the idea that he's being helpful," said Tink. "Make out you're a pair of bookworms wanting a little pleasure in your sad lives. Stay away from home as much as possible; don't let him go near the designing widow; and, above all, keep him away from my shop. Sooner or later he'll get sick of you and beat it for that dear Larabella. Then I'll blow you to a party in New York."

"Boy! Is that a job!"

Thus the twins accepted the position.

FOR several days Tink enjoyed relief from uncles and led the happy, carefree life of a stick-in-the-mud. Then, in the middle of a certain busy afternoon, a young woman with a high and haughty nose entered the shop and announced herself:

"Lady Jane Vogel-Baylor, the Baroness Cucumber."

"Where is Lady June?" asked the mechanician.

"Her Grace has gone Joy riding with His Highness. I've got the afternoon off."

"How is the racket working?"

The young person dropped her aristocratic manner and spoke like one of the common herd:

"I'll say this for Uncle Herman. He can certainly take it!"

Jane told a story of hectic days. The twins had sold themselves to their uncle as a couple of pale intellectuals suffering for fun. He had dropped his other work and started to bring sunshine into their drab lives. The trio had roamed far and wide.

"Uncle Herman is a grand old party. He pays and pays and pays."

"Keep up the good work, Jane. He'll crack under the strain."

"Somebody will, Tink. To-night



THIS FORMAL dinner gown of pink and silver lame was designed by Royer, 20th Century-Fox stylist, for Simone Simon. The dropped shoulder neckline banded in sable fur and the long close sleeves help to complete this elegant gown.

I've got to go with him to a party given by the Stanfield Hutch of the White Rabbits of America."

A couple of days later, in came Lady June Vogel-Baylor, Baroness Cucumber, who seemed worn by her social duties.

"Your Grace," said Tink, "is not looking so hot to-day. How come?"

The story was that she and her aged relative had gone to a movie in Chichester last night. After the show the vivacious veteran had proposed that they drop into a dine-and-dance joint.

"The old heartbreaker danced with every gal in the place," said June, "and by one o'clock he was playing the cello in the orchestra. Everybody got a great kick out of Uncle Hermie except me. I'm getting fed up."

Tink's face took on that lugubrious look he always affected when pleased.

"It's a hard life, baby, but we'll stick it out a little longer."

"What do you mean, we? All you have to do is to take cars apart and put them together again."

"What's the old boy doing to-day?"

For the first time June's weary eyes lighted up.

"He made Jane get up at seven o'clock to play tennis. Was she sore!"

For another week the situation grew steadily worse. Far from cracking under the strain, the pickle duke was growing younger every day. It was Virginia, who brought this bad news to Apple Tree Lane.

"Your idea looked all right, Tink, but it's a flop. Uncle Herman is having the time of his life. He'll never leave here while the fun lasts. He's planning to run fast and loose around the bathing beaches and amusement parks all summer, and the twins are talking about moving out to the old ladies' home."

"Well, it was a noble experiment."

"The girls are losing interest in their job. They're beginning to let him run around alone. He was over at the widow's house to-day showing her how to pickle onions."

The next thing I know he'll start in making a captain of industry out of me again. I'm sorry, Jin, but I'll just have to toss him out on his ear."

Virginia begged him not to do anything rash, but Tink was firm. He was fighting for a man's inalienable right to be a stick-in-the-mud.

When, therefore, the pestiferous uncle entered the shop alone the next morning, Tink left his lathe and went to meet him halfway. His face was dark with scowls and he began without a word of friendly greeting:

"Now, listen, Duke—"

"No, it's all right, Tink!" The little man smiled benevolently. "The twins explained the matter to me last night. I'm starting home to-day."

"Oh, is that so?" Tink's voice showed unflattering relief. "You and the twins have been having gay times, I hear."

"I think I've helped them a little, they were all run down from over-study. I've tried to show them how to enjoy life."

"You did them a good turn," said Tink with admirable self-restraint.

"Now, I'm going to do you a good turn, Tink. You said one time that the best thing a man could do for folks was to let them alone."

"Well, a person has a right to manage his own life."

"I didn't understand what you meant until my niece told me about it last night. I didn't realise that I was standing in the way of your happiness. I'll just withdraw and wish you luck."

Tink was puzzled but not inclined to quarrel with his luck.

"Thank you, Duke." He took the proffered hand. "You're a good boy, Scout."

"I always try to be helpful."

The little man twinkled, and started for his kiddie car. Tink was sorry that he had spoken so harshly of the well-meaning fellow. But the parting guest made a farewell remark that left Tink sputtering with hopeless rage.

"She's a nice little woman and she'll make you a good wife. And the children need a father's firm hand. Good-bye, Tink."

Those poisonous twins had made him out to be an applicant for the heart and hand of Amanda Klump, the world's greatest mess! If that dippy widow had heard about this he might as well leave for South America and begin life anew.

WITHIN the hour the cucumber aristocracy arrived. They were radiant with happiness, their faces shining with the consciousness of good deeds well done.

"The job is finished."

"When are we going to have that party?"

Tink looked with loathing upon the pair.

"Just a couple of little pale!"

"He doesn't want to take us to New York," said Jane, with a crestfallen face.

"Probably," said her gloomy sister, "he means to take Amanda Klump."

"Whose big idea was that?" he asked.

The explanations came in a rush. Something desperate had to be done. Uncle Herman was so fascinated with his charming niece that he was planning to spend the rest of his life in Burnley.

"You told us yourself that he'd do anything to be helpful."

"So we made good."

"What did he tell that woman about me?"

"Not a thing," Jane answered.

"He never saw her again. We told him he'd better keep away from her because she might make a woman."

Nobody will ever know about this little affair, unless you go bounding around."

"I'll be just our sweet little secret," said June.

Presently peace was restored and the duchesses were invited to dinner and the theatre in New York on Saturday. June insisted upon a testimonial:

"We've saved you from Uncle Herman, and Uncle Herman from Amanda Klump. Don't you think we're marvellous?"

"Aren't you terribly proud of us, Tink?"

"There is one good thing about you."

"Yes, yes; go on!"

"You're not quintuplets!"

(Copyright)

# Real Life Stories

## Storyettes

### Milk-Bar Adventure

I LITTLE thought when I entered a city milk-bar one Saturday morning that a few minutes later I would emerge with a black eye! My husband and myself were enjoying a milk-shake, when the table collapsed and sent the milk-containers and contents flying in all directions. I don't know what hit me—whether it was the edge of the table as it went up in the air, or a metal milk-container—but for the best part of a week I felt rather a fool trying to explain to my friends how I came to get a black eye in a respectable milk-bar.

1/6 to Mrs. A. Paterson, Parklands Ave., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

### Pigs a la Confetti

IT was market day in a small country township, and my friends decided to take in their two best pigs to sell. The pigs were scrubbed and placed in the back of a car which had carried a bridal party from the church a few days previously. On arrival at the market the auctioneer, surrounded by a large crowd, opened the door of the car and out tumbled the two pigs covered from head to foot with confetti! They had broken out of their sack, and the confetti had clung to their damp backs. What a roar of laughter greeted these grotesque-looking figures as they were hurried off to the yard.

1/6 to Miss J. White, Springfield Ave., Canfield, Vic.

### Couldn't Lose It

WHEN we were staying in Java my husband prized a large and decidedly dirty umbrella, and when I inadvertently snapped the handle I fitted the splintered ends together and placed it in the bedroom.

That night we retired early, and I was still awake when I saw the window swing open. Black forms made signs to one another, and the native thieves, with a couple of long bamboo poles with hooks on the ends, proceeded to "fish" things from the room, including the umbrella. Next morn'g my husband came home as pleased as Punch.

"Look," he exclaimed, "I saw my umbrella in a stall at the market. The fellows must have broken it. Never mind, I'll soon fix it."

1/6 to Mrs. Kasekowsky, Leichhardt St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

### The Mistake

ON a visit to London in 1927 my sister Ruth suggested that I should see the Lord Mayor's Show. I had to meet her in a building near St. Paul's Cathedral, and I was trying to locate her when a tall, stately gentleman addressed me:

"It must be me you're looking for," he said. "Please come this way—we have been expecting you."

My two children and myself were whisked in ceremoniously, introduced to Lords and Ladies galore, had a sumptuous banquet, and saw the show in comfort. When I met my sister afterwards and told her what had happened she rocked with laughter.

"You've dined with the cream of London society," she said. How our host made the mistake will ever remain a mystery.

1/6 to Mrs. Lawrence S. Barnes, Mount Isa, Qld.

## SEND IN YOUR STORY!

IT does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A guinea is awarded for the best each week, and 5/- for others published.

For storyettes we pay 2/6 each.

Write legibly on one side of the paper, and address letters: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 2.

## Imprisoned in a Lift for Three Hours

IT was the eve of an election, and the typewriting copying office I had in Sydney had been extremely busy doing work for one of the parties.

A good many girls were employed, but they had gone for the night, and I was doing some "finishing" when the chief clerk of a leading firm of solicitors came into the office.

He apologised for being so late, and placed in front of me a brief, which was wanted for the High Court by half-past nine the next morning.

"I am sorry I cannot take it," I said. "We are working at high pressure for a political party, and I am all in."

"But we must have it. And I cannot take it anywhere else now."

I realised it would mean working all night, but I decided to take it and do my best.

A hasty tea, and then work—work, hour after hour. Having undertaken the job, I was determined to see it through, although the night was cold and silent, and I was fagged out.

About 2 o'clock in the morning I found that my water jug was empty, so I went up in the lift to replenish it.

After hours, tenants manipulated the lift themselves, and I was accustomed to it.

But what was my horror and dismay when, on the downward journey, it stuck between floors.

It was piercingly cold, and I was only half-way through that most important job for the High Court.

The lift refused to budge, but at 5.30 a.m. the caretaker appeared on the scene, and after a little trouble released me and I resumed my work.

At 9.30 the chief clerk arrived, his face a mask of anxiety for his brief. I was just putting the last sliver threads in the binding, and after he had checked it over he went away a contented man.

11/1/- to Violet Vivian, C/o Mrs. Joad, Barina, Bungaloe Ave., North Harbor, Manly, N.S.W.

### Got Their Man

A PRISONER from the local gaol, who was serving a life sentence for the brutal murder of a little girl, had escaped from custody.

I was polishing my front doorstep when he brushed past me into the house.

"Go on cleaning that step," he said. "The police will be here any minute. Tell them you haven't seen me. Convince them I am not here or I will shoot you from behind this curtain. I am well armed."

Two minutes later the police arrived. I went on polishing.

They questioned me. I denied having seen the escapee.

How I wanted to tell them, because, with others, I had been disgusted at the murderer's callousness. But the knowledge that a gun was pointing at my back deterred me.

Suddenly I realised that the murderer could not see my face, and I winked at the policeman.

They understood, and pretending to go away they left the front verandah and, entering the side door, captured their man.

His only weapon was an empty milk bottle.

5/- to Mrs. M. Clarke, 56 Oakover St., East Fremantle, W.A.

### On St. Helena

AS a child of twelve I was a passenger to Australia on the s.s. Papanui, which caught fire at sea, with Capetown the next port of call.

The coal in the bunkers burned fiercely for two or three days, and when the heat was beginning to make the decks uncomfortably warm the captain decided to race to the nearest point of safety—the little island of St. Helena.

Simultaneous with the last man leaving the ship, she was a roaring furnace, with intermittent thundering explosions, and huddled together on the rocks we watched the last of the ship and our worldly possessions go up in smoke.

Eventually we were led through great wooden gates (which close the inhabitants in at 10 p.m. each day), and drafted into different native houses.

The inhabitants proved wonderfully kind and hospitable people and, with my brother, I had the good luck to be housed with the white Governor of the island, and had a right royal time.

Twelve weeks passed before we were picked up by a cargo vessel, and we travelled on to Albany, W.A., like one big family of campers—all in together and all dining at one long trestle table in the hold.

5/- to C. Ford, 117 Victoria St., Potts Point, N.S.W.

## The Man Who Didn't Forget

AS a lad of eighteen, I accompanied the late David Lindsay's survey party to the Barkly Tableland, Northern Territory, in 1883.

After the survey I worked for a year as a stockman on McDonnell, Smith & Co.'s cattle station at Arnhem's Lagoon, and, while there, Harry Taylor, a stockman, borrowed 10/- from me to buy some goods from a hawker.

Next day I was offered the chance of going south with a mob of bullocks in charge of that famous old-timer of the droving tracks, Jim Hutton. I took it and soon forgot the small loan.

Ten years passed and I joined the rush to the Coolgardie goldfields. One day, near Coolgardie, I met a string of camels bound for one of the outlying fields.

With a smile, one of the dusty, bearded riders wheeled his camel up beside mine, and, pulling a bit of rag from his waistcoat pocket, untied the knot in it and took out a half-sovereign, which he handed me.

"What's this for?" I inquired.

"You don't remember me," he replied. "Well, I'm Harry Taylor, and that's the money you lent me on the Tableland ten years ago."

I gripped his hand, then tried to make him take the money back. But he shook his head.

"You must take it," he insisted. "I've carried that all these years, saying to myself that I might meet you again some day, and I wanted to always have it with me so that I'd be able to hand it back."

He paused, then added, "I could've spent it many a time, I can tell you—now don't refuse to take it when we have run across each other."

In the end I accepted it, and we parted with another handshake, never to meet again. I bored a hole in it and hung it on my watch-chain, where it remained until it had worn smooth. Now it lies with other relics of my days outback.

5/- to George Lindsay, C/o H. A. Lindsay, Naracoorte, S.A.

### War Luck

DURING the Great War I was in a munition factory in Motherwell, Scotland, and with a girl companion worked electric saws on the same bench.

The pair of us were idly watching our saw cutting through rails when something made me look up to where the overhead crane was passing over our heads carrying a load of several tons of steel rails.

To my horror I saw a link in the chain that carried the rails slowly opening. I did not have time to warn my companion, so I caught her arm across the bench and pulled her with me. I was just in time. Next instant the load of rails fell over our saws and smashed mine to pieces.

A few nights later, while working at the same machine, I met the man whom I later married—an Australian soldier on leave.

5/- to Mrs. E. Tye, 11 Ascot St., North, Ballarat, Vic.

### Through A Cyclone

WAKING one night to hear rain falling in torrents, we were horrified to find part of the roof peeling, and water pouring into the house.

When my father opened the front door he was met by a huge sheet of water, which rushed into the house and nearly knocked him off his feet.

Soon the water was waist-deep and rushing through the house. The wind was howling with hurricane force and sheets of iron whirled through the air like pieces of cardboard.

The children were moved to higher ground, and then mother was seen battling through water waist-deep. Just as she reached a fence we noticed a sheet of galvanised iron being borne along at a terrific rate by the wind, heading straight for her.

Fortunately she had to bend to get through the fence and the iron passed her, missing her by inches. Had she not stooped when she did she would have been decapitated.

This happened in the historic cyclone and tidal wave which struck Mackay in January, 1918.

5/- to Miss C. Henricks, Box 246, P.O., Mackay, Qld.



## HEALTHY VIGOROUS YOUTH

FIT! Youthful, full of vitality and vigour! How? By taking Beecham's Pills. They tone, regulate and purify your system and give you that inner health which makes life worth living. They remove the cause of many every day ailments. Start a course now. You'll find yourself more fit and vigorous in every way.

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# BEECHAM'S PILLS

'Worth a Guinea a Box'

# Amusing Biography of Two Famous Stars

Laughton's Wife Writes  
of Their Life Together

WHAT would it be like to be married to Henry VIII, Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street, Governor Bligh, and Rembrandt?

Elsa Lanchester, in her amusing biography of herself and her husband, "Charles Laughton and I," says that Charles occasionally brings home some of the characteristics of the person he is playing in a film. She deals with him severely.

"When we are working we both indulge in a vintage brand of mental anguish," Charles much more than me. I resent being unhappy when searching for a characterisation.

"Charles, however, becomes oblivious to the fact that life is going on round him at all. . . . I admit that Charles' results are better, but, personally, if I can't be a good artist without too much pain I won't be one at all."

In spite of their mental anguish when working, both of them seem to have preserved their sense of humor. Mrs. Laughton's observations on her husband, herself, the stage, Hollywood, and film stars sparkle with ironic and often impish humor.

She told a New York journalist that the only way to get her husband on a weighing-machine was to put a piece of rich, damp cake on it. Charles was annoyed.

In the introduction to his wife's book Charles Laughton writes: "Elsa is a sweet, unsophisticated, and even naïve person; but suddenly, through an apparently chance but invariably very carefully worked-out remark, you feel as if you had been kicked by the hind leg of a giraffe."

Hollywood friendships provide close-ups of some famous stars. Of Norma Shearer she says: "I

found her manner exceedingly friendly and charming. There is a lot to be learnt from Norma Shearer's poise, behaviour, and manner of being nice to everyone."

"Norma is a good organiser of life and herself. Directly it was known in Hollywood that she was going to have another child—she already had a boy—we all said, 'Norma will now have a girl.' Her life is so well run that one felt she would not make the error of having another boy. She didn't!"

"Jeanette MacDonald is a completely unaffected, natural person," and very gay and easy to get on with. She really seems to enjoy being a success."

Elsa Lanchester has some common-sense things to say about make-up and woman's never-ending battle to preserve her looks.

"Nothing can stop a true female from joining in this mad competition. The thousands of cosmetics on the market and the endless newspaper articles on the subject make an encouraging invitation, but it is only a talent for selection that can help to make a woman look better than she really is."

"The trouble is, I find, that as every woman likes to try and win by a short head at least, they are very caty about exchanging really good ideas about make-up and health. One woman could tell another when a new color effect is successful—but they very rarely do."

"I myself do not know anything about hot towels and ice, or beauty parlors yet. Nor do I brood about my looks. I haven't had time, but



CHARLES LAUGHTON is Red Ned, a beachcomber, in "Vessel of Wrath," his latest picture made by the British company in which he is a director.

## FAN MAIL

CHARLES LAUGHTON gets very few fan mail letters, but this one from a schoolboy is highly prized:

"I would like an autographed photo, dear Mr. Laughton, signed 'To Harold.' I don't mind when I get it if it's a signed photo from you signed, 'To Harold.' I have always wanted a photo of you signed, 'To Harold,' and I shall be most disappointed if I do not receive a photo signed by you 'To Harold.'"

After three more pages it finishes: "Well, I must now close thanking you in anticipation for the photo of you signed, 'To Harold.' Yours truly, Harold."

"P.S.: Please do not forget to send me a signed photograph signed, 'To Harold.'"

I do devote half an hour in front of the glass before going to a lunch or dinner date—literally painting my face.

"I use the word 'painting' because I think that a woman should look upon her own face every morning as an artist's canvas, and the better the painter the greater the economy of line, and the thinner the paint."

"If you are in normal health the morning make-up should be reduced to almost nothing—a delicate



"I do not by any stretch of imagination belong to the beautiful woman class . . . I consider that I make the best of myself," says Mrs. Charles Laughton, in her book. What do you think of this study of her?

emphasis of what is naturally there. That is where talks with other women could help—honest women, of course.

"I do not by any stretch of imagination belong to the beautiful woman class . . . I consider that I make the best of myself."

"I have a pale skin, which freckles in the summer, red hair, and the usual washed-out eyelashes and eyebrows that go with it, and round brown eyes like bullets. This I find is an excellent canvas for make-up, and much more fun I should think than being dark."

Vivacious reminiscences of behind the scenes in films and observations

on film publicity and film premieres end with their adventures on location in the south of France.

In "Vessel of Wrath," Elsa is Martha Jones, a missionary, and Charles is Red Ned, a beachcomber. This is one of the first three pictures—the others are "St. Martin's Lane" and "Jamaica Inn"—made by Mayflower Productions, the new partnership of Erich Pommer and Charles Laughton.

They will be shown in Australia early in the New Year.

"Charles Laughton and I" (Faber and Faber). Our copy from Dymocks.



## My Children DIDN'T WANT ME!



FOR GOODNESS SAKE GO AND PLAY SOMEWHERE ELSE! YOU'RE GETTING ON MY NERVES!



NEXT DAY

CAN'T WE JUST HAVE OUR PICNIC WITH YOU DADDY?

MUMMY SPOILS EVERYTHING



THEY'VE GONE OFF TO THE BEACH. . . IT'S AWFUL JOAN—I'M DRIFTING AWAY FROM THEM. ALWAYS TOO TIRED TO JOIN IN THEIR FUN

THAT'S NOT A BIT LIKE YOU PHYLL! WHY DON'T YOU SEE A DOCTOR?



I FEEL HEAVY, DULL AND TIRED DOCTOR EVEN WHEN I WAKE UP

H'M, THAT'S ALWAYS AN INVARIABLE SYMPTOM OF NIGHT-STARVATION. PERHAPS YOU DON'T REALISE THAT YOUR BODY BURNS UP ENERGY EVEN WHILE YOU SLEEP? IF THAT ISN'T REPLACED, OF COURSE YOU'LL WAKE UP TIRED. I ADVISE HORLICKS

and so regularly at Bedtime



LATER

MUMMY'S WON! MUMMY'S WON!

If you wake tired, feel depressed, get merry . . . then you too are probably suffering from Night-Starvation. Tiredness and loss of energy are usually caused by Night-Starvation. You see, during sleep, energy is used up keeping the heart and lungs at work. Energy must be replaced—or you wake tired. A cup of Horlicks regularly at bedtime creates the new energy you need. It helps you to wake refreshed—and guards you against Night-Starvation. Horlicks makes a delicious cold drink in summer—but remember to use the Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6; economy size 2/9; also the Horlicks Mixer 1/6.



**HORLICKS** guards against NIGHT-STARVATION

# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, goes to Hollywood. After outwitting a dishonest film company he signs up with Granite Studios, and makes a film test with the star, Marilyn Dawn. Leaving the studio with Lothar, he sees a man fling himself in the path of Marilyn's car. The car does not hit him, but when confederates

say he is injured Mandrake accuses them of attempting a frame-up. The crooks threaten him, but Lothar "wades in." Driving away in Marilyn's car she tells him of many attempts made to blackmail her, and mystifies him by remarking that she "wears two faces." Next day when he talks to her at the studio she apparently knows nothing about the frame-up. **READ ON--**



The best holiday reading--the Mandrake Book. 72 pages for 1/-. All newsagents.



GIVE YOUR CHILDREN THIS  
**Great Tonic Food**  
with the delicious flavour

They will grow sturdily with strong bones and sound digestions, if you give them Cornwell's Extract of Malt with Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice. Rich in essential Vitamins A, B, C and D, which guard against malnutrition and prevalent epidemics. All children love its delicious flavour.



From all Chemists and Stores

**CORNWELL'S**  
Extract of Malt

...also obtainable with  
**COD LIVER OIL & Orange Juice**



Untroubled by Teething

Avoid constipation and its attendant dangers by using Steedman's Powders. Gently and safely they keep baby regular in his habits, his bloodstream cool during teething. Used by mothers for over 100 years for children up to 14 years of age.

Give  
**STEEDMAN'S**  
POWDERS  
FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Waverley Rd., London, Eng.

Your Problems  
Solved

YOUR FUTURE FORECAST.  
BY THE FAMOUS EASTERN ASTROLOGER  
WHEN TO  
KNOW WHICH  
LUCKY NUMBERS AND PERIODS FOR LIFE,  
LOVE AND MARRIAGE, FINANCE, TRAVEL, ETC.  
FREE YOUR OWN GOLD-PLATED  
RODIAL LUCKY CHARM,  
WHICH ALWAYS BRINGS YOU LUCK.  
Send P.N. 2/6. Full Birthdate and  
stamped addressed envelope.  
OMAR KYOME, Dept. 4,  
BOX 2117, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

### Represented Y.W.C.A. At World Conferences

AFTER attending two world conferences Miss Jill Morey, who is attached to the Y.W.C.A. in Sydney, has returned to Australia. She will spend some weeks travelling around the States, making her reports to the different centres, going as far north as Rockhampton and Townsville, before resuming her duties in Sydney in February.

Miss Morey went abroad five months ago, primarily to be one of Australia's representatives at the world Y.W.C.A. Council Meeting at Muskoka, Ontario, Canada. She was also a delegate at the second World Youth Congress, held at Vassar College, New York State.

After the second congress she spent two months in observing association methods in Canada and the United States.

### Visited Child Relief Work Centres in Spain

MRS. A. E. HOWELLS, who, with her husband, returned recently from a visit to Spain as an observer for the Spanish Relief Committee in Melbourne, was specially interested in the child relief work. Since the outbreak of war the Government has opened 10,000 new schools. Ruined buildings are now utilised as educational and relief centres, and training facilities for teachers have been increased.

Mrs. Howells visited the colony for children at Torrentho partly supported by Australian funds, and conducted by Miss Esme Odgers, of Sydney.

Mrs. Howells is assistant-secretary for the Melbourne Spanish Relief Committee. She is a B.A. of Melbourne University, and has her Diploma of Education. The Women's Council Against War and the Book Censorship Abolition League are other interests.

### Joyce Holds Many Junior Tennis Titles

AT the age of sixteen Miss Joyce Wood has won marked success in the tennis world. She is the holder of the singles, doubles, and mixed doubles junior titles of Australia, and the Victorian schoolgirls' titles.

This brilliant young Melbourne player, who is hailed as the most promising girl player yet seen in Australia, has been playing A grade pennant tennis for some years.

She will be an outstanding representative of the home association at the tennis carnival to be held at Kooyong, Victoria, during Christmas Week, when all States of the Commonwealth will be represented.

Early in January Joyce goes to South Australia to play in the Adelaide carnival, before competing in the Australian championships at Kooyong.



Joyce Wood  
—Melbourne.

### Scientists in Conference

CANBERRA will be the setting for a gathering of world-famous scientists when the jubilee congress of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science is held there from January 11 to January 18. An outstanding overseas visitor is H. G. Wells, who will give a lecture on January 12.

Women delegates include the distinguished psychiatrist, Dr. Anita Muhl.

On the organising side, Miss Margaret Walkom, Sydney University graduate, is assistant to her father, Dr. A. B. Walkom, honorary secretary to the association.

### Retired After Long Service With Education Department

AFTER 40 years in the service of the Education Department of South Australia, Miss E. E. Simpson, of Mount Lofly, S.A., retired at the end of this school year. For the past five years Miss Simpson has been Inspector of Kindergarten Schools—Blowen Thomas, throughout the State.

She was educated at the once well-known Miss Thornber's Unley Park School, Adelaide, and entered the Adelaide Teachers' Training College in the year of its foundation.

She spent her first year as a teacher at Hawker, in the Far North, and a year in Tasmania in 1927. She saw much of kindergarten work all over the world when she made a tour abroad several years ago.

### Specialist in Nursery School Work

AN interesting appointment is that of Miss Jean Wyndham, of Sydney, as principal of the Kindergarten and Preparatory Teachers' Training College, Sydney. Miss Wyndham is an expert in nursery school and child development work, having made it a special study.

A Bachelor of Science, she is a graduate of the Sydney Training College, and in 1934 was sent by the Kindergarten Union of New South Wales to America to study latest developments in nursery school work.

She graduated at Columbia University and went on to London for lectures with Dr. Susan Isaacs, head of the child development department at London University.

### Impressed by American Flair for Detail

MRS. LINDSAY DEY, who accompanied her husband, Dr. Dey, of Sydney, on his recent inspection of hospitals in America and England, considers that conditions in Australian hospitals compared favorably with all she saw abroad. The American flair for detail, however, asserted itself always.

The Mayo Diagnosing Clinic in Rochester, U.S.A., is a model of efficiency. It is fourteen stories high. The linoleum in the building is marked with lines in different colors, and the way to a ward is found by following a certain color.



Miss Simpson  
—Blowen Thomas.

### Florence Nightingale Nurse Is Perth Identity

AN interesting identity of Perth, West Australia, is Sister May Nicolay. She is, so far as is known, the only Florence Nightingale nurse still alive, and recently celebrated her 88th birthday. She is the only member of a large family to live to be over thirty.

Sister Nicolay wears her uniform and bonnet on all occasions. She is very active for her years, and much beloved.

Last year a new wing was added to the Perth Hospital and named the Florence Nightingale Ward. Sister Nicolay performed the opening ceremony.

### Reception Secretary For Overseas League

ONE of the most enthusiastic members of the Overseas League in Melbourne is the honorary secretary of the reception committee, Miss Almee Bouchaud. Another of Miss Bouchaud's interests is amateur dramatic work, and it was at her suggestion that several one-act plays were recently presented at the club-rooms.

Miss Bouchaud had a part in one play and was producer for another, "Pat's Matrimonial Venture," which she later produced for the Presbyterian Ladies' College players at the Combined Old Girls' Club-rooms.

Miss Bouchaud is a staunch supporter of the Melbourne Little Theatre, and has been cast for many roles in its productions.

### Founder and President of Darwin Red Cross Society

LARGELY owing to the enthusiasm of Mrs. C. L. Abbott, wife of the Administrator of the Northern Territory, Red Cross work has made rapid progress in the Territory. Mrs. Abbott was instrumental in forming a branch of the society in Darwin a year ago, and has been president ever since.

There are now thirty members; voluntary aid detachments have been formed, and lectures given on hygiene, bandaging, and invalid cookery.

Miss Cynthia Slaney Poole, formerly of Adelaide, is secretary, and already the branch is applying for a seat on the central council of the Red Cross.



Mrs. Abbott.

### Takes Active Part In Women's Organisations

MRS. E. J. WIENHOLT, of Brisbane, who this year resigned as honorary State secretary of the National Council of Women in Queensland, is still an executive member. She is also interested in the Queensland Women's Electoral League, being a delegate for Gympie, and a vice-president of the Maree branch.

As a special representative of the New Settlers' League, Mrs. Wienholt calls on distinguished visitors to Brisbane.

Some years ago she made three trips to England as Migration Matron appointed to the ships of the Orient Company, and gave lectures in England under the auspices of the English Ministry of Labor. In London she was on the Australia House staff in the Immigration Department.



Mrs. Wienholt  
—New Matron.

**WHY I USE  
NEW VEET**



ON MY  
ARMS  
AND  
LEGS

- 1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
- 2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.
- 3 New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
- 4 New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/6 and 4/—(double size) at all Chemists & Stores.

**HELP STOMACH  
DIGEST FOOD**

With Triple-Action Remedy  
and You'll Eat Like a Horse

Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, help play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when you hurry nervously through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and suffers for much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, poor after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestants are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and thus this is accomplished—eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

## THE GLORY OF THE SUMMER GARDEN....

...THESE lovely blooms that flower joyously through the happiest season of the year also bring color and perfume to the Christmas table.

Says THE OLD GARDENER.

**H**OW would you like to own a garden which would yield a mass of beautiful blooms like these shown in color here?

Well, there is no reason why you shouldn't. And there's no need to envy the successful home gardener. You, too, can achieve glorious results if you work hard and methodically—if you study your plants, each one individually, and care for them.

As a start, let us run over the garden and see what can be done to help the various plants along. Roses gave their best during the spring months—that is, if you pruned them correctly, gave them good cultivation, and plenty of liquid manure. They should be blooming still, although, of course, the quality of the flowers is not as good as that of the spring display. That is only to be expected, because of the hot weather.

But do not lag in the attention the roses will still need. Cut away all weak and spindly growth, and be sure to remove all spent blooms. Work the surface few inches of soil around them, then keep up the supply of liquid manure.

Autumn is not so far away, and if

● JUST an armful of summertime blooms—roses, hippeastrums, gerberas and others—but what an entrancingly lovely kaleidoscope of color they form when massed together in this way.



Australian Women's Weekly Natural Color Photograph

you give the rose bushes that little necessary attention during summer they will repay you doublefold in the autumn. Remember, autumn roses outshine those produced during the spring.

Hippeastrums were the best ever during their flowering time this season. They also need attention now, for it will not be long before they will begin to make ready for their flowering time later on.

Prick over the bed well, then give a good mulching with well-rotted animal manure. See that the manure is well rotted, for no bulbs will give their best unless the manure is well decayed.

Fresh manure is detrimental to bulb culture.

### The Gerbera Bed

**H**OW is that gerbera bed? The young seedlings planted out during the late spring should be well on the way to flowering. Keep them moving. Give them plenty of water, and good drainage, especially if, when planting them, you carried out my advice and used plenty of manure in the bottom layer, then filled the soil in on top of the manure, and planted the young seedlings in the soil.

Gerberas are deep rooters, and heavy feeders, and by placing the manure well down below the surface the plants, by flowering time, have their roots well down into the well-decayed manure. You are then rewarded with large blooms on long stems, and of first-grade quality.

On no account give the gerbera fresh manure, and do not be too

liberal with fertilisers. If you do you will be rewarded with a green flower which is absolutely useless.

The well-rotted animal manure placed down under the surface is the correct way to feed the plants. Mulch the bed as done for other plants; then give the plants plenty of water.

This is the month to sow the pansy seeds. Secure a cool, semi-shaded corner of the garden, dig over well, make the seed-bed level, then sprinkle the seed over the surface, being very careful not to plant too thickly. It is much better to make two or more beds and plant thinly than to try to plant the seed all in one bed. Seed sown too thickly will produce weak, spindly plants.

In the sowing of all seed it is advisable to follow this plan. Plants should be strong and robust right

from the start. Then you are assured of success.

Healthy plants mean a clean garden and flowers of a first-rate quality.

When the plants have attained their third leaf, prick them out of the nursery bed into boxes. These boxes should be shallow, say three to four inches deep. Place plenty of drainage in the bottom, then cover the cinders or, as we call them, crocks with leaves or old grass. This prevents the soil mixing with the drainage.

Fill the box with fine-sieved soil, level off, then plant the young seedlings, spacing them about an inch apart each way. The usual way is to make 10 rows with 10 plants in a row. This gives 100 plants in the box, and will give ample room to make good, strong plants.

This may seem to involve a lot of

work, but, believe me, the trouble is well repaid, for the transplanting can be carried out in almost any kind of weather.

Just water the box about an hour before transplanting, then carry the box to the bed. With a sharp knife cut round each plant and lift out with a good block of soil. In this way there will be no loss of plants, and they will just romp along.

### Mass of Blooms

**A** LITTLE liquid manure from time to time will give a mass of blooms. Another secret of success is good seed. Pay a little more for your seed, and then you will be certain to have blooms worth while.

Now is the time to prepare for sweet peas. Deep trenching is essential, especially in heavy soils. Open up the trench two to three feet

deep, then fill in with plenty of well-decayed manure and good loamy soil. See that the drainage is good. The soil must be sweet and clean, free from all weeds, and remember the deeper the roots can go down in search of moisture the more healthy the plants and the better the quality of the flowers and the longer the stems.

Sweet peas must be kept on the move with plenty of liquid manure during their growing period, and a good liming from time to time. Sweet peas revel in lime, but on no account use lime and manure at the same time. A lapse of several weeks should occur from the time one is used before the other.

Planted now, sweet peas will give a good many blooms during the winter. Then after a lapse of time they will commence to bloom again and go right through the spring.

# DREAM HOUSE FOR A PRESIDENT...

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT realises a twenty-year-old ambition and plans and builds his ideal home in a seventy-acre forest.

By  
Air Mail  
from  
Our Special  
Representative  
in  
New York.



ABOVE: Showing the rear of the one-story stone cottage now in course of construction for President Roosevelt. The plans for the home were drawn from the President's own sketch plans. Notice how the two end wings are arranged with the centre portion to form a recessed terrace.

LEFT: Front view of Mr. Roosevelt's ideal home—a telephoneless retreat that is the realisation of a twenty-year-old ambition. The house is in traditional charming Dutch style and is in a secluded setting on a wooded knoll above the Hudson River and surrounded by a seventy-acre forest.

NEW YORK, December 15.

**Y**OU and I dream of our "Castle in Spain"—the perfect home we would like to own—maybe something quite small, maybe a house of mansion-like proportions.

And so do the world-famous men, those who lead nations and play important parts in world affairs.

And, like you and I, they may dream for many years about their ideal home before they are in a position to realise their desires.

Herr Hitler is reported to have built for himself a palace on top of a pinnacle in the Bavarian Alps, where he retires after pressure of the nation's affairs for reflection and solitude.

Like most ideal retreats, this palace is quite inaccessible except by a specially-constructed and specially

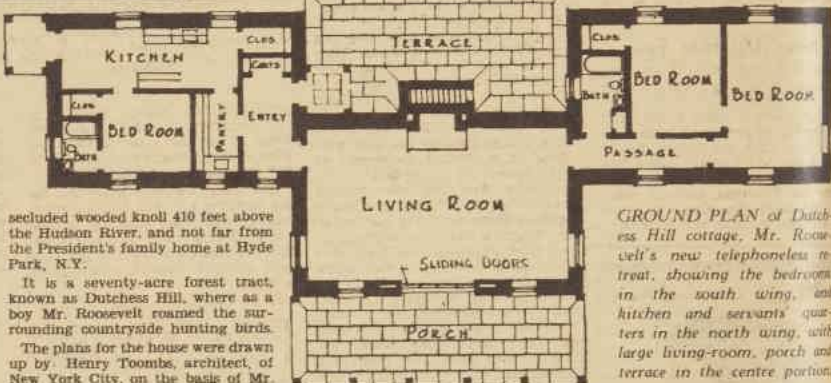
guarded road. The only entrance to the palace is by means of a great copper-lined lift which ascends up through a tunnel in a mountain to the peak 400 feet above where the palace commands a vast view, and looks down over sheer precipices.

President Roosevelt, of the U.S.A., dreamed for 20 years about his ideal home, and it is only now that his dreams have reached realization.

But, unlike Herr Hitler, Mr. Roosevelt's idea of the perfect house is on more homely lines—rather like the house you and I would like for ourselves.

And this house, Mr. Roosevelt's first at Hyde Park, will be without a telephone so that the President can relax in peace, and get right away from the affairs of the nation and the world every now and then.

The site of the house, which is now nearing completion, is on a



secluded wooded knoll 410 feet above the Hudson River, and not far from the President's family home at Hyde Park, N.Y.

It is a seventy-acre forest tract, known as Dutchess Hill, where as a boy Mr. Roosevelt roamed the surrounding countryside hunting birds.

The plans for the house were drawn up by Henry Toombs, architect, of New York City, on the basis of Mr. Roosevelt's own sketch plans which he roughed out last February but just recently made public.

## Simple Design

**AS** Mr. Roosevelt smilingly told newspaper correspondents when they viewed the site for the house, he designed the house as an amateur architect, but had been "assisted" by Mr. Toombs because he was afraid of being caught practising without a licence.

Dutchess Hill Cottage, as the home is to be called, will present an air of simple but solid comfort, and is being constructed at an estimated cost of 15,000 dollars.

The design is in the traditional Dutch style of architecture, being a long one-story structure with a deeply-pitched roof and small windows.

This architecture is charming and picturesque, and not unlike the early Colonial homes of Australian pioneers, except that the roof is pitched much higher, as is usual in countries where snow falls in winter.

The house will be about ninety feet in length from its south to its north wing, and will face due west. In the south wing there are two bedrooms, one fourteen by eighteen feet, and the other ten by fourteen feet. There is also a bathroom and a built-in clothes cupboard.

The servants' quarters, maid's bedroom and bath, kitchen and pantry are in the north wing. The kitchen is a roomy one, being planned in long, old-fashioned style and opening on to a side porch. The pantry is also spacious.

The combination living and dining room is a large room, thirty-three by twenty feet in size, and is in the central part of the house, which juts from the two wings.

Sliding doors give access from the living-room to the front porch with its western view. In the rear

## FIRST FLOOR PLAN

SCALE IN FEET  
0 5 10 15 20

wall of the living-room is a large open fireplace, while beyond the rear of the living-room is a wide terrace fronted by a semicircular roadway.

An entrance hall complete with built-in coat cupboard is situated at the side of the living-room, and has a separate entrance from the terrace.

The material chosen for the building of the house is native stone, with which the old Dutchess County

farms were fenced in the old days to keep the cows in pasture.

Trimings, shutters and doors are of wood, interior walls are of plaster, the roof is asphalt, shingle style.

Heating for the house will be supplied by a cellar furnace, which will distribute warm air through the rooms.

The furnishings and interior decoration will be in simple farm-house style to suit the architecture of the home.

Because of its elevation, the occupants of the house will not be worried by mosquitoes, and will also enjoy cooler temperatures than at the family home near the Hudson River.

## Resolutions for Home-Builders

**H**ERE are some New Year resolutions and advice for the prospective homemaker and home-builder:

1. Don't plan to spend more than three times your annual income.
2. Start or plan some simple budget so that when the time comes to take up housekeeping in the new home you will have a rather definite idea of what your average expenses will be.
3. Remember that home costs are not just mortgage costs and taxes. Begin now to check up on all possible costs so that these can be met out of salary.
4. Plan to pay as much as you can in the beginning, so that you will get as many expenses as possible off your mind, and won't have to pay out more in the long run.
5. Plan to pay off balance on house as rapidly as possible.
6. See if your husband can carry enough life insurance to permit you

to pay off mortgage in case he, as head of the house, should die.

7. Buy or build a house that is just a little less than you can afford, rather than a little more.

8. Buy or build the sort of house you can add to if necessary later on.

9. Make sure you will like the neighborhood in which you plan to live, and that it is accessible to shops, transport facilities, and schools.

10. Check up on drainage of the site—don't build your house or buy one nesting in its own hollow. If the natural slope of the ground doesn't supply proper drainage, then it must be constructed.

11. Remember that if your desire is to build your own home, it is not necessary to have all the money required. The Government assists prospective home-builders by making loans available through the Rural Bank, which are repayable at low interest and at less-than-rent instalments.

**1000 and 1 IDEAS** to make your home more lovely! **QUICKLY, CHEAPLY, EASILY!**

**FREE**

Packed with interest! "Before and After" illustrations of all rooms in full colour!

**Anne Stewart's**  
2nd Book on Home Decoration  
**"THE COLORFUL HOME"**  
CLIP and SEND this COUPON

Anne Stewart, Director, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.—Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ A. 81

# She Won't be a Wallflower Next Year

JENNIFER ANN makes some New Year beauty resolutions—she's just tired of being a back number.

NOW Jennifer Ann is a young acquaintance of ours and a really very charming girl.

But just privately we have always thought her rather careless about her looks. Sometimes she looks positively plain, which is a pity because these days there's no need for any woman not to look attractive.

So imagine our surprise and delight when Jennifer Ann came to our office and told us all about her new beauty resolutions she had made for next year.

We suspect it's because of a certain young man she has been meeting on the train every morning, so we hope this friendship grows apace and Jennifer Ann may end in developing into a real beauty.

Briefly she has decided—first, to do something about her hair. She has the long careless style she has been wearing so long, but as she says now, "I must have glamor, and I can't have glamor unless her hair looks as if it's cared for, and as some style about it."

Good for you, Jennifer Ann. You've probably been studying beauty gals, which is an excellent start on the road to beauty.

So Jennifer Ann has decided on a modified Edwardian style—a few curls and rolls across the top of her head with the hair left long at the back but rolled.

## Screws Up Her Eyes

Her face and some lines that shouldn't be there are the next up.

Jennifer Ann has had a bad habit of screwing up her eyes because she thinks she can't see things clearly with them wide open. She has been around her eyes and another across her forehead, because every time she knits her brows to focus she wrinkles the skin on her brow.

By JANETTE

It may only be a bad habit, or it may be faulty eyesight. But our heroine has decided to see an eye-man in the New Year and find out about it. If it isn't her eyes, then she's determined to try to keep her face more composed and stop wrinkling it up every time she looks at anything or speaks to anybody.

Some girls have another bad habit which also causes forehead lines. They develop a perpetual scowl as if always rather annoyed about something. Soon a dreadful line, perhaps two, appears between the eyebrows, gets deeper and becomes a real "frown" furrow.

## Frown Lines Bothersome

THESE are more difficult to remove than the wrinkles that run across the brow, because they are usually much deeper.

It isn't any good making up your mind to smooth your brow by massaging oil or cream into it at night if when you get up next day you are going to find something to scowl about again.

You can do a lot towards achieving a smooth forehead if you study your face in the mirror to see why the lines are appearing.

You may find yourself frowning unconsciously when you are dressing, for instance.

Some people frown when they put their clothes over their heads. They imagine they are protecting their eyes from the clothing.

Try, as Jennifer Ann has decided to do, to keep your eyes stretched wide open, especially when you dress, and to massage the lines with cream in a circular movement at night before you go to bed.

Jennifer Ann has also decided never to go to bed—not one single night—without removing her make-up, clearing her face thoroughly, and then applying skin food. She also intends to have a face mask once a week to clear her skin.

She is going to watch her diet too—eat less starches like pastries, white bread and cakes, less greens and fried foods and concentrate more on vegetables, fresh fruit, lean meats, milk, eggs and a drink of hot water and lemon juice first thing in the morning and last thing at night. And more attention will be paid to her make-up. In the past, Jennifer Ann has always bought the first cosmetics she saw and then put them on terribly. Her lipstick was always awry—you never knew where her lips started or finished.

## What My Patients Ask Me

**PATIENT:** Many people suffer from acidity, but is it possible to suffer from the opposite condition, alkalinity?

**YES,** but the condition is comparatively rare. It is sometimes suffered by those who are accustomed to taking bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) for the relief of indigestion.

The function of certain glands located in the lining of the stomach is to manufacture hydrochloric acid. An increase in the quantity of this acid may cause heartburn, indigestion, nausea, "biliousness" and excessive gas formation. Many persons take some alkali to relieve the discomfort of this condition.

But there are dangers attached to the excessive use of soda. It is quite possible to cause alkali poisoning by taking too much.

Occasionally a dose of soda is valuable in overcoming such symptoms. But it is unwise to depend entirely upon drugs of this kind on the theory that they aid digestion. Permanent relief can be obtained only by determining the cause of the disorder.

The victim of alkali poisoning usually shows a definite change in his disposition. He becomes irritable, less alert, and lacks vigor.

Occasionally the victim reaches an advanced stage of poisoning. Then the eyes show marked inflammation and the urine is loaded with albumen and other abnormal substances.

Fortunately, the disorder is quickly corrected. All is well as soon as the drug is withdrawn.



ALL READY for the party—lovely frock, make-up perfect, hair well groomed—Edith Head, pretty Paramount player, who believes in making the utmost of her appearance.

nifer Ann has always bought the first cosmetics she saw and then put them on terribly. Her lipstick was always awry—you never knew where her lips started or finished.

Her face powder was always far too light for her skin, and she made herself look years older by putting on, as if in a hurry, two bright red dabs of rouge on either cheek that you couldn't possibly miss yards away.

So Jennifer Ann is studying make-up seriously. Lipstick will be applied with respect for boundaries; she will buy a powder to match her skin, and she will practice applying rouge in a shade to match her lipstick, and smoothing away all rough edges so that it looks more like the work of nature and not of the cosmetic manufacturer.

Her figure is coming in for a share

## FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

By MARY TRUBY KING

### Sea and Sun-bathing For Babies Is Good in Moderation

What a giver of health is the sun if properly used! Not only does the sun give a becoming tan to the skin, but it enriches the blood, and, acting on a substance in the skin called Ergosterol, produces Vitamin D in the body.

**SUN-BATHS** may be given to the baby from three to four weeks of age onwards.

But it is not wise to give baby sunbaths without some knowledge of the effects of direct sunlight upon the skin surface, so mothers are advised to consult their nearest Mothercraft Nurse on this matter.

For the benefit of those who are not within reach of doctor or Mothercraft Nurse, the following directions regarding sunbathing may prove helpful.

### In Early Morning

**PLACE** baby in his cot by an open window where the sun is shining in. Begin by exposing the legs only. It is best to give the sunbaths in the very early morning, before 10 a.m., as the heat of the sun later on in the day is too severe.

First, protect baby's head and eyes from the sun. Then expose his legs up to the knees for two or three minutes only. Increase to five minutes on the second day, and on the third day expose the arms as well for two or three minutes. Next day, if all goes well, take the nappin off, and expose from the toes to the

waist for three or four minutes, and the arms for the same length of time.

A day or so later, baby may have all his garments removed and his front and back exposed for from three to five minutes each side. He will love this naked sunbath.

Give the sunbath regularly every day unless the skin shows even a small amount of burning. When the sunbaths should be discontinued for a day or two. Olive oil dabbed over the skin with a piece of cotton wool will soothe the slight burn. Alternatively, a little good cold cream may be used. Proceed more slowly when recommencing the sunbaths if baby's skin has become at all burnt previously.

### Increase Time

**GRADUALLY** the time of sunbathing may be increased from 5 to 15 minutes.

In the case of a toddler who has had no previous sunbathing, let him run about in the house for an "air bath" with the minimum of clothing on for a day or so before beginning the sunbaths. The child's head and back of neck should be protected by a green-lined hat. Sandals should be worn.

If introduced to the sea gradually, baby will take to it like a duck to water. From 9 months onwards, any normal baby who has been used to a cool sponging after his bath may be quietly dipped into a warm rock pool, or allowed to sit in mother's arms in shallow water. Be most careful that baby is not allowed to slip or have any fright in the water.

The sea dip should be followed by a good rub down with a thick warm towel, after which the child should be dressed immediately.



of attention, too. Two hours twice weekly in a gymnasium will do a lot to get rid of Jennifer Ann's bulky waistline and cure her ungainly stoop.

"Hands are important, too," Jennifer Ann confided. "Bill (the of the train, we gather), says he can always tell all sorts of things about a woman from her hands and he always looks at them first thing."

So Jennifer Ann's hands will have a regular weekly manicure, nail varnish will be selected carefully to harmonise and not clash with her make-up and hand lotion will be applied faithfully and thoroughly rubbed in night and morning, and always after washing.

It sounds like a thoroughly common-sense programme to us, so good luck, Jennifer Ann—stick to it, and you'll have reason to feel proud of your looks. Our guess is you won't be a wallflower any more.

## Nature's LOVELIEST COLORS



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**SPICE**—The tempting, rich burgundy color of an exquisitely shaded Amazon Orchid.

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—and always remember—  
**FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT**

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Amami Shampoo, please write to Geo. Wray & Co., Macdonald Street, Port St. George.

## PILES

How to relieve them.

You can't mistake piles. You feel itchy and stinging, wondering how to stop that irritation and itching.

At night piles worry you, taking you out of your job. You can't sit still for long, and you feel just as if when sitting. Piles are dilated or inflamed veins of the lower bowel and are caused by a cold or constipation. In severe cases surgical treatment even may be necessary.

DOAN'S Ointment give you the relief you so sorely need. This special pile ointment is heating, antiseptic and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming eczema and other itchy skin complaints. But be sure you get DOAN'S

**DOAN'S OINTMENT**

# Designed for the Trousseau

Attractive three-piece set—nightdress, slip, and scanties—adorned with wild rose embroidery and net applique.

THE entrancing lingerie set shown here would make the loveliest addition to your trousseau, yet it is easy to make and work.

The three pieces, which include nightdress, slip and scanties, are cut on simple graceful lines, and are finished with a wild rose design in embroidery and net applique.

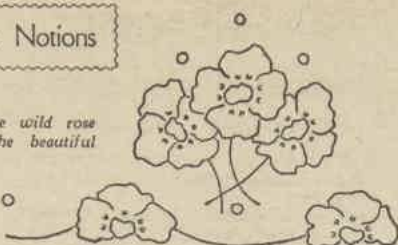
The paper patterns for making the garments are obtainable from our Needlework Department, in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. The transfer for the net applique and rose design is also obtainable from our Needlework Department.

The prices are:

Paper patterns for lingerie, 1/9 complete set, or 10d. each piece bought separately.

## Needlework Notions

CLOSE-UP of the wild rose design used in the beautiful applique work on the lingerie set shown on the right.



Transfer applique design 1/-.

Full instructions for making the garments are included with the paper patterns, while the applique design will be found quite easy to do.

Materials suitable for this trousseau set include silks such as crepe-de-chine, georgette, triple nylon, satin, or fragile cottons, such as muslins, voile and artificial silks like spun-de-chene.

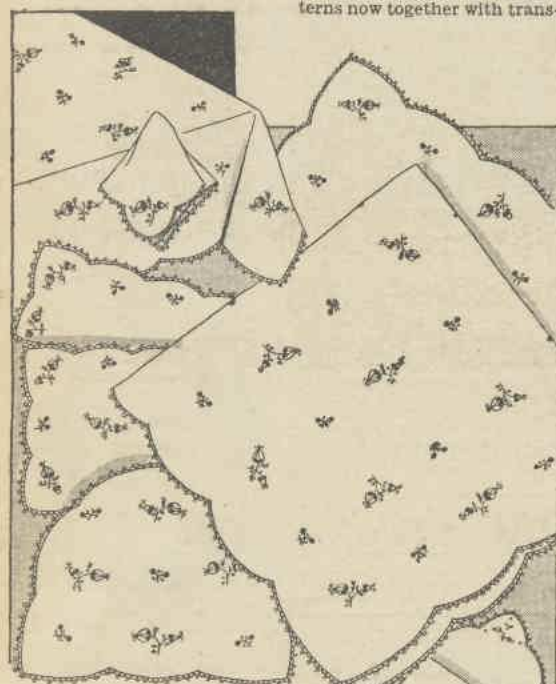
Order a set of these patterns now together with trans-

fer and make it a New Year resolution to complete these lovely garments for yourself.

Notice that the nightdress has little puff sleeves, becoming square neck and brassiere-top bodice for slender fitting. The slip is also cut on slenderising lines.

## Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O.  
Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O.  
Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O.  
Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O.  
Sydney: Box 4299YY, G.P.O.  
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



THIS beautiful Sturt pea luncheon or supper set is obtainable traced for working on white or colored linen. The pieces, cloths, serviettes, traymobile cloth, and d'oyles, can be bought separately at prices given below. Edges are spoke-stitched for crochet.

## Linen Luncheon or Supper Set

CARRIED out in a beautiful allover Sturt pea design that includes cloths, serviettes, d'oyles and traymobile cloth, this is one of the loveliest luncheon or supper sets yet created for our Australian Women's Weekly readers.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen, and the edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet finish.

Prices are:—  
Cloth, 36 x 36 inches, 7/6.  
Cloth, 45 x 45 inches, 8/9.  
Cloth, 54 x 54 inches, 11/6.  
Serviette, 11 x 11 inches, 1/-.  
D'oyles, 8 x 8 inches, 1/-.  
Sandwich D'oyles, 5 x 11 inches, 1/-.

Traymobile Cloth, 14 x 25 inches, 4/6.  
Stranded cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department.

Why not work one of these Sturt pea luncheon or supper sets with one of the matching organdie sets in the same design.

Think how beautiful both the linen and organdie would look carried out either in white with Sturt peas in natural colors, or in natural colors on green, yellow, blue or cream.

If you are collecting items for your glory-box then these sets are ideal, for the design is in such good taste that the linens would lend fine distinction to your collection.

## Sturt Pea Traymobile Set

THIS unusually fascinating afternoon-tea set matches the table linens shown on the left. It includes a throwover, traymobile cloth, and afternoon-tea serviette in an allover or corner design in Sturt peas.

The pieces are obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced for working on white, blue, yellow or green organdie, with edges spoke-stitched for crochet finish.

Prices are:—  
Throwover, 36 by 36 inches, 2/6 each.  
Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 2/-.  
Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 9d. each.  
When ordering state whether the allover or corner design is required.

THIS pretty throwover, together with matching traymobile cloth and serviette, is obtainable in white, blue, yellow or green organdie. Each piece is traced with allover or corner Sturt pea design.



## WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

**MOST Capricornians are "canny." They belong to a sign which produces many of the most economical and thrifty people in the world.**

CAPRICORNians are those whose birthdays fall between December 22 and January 20, and those at whose birth-moment the sign Capricorn was rising over the eastern horizon.

There is a very worthy and steadfast streak in the make-up of most Capricornians. They have high ideals, seem to thrive on hard work, and are always looking for responsibility to shoulder.

They can be trusted in almost any manner. Like all other types, of course, they have their weaknesses, but for the most part they are extremely honest and straightforward.

They love a bargain, it is true, and can be hard and inflexible when driving a deal, but seldom, if ever, will there be anything underhand about their methods.

They are nearly always a step ahead of the other fellow, because they seem able to apply themselves to a matter long before it becomes an object of pressing concern.

This faculty for out-thinking others sometimes earns Capricornians a bad name. But it shouldn't. Instead, they should be admired for their common sense and wisdom.

They are extremely ambitious; seldom content to sit quietly by and watch others get ahead of them. Their ambition is, in fact, one of their least desirable characteristics if it is allowed to master them.

In such cases it seems to know no limit, and every other department of life, including their affections, may be submerged in the cause of so-called success.

When this happens, a Capricornian can become very unlovable indeed. The ideals of economy can turn into meanness; and caninism can become absolute miserliness.

Those belonging to this sign would do well to watch over this particular characteristic, for it is often the one which dictates whether they rise or fall in life, and whether they have a happy or a miserable existence.

They should practice unselfishness, generosity, good humor, and delight in the success and happiness which others enjoy.

## Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): This is not the time for Aries to be too over-confident. Difficulties and delays are more probable than success, especially on Jan. 5 and 8.

**Taurus** (April 21 to May 21): Be alert now. Set yourself some desired goals and work hard to reach them. The stars favor most of you at this time. You can start the year well by beginning new plans, making changes, seeking advancement, on Jan. 1 and 2.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Jan. 1 and 4 just fair.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Be diligent now, and try to avoid setbacks. Your stomach and nerves may suffer if you don't. Be particularly nervous on December 31. Try to dodge any opposition and partings then. Let the most serious matters wait some weeks.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): Don't let Jan. 7 just fair.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 21 to Sept. 21): Keep diligent. Virgoans can reap a good harvest from hard work at this time. Improve your opportunities and plan new ventures. Make much of Jan. 1 and 2. Work hard and long.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Don't get with fire, for fiery Librans can get angry. A little hot now, especially on Dec. 31, Jan. 3 and 6. Avoid difficulties, arguments and delays. Take no risks.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Be working steadily and can turn Jan. 1 and 8 to good account, but avoid overconfidence.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Jan. 31 and Jan. 7 just fair for you.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Opportunities are likely for you now. If you seem lagging, go after them, especially on Jan. 1 and 2. Ask favors, seek advancement, plan new enterprises or changes. But be more cautious on Jan. 5 and 4.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Jan. 4 and 8 just fair.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Don't let Pisceans be able to turn Jan. 1 and 6 to good account by hard work and endeavor. Plan well and then go ahead with optimism. Not spectacular, but good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology, a matter of interest, without assuming responsibility for the statements made in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Contributors and artists: Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. They are at sender's risk, but if stamped addressed envelope is enclosed every care will be taken to ensure return. Prices: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

# Handy Hints Scrapbook . . .

CUT out these handy hints and "new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

## Labels on Jars

When putting labels on jars or packages, moisten the gum with glycerine instead of water; this will ensure a secure label.

## Baking Fruit

If apples or tomatoes are baked in sauce pie time they will keep their shape much better than when cooked alone together in a baking dish.

## Cleaning Glassware

When washing sparkling glass, use a tiny bit of blue in the water; polish with a soft cloth.

## Care of Mattresses

Mattresses can be kept from rusting if a little floor polish is applied to the metal parts with a brush.

## Whipping Cream

Cream can be whipped in half the usual time if the white of an egg is added to it.

## To Darken Tan Leather

To darken tan or light brown shoes, sponge well daily with equal quantities of milk and ammonia, repeating the applications till the desired shade is obtained.

## To Mend Broken Articles

When using plaster of Paris to mend broken articles, mix it up with liquid glue, and it will dry like glue and will be almost as durable.

## Pressing Pleats

When pressing a pleated skirt, dampen the cloth with a weak solution of gum arabic. The pleats will stay in position quite a long time if heated like this.

## Fruit Salad Tip

After slicing bananas, pears or apples for fruit salads, squeeze a little lemon juice over them and they will not change color as these fruits otherwise do.

## Nicotine Stains

Nicotine stains can be removed from the fingers with a cut lemon. If very bad, moisten a piece of cotton with peroxide and rub until the stain disappears.

## When Washing Blankets

After washing blankets, rinse them in water in which a block of

## BE SHOPWISE



camphor has been dissolved. They can then be stored without fear of attack by moths.

## Bacon Lore

Cook bacon slowly on top of the stove, pressing the pieces down with a fork or spatula so that they brown evenly.

Frying or broiling bacon has a most appetizing aroma. Burned bacon has a very unpleasant smell. Burned fat cannot be used, but properly-cooked bacon fat may be used for frying various dishes.

Cooking bacon in the oven is one way of cooking evenly.

## To Mash Potatoes

Your mashed potatoes will be light and frothy if you do them this way. After they have been strained, mash quickly and thoroughly with a fork, and see that there are no lumps. Heat a little milk and butter in a saucepan, add pepper and salt and when it is boiling add to the potatoes. Whip until light and frothy.

## Baking Cakes

Best way to get an even top to a large cake is to fill the tin a little higher at the sides than in the middle.

## When Using Meringue

The meringue on top of a pie will not shrink into the centre if you see that the meringue touches the pastry all round and that it is slightly higher than in the centre.

## School Books

All school-year, rub leather book bindings of notebooks, textbooks, and so on with a mixture of castor oil and paraffin. They will then stand up a lot better to the hard usage the children give them.

## The A.B.C. of Cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

**A la mode:** After the style of.  
**A la gratin:** A term applied to certain dishes prepared with a white sauce, garnished with breadcrumbs, baked in oven or placed under the grill and served in the dish in which it is cooked.

**A la broche:** Cooked on a skewer.  
**Aux fines herbes:** means with the addition of finely-chopped herbs, usually a mixture of several such as onion, parsley, watercress, etc.

**Aspic:** A jelly made from stock or fish, well seasoned.

**En sautoir:** Dishes prepared without meat.

**A la carte:** Dishes priced separately on a restaurant menu.

**A la creme:** Served with cream.  
**Aitch bone:** Joint of beef. May be roasted or boiled. Cheaper than rib or sirloin, but not very economical as the bone is large in proportion to the meat.

**Albumen:** A protein substance like white of egg, which coagulates when heated.

**Alkali:** A substance which counteracts acids in the body.

**Allspice:** A Jamaica pepper used in cooking, supposed to combine the flavors of various spices. The dried berry of the allspice tree is used for the condiments and the fruit is preserved and sold as pimento.

**Anti-scorbutic:** The term applied to food substance containing vitamin C, such as orange juice, which prevents scurvy.

**Appetisers:** Small savory tidbits served before a meal or as first course. Cocktails, sherry or other drinks taken before lunch or dinner to produce an appetite.

**Au jus:** Stewed and served in own juice or gravy.

**Au naturel:** Served plain.

# "Let Children Sing . . . and Be Happy"

## Radio Recipe for the New Year

"Let them sing and they are happy."

That is the recipe for success in entertaining children, according to Dick Fair of 2GB.

HE should know—he plays host to more than 1000 children at his Saturday morning parties each week.

"It's a fascinating job, this winning the confidence of thousands of youngsters," he told The Australian Women's Weekly in an interview.

"I love kids, and I get as much fun as they do.

"It started a few years ago, when I found myself facing an audience of 1200 healthy, high-spirited youngsters who were out for fun. I gave them some comedy, and a few other odds and ends—and then I started them on Community Singing.

"Did they sing? I couldn't stop them. And then I knew I had found the answer to my problem.

"No matter how noisy they are; no matter how mischievous they might be. I have never known them resist the invitation of a full-throated chorus, 'Along the Road to Gundagai,' or the swinging

rhythm of 'Popeye.' They seem almost to lift the roof.

"This opportunity to let themselves go seems to appeal to the girls as strongly as it does to the lads, and for sheer enthusiastic exuberance give me a community competition between the boys and the girls.

"It is not mere noise. There is sometimes a clear quality of beauty in these mazed choruses which suggests after all that an instinctive appreciation of music is more deep-seated in the generation which is growing up than we might realise.

"There are some lovely individual voices, too, among the youngsters. At all events they sing!

"The other essential ingredient in the programme of the party," Mr. Fair said, "is comedy, and in the make-up of that comedy the supreme achievement is for the comedian to sit down abruptly in the chair which is not there.

"BALLOON-BLOWING competitions are always popular and the appearance of a dainty fairy, complete with wand, to distribute birthday cake is the highlight for

the tiny ones. But over-riding in its popular appeal is 'Let them sing!'

Mr. Fair has lost count of the thousands of youngsters whom he has entertained, but his experience has given him a tremendous regard for the keenness of perception of the youngsters of to-day.

"Instinctively," he said, "they seem to identify any inactivity; but once you have gained their confidence, once they have come to believe you are sincere, the rest is easy.

"On the air is a different matter entirely. The physical association of the community crowd is lacking, and there is, too, the absence of that visual touch which makes the success of comedy at the parties.

"So in our children's session at 2GB we have found that there is the greatest response to a carefully selected presentation of plays of romance and adventure, and the presentation also of a session conducted by Auntie Goodie for the tiny tots.

"Over the air, too, there are no keener critics of radio programmes than the youngsters for whom we cater between 5 and 6 p.m.

"If there is something on the programme they don't like, they very quickly let us know, and their comment is always worth noting."

Somewhere, seeing Dick Fair's success with children, once dubbed him "King of the Kids," but Dick enjoys it.

He stands about 6 feet tall, and he has a small daughter of his own at home; but put him among a thousand youngsters and he is supremely happy.

# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

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# PRIZEWINNING ENTRIES IN OUR BEST RECIPE COMPETITION

THIS WEEK'S SELECTION OF NEW OR UNUSUAL DISHES, TOGETHER WITH SOME WINNING RECIPES FOR SUMMER DRINKS

**F**IRST prize of £1 has been awarded this week to a reader for her recipe for frankfurter crown roast with potato dressing.

Try it for a change. It's bound to prove popular with the family.

This week as our special feature summer drinks have been selected. This is the thirsty season, so you will probably find these recipes very useful.

You, too, can enter this competition. Just send us your pet recipe and attach your name and address. You may win first prize of £1 awarded every week, or 2/6 consolation prize awarded for every other recipe published.

## FRANKFURTER CROWN AND POTATO DRESSING

One and a half pounds frankfurters, potato dressing, 3 slices bacon.

Thread frankfurters through centres on a string. Tie ends of string, and stand frankfurters on end in shape of a crown on a rack in a roasting pan. Fill centre with potato dressing (see below). Place slices of bacon on top of dressing. Place in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until bacon browns. Add 1 cup water, cover, and let cook 30 minutes.

Potato Dressing: Four slices bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon

salt, water, 1 teaspoon pepper, quart bread cubes, 1 egg, 2 cups mashed potatoes.

Dice bacon, brown. Add onion and cook slowly until tender. Add seasonings. Combine with cubed bread. Add slightly beaten egg and mashed potatoes. Toss together until evenly combined. Add water for desired consistency.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Pt. Rd., Huntley's Pt., N.S.W.

## NUTRI CAKE

Three-quarter cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sour milk (add 1 teaspoon lemon juice to make sour if necessary), 1½ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2 eggs, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup chopped dates, pinch salt, 1 orange.

Squeeze juice from the orange and then put the whole of the remainder of the orange through a mincer.

Cream the butter and sugar, add eggs, sour milk, orange juice, and then the fruit (to which the minced orange has been added); then the flour sifted with the soda.

Cook in moderate oven about 1 hour.

(Particularly nutritious, as it contains the whole of the orange. It will keep for weeks.)

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Harold H. Power, Palmwoods, N.C. Line, Qld.

THIS is the weather for delicious thirst-quenchers, such as this tempting-looking beverage here. See the recipes given on this page to-day for various kinds of summer drinks which have been sent in by our readers.

## OLD ENGLISH APPLE JAM

Six pounds apples; prepare 4lb. of them as for apple jelly (cut up without peeling them). Peel remaining 2lb. place in a basin of cold water, and cover with a plate to preserve the color. Put skins from these into a pan with the cut-up apples; cover with cold water. Boil to a pulp, then strain.

Return juice to the pan, allowing 1 cup sugar to 1 cup juice and add 2 extra pounds for the 2lb. peeled apples. Boil for 10 minutes, and then add peeled apples cut in very thin slices.

The fruit has a tendency to rise, and must be pressed down with a wooden spoon. Continue boiling for about 1 hour or till the slices are transparent.

This is much nicer than apple jelly and is a lovely red color.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond, Vic.

## FRENCH NOUGAT

One and three-quarter pounds sugar, 1 pint water, 1lb. maize syrup or glucose, 1 egg-white, 2oz. almonds, 2oz. crystallised cherries, vanilla or almond essence.

Put water, sugar and glucose into a saucepan. Stir over moderate heat till sugar and glucose are dissolved. Boil with lid on saucepan for a few minutes. Remove lid and brush saucepan sides with a brush dipped in cold water to prevent sugar graining. Boil to 360 degrees or until a little syrup forms a hard ball in cold water. Remove from heat, pour into a basin. Cool slightly. Beat egg-white stiffly, and add to syrup. Beat till white. Cut cherries into rings. Chop almonds and add with flavoring essence. Beat till the mixture is thick. Pour into a greased pan. Cut in neat bars. Wrap in wax tissue.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Fraser, 16 Fitzroy St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

## SURPRISE ORANGE

Six oranges, 1 pint packet jelly (orange), 1 gill cream, 1 gill milk, 2 dessertspoons hot water, 1 egg-white, 1 level teaspoon powdered gelatine, sugar to taste, vanilla flavoring, some narrow ribbon.

Choose good-shaped oranges, cut in halves crosswise. Remove pulp and juice. Scrape out shells, leaving as clean as possible. Rub pulp and juice through a sieve, heat it, use to dissolve the jelly crystals; add a little water if not the pint.

Add sugar to taste. When mixture begins to set, pour into six lower halves of the orange shells and leave till firm.

Cream Filling: Whisk cream until it thickens, then gradually stir in milk and one teaspoon of castor sugar. Dissolve gelatine with hot water and, when cold, drain into cream. Whisk egg-white to a stiff froth and fold in lightly. Add more sugar if required and flavor with vanilla. When mixture begins to set, fill remaining six orange shells. Leave till set, then sandwich a cream-filled shell on top of a jelly-filled shell. Tie up neatly and firmly with ribbon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. J. Summers, Kingston-on-Murray, S.A.

## LUNCHEON SPECIALS

Cheese Pancakes: Sift 1 cup flour into basin with 1 teaspoon salt. Then stir in lightly 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 egg-yolks, and 1 cup warm cream. Beat to a stiff batter and allow to stand for an hour before adding 2 ounces grated cheese. Fold in whites of 2 eggs beaten stiff, and fry in spoonfuls on hot griddle. Serve with sprinkling of paprika.

Maple Cinnamon Toast: Combine 2 tablespoons maple syrup, 2 table-

spoons melted butter and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Brush on 6 slices toast and reheat under low broiler flame three minutes. Cut in triangles or strips.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Coulter, 93 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

## MIDGET SWISS ROLLS

Castor sugar 4lb., 3 eggs, weight of two eggs in flour.

Butter two baking tins 9 x 14in. line with buttered paper to stand above the edges.

Whisk eggs and sugar till thick and creamy, sprinkle flour in gradually. Turn mixture into prepared tins equally. Bake in hot oven (about five minutes), but do not over-cook.

Scald a tea towel, squeeze tightly, spread on pastry board, dust with sugar, turn out sponge immediately it is cooked.

Remove buttered paper, cut off outside rim of sponge, then cut into six portions. Spread with jam or lemon cheese. Roll squares neatly as possible, and dust with icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. McVicar, 2 Ewinton St., E. Balmain, N.S.W.

## CRUMPETS

Half pound flour, 1oz. compressed yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1oz. butter, 1 egg, pinch of salt, 1 pint milk.

Sieve salt and flour into a basin, melt the butter, add the slightly

warmed milk. Put the yeast sugar into a basin and beat with a wooden spoon, add the warm milk and butter, mix and strain into the centre of flour. Beat the egg and add it all well together and cover the bowl with a cloth, standing in a warm place to rise, about 1½ hours. Heat the griddle or frying-pan, then grease the rings. Round cutters about 1½ inches in diameter answer the purpose.

Now beat up the mixture, it should have risen well, then beat the greased tin. Brown well on one side, then remove the rings and cook on other side.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Honeysett, 411 Crescent, Ashburton, Canberra.

## BOOK OF STEAK

Here is an unusual and attractive way of serving steak.

Divide a nicely-trimmed piece of steak into two or three leaves (to open like the leaves of a book). Between the leaves put layers of bacon, with halved mushrooms on top. Close the book, fasten the edge. Brown it, and then add 1 cup boiling water, some carrots, salt lengthwise, and simmer very gently for 3 hours. It is exceptionally tasty and has a thick gravy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Dickson, Chevallum, Palmwoods, N.C. Line, Qld.

## Weekly Special Feature

# SUMMER DRINKS

## MULLED CLARKY

One pint water, 2 lemons, 1lb. sugar, 2 bottles claret, 1 glass brandy, 1 small nutmeg, 6 cloves.

Boil in water for 30 minutes the six cloves, rind of 2 lemons, sugar and cinnamon. Add two bottles claret and brandy while warm; strain into glasses and grate in a little nutmeg.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Barnes, 7 Hope St., New Town, Tas.

## GINGER BEER

(Beverage and Plant)

Put 4 quarts water, 2 cups sugar, juice and rinds of 4 lemons, 2 dessertspoons ginger, and "plant" into a petrol tin and stand till next day, stirring occasionally. Strain through a cloth, and bottle. Do not stir before bottling, as "plant" is in bottom of tin. Put "plant" in bottle and it is ready for more ginger beer in three days.

To Make "Plant": Mix together 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, juice of 1 lemon, and nearly a quart of water. Keep covered with a milk-jug cover and stand 3 days. Then pour off nearly all the liquid and feed for four days with 1 teaspoon sugar and ½ teaspoon ground ginger each day.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Gordon, Warrnambool, Ellice Line, Qld.

## SPICED LEMON CORDIAL

Juice of 6 lemons, 3 whole lemons, 6 cloves (for flavor), a pinch of cinnamon, 1½ cups sugar, 1 pint boiling water.

Cut up lemon finely, squeeze juice from 6 lemons into a china jug; add cinnamon, cloves and sugar. Cover with boiling water. Stir, stand with a cover till cold, strain, bottle.

To serve—dilute with cold water or soda water. This quantity makes 13 glasses of cordial. It is an effervescing drink is required, add ½ teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda to each glass.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Bell, 10 George St., Sydney, S.A.

## TUTTI FRUTTI CUP

Mix in a bowl 1 cup sliced cherries, 1 cup sliced pineapple, 1 cup strawberries, or any berries in hand, and 1 cup dried, peeled apple cucumber. Add 1 cup strained

lemon juice or lime juice and 1½ cups grapefruit juice. Add icing sugar to taste, and stand. Simmer together for minutes 2 cups sugar, 4 cups water, and 1 blade mace. Allow to become oil. Strain and pour over mixed fruit. Let stand 1 hour. Add 1 orange cut into cracked ice in a punch bowl. When ready, put sprig of mint in each glass.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Priest, Corran St., Jerrilderie, N.S.W.

## BELLARINE CASCADES FINE

Put a gallon of this sparkling drink together in a big punch bowl of 15 lemons, 4 lemons, 12 lemons, and 1 quart of grapefruit juice. The syrup is made by boiling 1½ cups sugar in 4 breakfast-cups water until it is thoroughly dissolved. Add 2 pounds of sugar (or 1½ cups) to the syrup, and stir well. When all is thoroughly mixed, add 1½ cups of lemon juice and 1½ cups of grapefruit juice. Stir well. Add 1½ cups of sparkling water (free of soda), and stir well. Let stand 1 hour. Serve in a large glass of ice. Recipe will fill fifty small punch glasses.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Bellarine, P.O., Vic.

## HORSEHOUND BEER

Cover with 2 quarts of water, bring to the boil, and let simmer for 10 minutes. 1 tablespoon horsehound herbs, 1 spoon soap bark, 1 tablespoon whole ground 1 tablespoon hops. Put these in a muslin bag.

Half fill a 6-pint bottle with cold water, add 2 cups sugar, 1 bottle of stout, 1½ teaspoons cream of tartar, 1½ spoon tartaric acid, 1½ cups lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon vanilla essence. Mix well.

Add boiled herbs (liquid and bag) and shake well. Then fill with water. Let stand 18 hours. Bottle and cork. Ready for use in 12 hours.

To burn sugar put 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup of water in a saucepan and boil over brisk fire till black. Recipe yields 34 bottles of 100 ml. each, or most.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Duberty, Mt. Larnum, Qld.

## Young Hostess Discovers RENCO



The new Renco Birthday Junket is in six flavours, all attractively coloured. It's in liquid form, which makes it easy to prepare. Renco Junket is made under perfect conditions at Taranaki, N.Z., in the heart of the world's choicest cow pastures; that's why it sets more quickly and smoothly. Order a bottle from your grocer to-day.

## ORANGE JUNKET

WHEAT CHARLOTTE

Spread 6 Kellogg's Whole Wheat Flakes with marmalade and line a dessert dish, placing spread portion innermost. Make 1 pint of Orange Renco Birthday Junket—pour into lined dish, set and chill. Whisk 1 egg white to stiff froth, gradually adding 2 tablespoons of castor sugar, and beat over boiling water for a few minutes. Pile on top of Renco Junket and garnish with orange marmalade and chopped cherries.



Wholesale Distributors: Lene & Co. Ltd., 15 King St., Sydney, & 433 Bourke St., Melbourne.

# Scottish Recipes . . . and Verra Guid and a' That!

By  
**Mary Forbes**

Cookery Expert to  
The Australian  
Women's Weekly

SOME new . . . some old . . .

amous dishes that have been handed down by Scottish housewives and are guaranteed to do their part in building bonny bairns.

Christmas may be over, but the housewife is still faced with the necessity for extra cooking and larger supplies of appetising fare than usual in the house.

Visitors coming and going and the children home—that is if you haven't been lucky enough to escape from it all and take your family to the mountains or seaside.



SCOTCH gingerbread is delicious for afternoon tea served with whipped cream.



ABOVE: The land of heather is famous for its scones, and here is Joan Fontaine, RKO player, with a batch she has just made from an old Scottish recipe.



LEFT: Old favorites—girdle scones, served hot with melted butter. The recipe for making is given on this page.

TO for housewives who are spending the New Year season at home and wondering "What can I give them for change?"—I recommend a dash of Scotch.

The mention of Scotch dishes usually brings to mind, of course, shortbread, haggis and oatmeal porridge—famous sturdy fare for many years.

But then Scottish housewives have long been known for their good substantial dishes that build bonny children, so to-day I am giving you some old and some new Scotch recipes which will help you to vary holiday menus.

SHORTBREAD biscuits never fail to tempt, especially when served with tea. Shortbread recipe appears below.

onions in the same saucepan. Put the oatmeal on to a dry pan, and dry it in a slow oven till a golden brown. Chop the liver, onion, and suet very finely. Add the oatmeal and enough liquid from the liver to moisten it. Press into a well-greased basin, and cover with greased paper. Steam for two hours. Remove the paper and turn out on to hot dish.

## SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

Three ounces sugar, 11oz plain flour, candied peel, 7oz butter, scant 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream the butter and sugar till as white as possible. Add gradually the well-sifted flour and baking powder. Turn mixture on to a slightly floured board. Knead till quite smooth. Divide into two. Flatten out into a round about 6 inches in diameter. Punch the edges. Mark into eight. Place a thin strip of peel on each section. Place on a greased sandwich tin. Bake in a slow oven from 20 to 30 minutes till a pale straw color. Leave on the tin till cold.

## SCOTCH SHORTBREAD CREAMS

Half pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 3 eggs, 1lb. self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then flour, making into a dry dough. Turn onto floured board. Roll into thin sheet. Stamp into rounds with plain cutter. Bake till a pale brown in moderate oven. Leave on tin till cold. When cold join two biscuits with mock cream and cover top with lemon icing.

## SCOTCH SYRUP TART

Shortcrust, golden syrup, sultanas.

Make the shortcrust. Turn onto floured board and cut into four, one piece a little larger than the others. Roll out largest portion and line deep sandwich tin with it. Spread with syrup. Sprinkle with sultanas. Cover with pastry rolled into a round the size of the tin, and so on till the tin is full, finishing with pastry. Glaze with water. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve either hot or cold with custard.



## SCOTCH SHORTBREAD BISCUITS

Five ounces plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, 5oz. butter, 3oz. sugar.

Cream butter and sugar. Add flour well sifted. Make into dry dough. Divide dough into equal number of pieces, flatten each piece, and mark edges with the fingers. Glaze and sprinkle with sugar. Place on a greased tin and bake in moderate oven till a pale brown.

## SCOTCH TOAST

One dessertspoon butter, small piece onion, 2 tomatoes, 2 eggs, toast, salt and cayenne.

Put butter in a saucepan and allow to become hot, then add finely minced onion and sliced tomatoes and fry until quite cooked. Add well-beaten eggs, salt and cayenne to taste and stir over heat until thick. Place onto slices of hot, crisp toast. Serve at once.

## SCOTCH MISTS

Six ounces butter, 3oz. icing sugar, 5oz. self-raising flour, 5oz. cornflour, vanilla essence.

Cream butter and sugar, add flours well sifted together. Roll into balls, place on greased swiss roll tin, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes (i.e., until they are just a pale fawn). When cold ice with a dab of pale pink icing, and place a piece of cherry on each.

## OATMEAL BANNOCKS

Three ounces fine oatmeal, 1oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1oz. lard or butter, little milk, pinch of salt.

Mix oatmeal, flour, salt and baking powder. Rub in butter. Mix to a soft dough. Roll thinly and cut into three-cornered pieces. Bake on a hot girdle from 7 to 10 minutes.

## SCOTCH GIRDLE SCONES

Half pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, salt, 1 heaped teaspoon butter, 6 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, salt, cream tartar, and soda twice. Rub in butter, add milk gradually making into a stiff dough. Cut in halves. Roll each portion out thinly into a round. Cook on floured girdle iron, turning frequently, or in large floured frying pan over a low flame. Serve at once with butter.

## SCOTCH SCONES

Two cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup oatmeal, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 9 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add sugar. Rub in the butter. Add oatmeal. Make into dough with the milk. Roll out and cut into squares. Bake on greased tin in quick oven. Serve hot with butter.

## SCOTCH BEEF CAKE

One and a half pounds lean beef, 2 dessertspoons shredded suet, parsley, herbs, salt, pepper, 1 egg, small onion, 1lb. mashed potatoes, brown gravy.

Put meat through a mincer, add the suet, chopped onion, herbs, parsley, salt, and pepper. Mix in well-beaten egg. Shape mixture into a thick round cake, and place in a well-greased baking dish. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven till brown on the outside, and cooked through. Mash potato with butter and milk. Arrange in a neat bed on hot dish as nearly as possible the size of the meat cake, then lift the latter on to it. Strain the brown gravy. Have well heated, and pour round the meat. Serve at once.

## SCOTCH OATCAKES

Half pound oatmeal, 3 tablespoons hot water, 1oz. butter, salt.

Put oatmeal and salt into a basin; add hot water, and mix into a very stiff paste. Turn out onto a board sprinkled with oatmeal and roll out thinly. Cut into large rounds with plain cutter. Cut in halves, then in eighths again, making four triangles. Fry a hot girdle-iron with fat. Put on the oatcakes and leave till firm. Serve with butter.

## SCOTCH GINGERBREAD

One pound plain flour, 4oz. butter, 2oz. oatmeal, ground ginger, 1 egg, 1lb. treacle, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, little milk.

Cream butter and add beaten egg, then treacle. Stir in flour, oatmeal, and ginger. Dissolve the soda in a little milk. Stir in well. Pour into a greased flat tin. Bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes. Turn onto a cake cooler. When cold cut into squares. Serve if liked with whipped cream.

## SCOTCH BUN

One and a half cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 6oz. butter, 1lb. plain flour, 1lb. sugar, 2lb. raisins, 2lb. currants, 1lb. almonds, 1lb. peel, 1oz. ginger, 1oz. cinnamon, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 11 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 breakfast-cup milk.

Make a shortcrust with the first three ingredients, making into a stiff paste with water. Turn on to a floured board and cut one-third off. Roll out larger piece and line a greased cake-tin evenly with it. Mix all the other ingredients, well together with the milk and place in the lined tin. Make it flat on top, wet the edge, and cover with the small piece of pastry. Prick it all over with a fork. Glaze with egg. Bake in moderate oven 3 to 3½ hours. Turn out and keep at least a month before using, as the bun improves with keeping.

## SCOTCH MUFFINS

One pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 3oz. butter, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour and cream tartar, rub in butter, add sugar. Dissolve soda in milk, add to beaten egg, then to dry ingredients. Roll out to 1-inch thickness. Cut into rounds with plain cutter. Brush with milk. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold with butter or honey.

## SCOTCH COLLOPS

One pound lean steak, 1oz. dripping, small onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1lb. cayenne, 1 pint water, chopped onion, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce.

Cut steak into small squares, mince onion finely. Make fat very hot in saucepan, fry onion till a golden brown, add steak and fry 3 minutes. Add flour, stir well till it boils. Add water, salt and cayenne. Simmer gently for 1½ hours. Serve as hot dish with finely-chopped onion over it.

## SCOTCH PUDDING

Three-quarter pound minced steak, 1lb. breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon suet, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1½ tablespoons stock, breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne, 1lb. bacon.

Grase a mould and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Mix steak, breadcrumbs, minced bacon, salt, cayenne, stock, and beaten eggs. Pour into the mould. Cover with greased paper. Steam for 1½ hours. Turn out on to a hot dish and serve with gravy, or serve with salad vegetables.

## POT HAGGIS

Half-pound liver, 1lb. suet, 2 onions, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1½ tablespoons stock, breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne, 1lb. bacon.

Wash liver, put into a saucepan, cover with cold water, boil very slowly till tender, about 2 hours. Remove and cook the

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# Gardenias In Her Hair

SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT  
BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

By . . . . .  
**Martha  
Ostenso**



Australian Women's  
Weekly NOVEL,  
December 31, 1938

# Gardenias In Her Hair

By MARTHA OSTENSO



SUSAN sat cross-legged on the attic floor, Grandmother Prescott's old hump-backed trunk open beside her. June sunlight streamed through the dormer window, and from the back yard below came the dauntless singing of Josie Fink, innocently off key: "When the moon comes over the mountain..."

Susan laughed and then reflected that Josie had little to be gay about. But Josie, with her four small fatherless children to provide for, had something of the quality Grandmother Prescott must have had sixty years ago, when she had come, a bride, in a covered wagon up here to a Michigan wilderness from a gentler life in Pennsylvania.

The contents of this old trunk were all that remained materially of a character that had left the stamp of her spirit both on the lives of the pioneers in a raw and sombre land, and on those who had followed to enjoy the fruits of their struggles.

It had not been Susan's intention to open the trunk this morning. She had come to the attic to look for a lampshade she had stored away last year. But the old green trunk had a lure which she could not resist, even as a small girl in her father's mansion on the hill.

On November 18, 1878, the young Susannah Prescott had written in her journal: "Rendered lard to-day, the butchering over and done, for which thank Heaven, the squealing and screaming being such as still haunted my ears last night even under the moaning of the pines and the baying of the wolves in the timber. Then in the afternoon it snowed a good bit more, and Jennine Storino came over in the cutter and away we went to the quilting bee at Reifers'. They all admired my remnants so much. I stitched my name and the date on a piece of one corner of the quilt, and I wonder if

anybody will read it when I'm laid away. Now I've got to stop writing, because Martin is coming in with the milk. It's been a long day, up at five by candlelight."

Susan gently closed the brass clasp that held the marbled covers of the little book together. In the trunk, folded carefully in a sheet, was the patchwork quilt with the tiny lettering barely decipherable now in the corner. The soft silver spoons and forks, with Grandmother and Grandfather Prescott's names and the date of their marriage, a hair-line engraving, would be downstairs in the sideboard if Edith and Kit had their way. Why, her sisters demanded, have lovely old things and not use them?

Susan had been firm about it. "You two are so careless you might as easily as not throw a spoon into the garbage can and never know it. Anyhow, Grandma gave me her trunk—with everything in it—for my hope chest."

She closed the trunk and turned the rusty key in its lock. With the parchment shade under her arm she went down the narrow attic stairs and into Kit's room, where everything was crisp and clean and shining for her return from Vassar. Susan whistled happily, and glanced carelessly in the mirror.

"Well, really, Sue," she observed, nodding gravely at her reflection, "you are good-looking! Your mahogany-colored hair tendrils dangle about your noble and alabaster brow, which is unfortunately tanned from gardening. Your nose is not aquiline, but neither does it offend. Your skin is slick as an onion—and what are two or three freckles? But it's your red mouth that was made for laughter and—"

She stared at herself. Love? But where—and when? She was suddenly serious. In another month she would be twenty-three. Would love come to her in East Searle, where for three years now she had devoted her time and energy to making a home

for her brother and two sisters? She laughed again, abruptly. One had to laugh, or—well, one just had to!

"Yes, indeed," she added, "even with a smudge on your nose and a cobweb in your hair, you have your points, Sue Prescott. You ought to use yourself as heroine in a story."

She puffed out her cheeks, crossed her eyes, set the discarded lampshade on her head, and waltzed out of the room. On the landing, she jerked the lampshade from her head—too late, however, to avoid discovery by Edith, who came hurrying up from the hall below.

Her older sister halted abruptly, midway on the stairs. "What on earth are you doing?"

Sue laughed and set the shade back on her head. "I've just discovered that I haven't anyone to love me because I'm too hard on the eyes."

Edith hurried past her. "For heaven's sake don't go downstairs like that. Forbes is waiting for me in his car. We're going to play golf. Edwina Vale arranged a foursome—"

Sue took the shade from her head, winced as it caught her hair, and went on downstairs. There was work still to be done before Kit's arrival on the evening train.

Susan looked out through the kitchen window and beyond the steeped hollyhocks to the nice length of grassy yard where Josie Fink stood angrily hanging fine, wet linen sheets on the clothes-line.

Yes, after years the sheets were still good, because they were of pure linen. In the big house on the hill where the Prescotts had once lived no one would have dreamed of having anything else. Grandmother Prescott had rallied against that big house her son Theodore had built out of the profits from his lumber business. There was mention of it in her journal under May 20, 1911: "Had another set-to with Teddy today over the new house he's building

on the hill. It would be better for his children if they were raised in a log cabin, as he was, instead of setting them up like young princelings in a mansion where they can look down on the rest of the town. I told him so, and he said a man had a right to ruin his own family if he felt like it—just the kind of thing his father would say when he wanted to have done with an argument."

But Susan wasn't thinking now of the big house on the hill, nor of linen sheets. She was thinking that Josie would soon come indoors to take up her indignant eloquence where she had left off. One should not really permit such liberties in a servant, Susan reflected, but who on earth could regard Josie as a servant?

She wet her finger, tested the iron, and spread Edith's hand-made nightgown, with its webby top, out upon the board. Kit had sent a package of her soiled under-things from the University last week, pleading that she didn't like to pack them with her other clothing when she returned home after graduation, and that it would be much cheaper for Josie to do them anyhow. Kit didn't know that Susan had always washed and ironed the under-things herself, leaving her brother Nugent's garments and the heavier laundry to Josie.

Susan guided the iron carefully over the narrow isthmus that joined front to back on Edith's nightgown. She couldn't help wishing that Edith had not gone golfing with Edwina Vale and whoever else was with her to make up the foursome with Forbes Updyke. Forbes was all right in his way — it was Forbes' father who now owned the white-columned Prescott mansion on the hill. But whatever it was, Edith seemed to be madly in love with him. Or was she madly in love with the idea that, with Forbes for a husband, she would one day get back into the old Prescott mansion, this time as its mistress? Susan wasn't sure. At any rate, things seemed to be shaping up nicely for Edith.

Susan's younger sister was different. Kit had set her heart upon Susan's being present at the graduation exercises at the University. But Susan had written a letter full of excuses which Kit would never see through. The truth was simple enough; there wasn't enough money to meet the bills at the end of each month now, let alone take a journey to Poughkeepsie.

Well, that was a thing of the past. Kit was coming home. She had spent last night with her room-mate, Mona Rankin, in Lansing, but had prom-

ised to be home on this afternoon's train. Edith would be in from the golf course before train time, surely. And Nugent would be home for dinner, after his day's work in the Cruikshank Mills. They would all be together again!

Josie Fink cluttered in, the clothes-basket before her. Without stooping, she dropped the basket just inside the door.

"So! You're at it again, I see!" she exclaimed, her pink-lidded eyes glaring above her freckled cheeks. "After pollshin' the staircase an' riddin' up the whole house, from cellar to garret, I'd think you'd sit long enough to draw a natural breath. I s'pose Edith couldn't lend a hand—she'll be that tired when she gets back from chasin' the little white ball all over the country."

Susan shook out one of Kit's chiffon step-ins and spread it on the ironing-board. "What difference does it make, Josie? I'd rather do this than golf. Anyhow, what's the use of—"

"That's you all over! 'What's the use?' Well, I'd make it some use if I had a say in it. I remember when you Prescotts were the quality in East Searle, before your father went an' lost everything. An' now you're workin' your head off so your two sisters an' brother can pretend they're still in the money. What's money, anyhow?"

There was no sense in taking a lofty attitude with Josie Fink. She was too much a part of Susan's own workaday life for that.

"I wouldn't do it if I didn't like it," Susan replied. "I love this little house, even if it is only rented. I love working in it. I love digging in the garden, and I really love doing things for the girls and Nugent. And I have lots of time to myself."

Before the ironing was done and the house finally prepared for Kit's homecoming, it was mid-afternoon.

Susan seated herself before the Sheraton desk in the living-room, one of the few precious things that had been saved out of the treasures of the big house on the hill. From a drawer she took out a sheaf of clipped bills — the butcher's, the baker's, everybody's but the candlestick maker's, she observed wearily, wishing that his were there instead of the one from the East Searle Electric Company.

Susan looked thoughtfully at the bills. She sincerely hoped Edith would "land" Forbes Updyke. Not that Susan herself might conceivably profit by the landing. She knew

her sister too well to hope for anything like that.

She glanced at the small balance in her bank book, added the bills, and observed the yawning discrepancy between. The rent, moreover, had not been paid for three months. Their landlord — Jonathan Gilfeather, in New York — had been very decent about the letter of apology she had sent him. Perhaps forty-five dollars a month didn't mean much to Mr. Gilfeather.

No matter how Susan had juggled expenses over the past three years, the proceeds from the sale of the furniture, as well as one of the cars, the station wagon, and the horses, had failed somehow to cover the necessary time and space. Even the twenty dollars a week which Nugent had given her out of his fifty had not, latterly, seemed the handsome contribution he considered it.

For one thing, at least, she was thankful. She had managed to hold off old Archibald Noonan, the dealer in antiques, who had long been interested in certain valuable pieces that had been saved from the Prescott debacle. Of course, she thought with a lift of spirit, Kit would be ready now to take some sort of job. Anything would help. The University had been expensive, but Kit had been set on it—not particularly because of any love of learning, but because two or three of her best friends had gone. Susan herself had taken her diploma. She would never have gone to college at all had she known how things really were. She had been in her senior year when the big house had been sold to satisfy her father's creditors after his death.

Would it have been better, she wondered, if she had gone to work in Chicago or New York three years ago, instead of struggling to keep the family together? She had spoken of it, but there had been loud, incredulous outcries from Edith, from Nugent and Katherine. What on earth would they do without Sue!

Especially at a time when Nugent had taken that miserable job in the employment department of the Cruikshank Mills at twenty-five a week, immediately after his graduation from the University? And when Kit was a sophomore at a fashionable college and in all decency ought to have some sort of home to come to for her vacations? And when Edith, who had declined college but had behind her the best of finishing schools—and neither aptitude nor training for making a living for herself—should have a home in which to entertain matrimonial prospects?



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Missing Page, Supplement: Gardenias In Her Hair

"Forbes knows you are four years younger than I am," Edith said, a little sharply. "Those glasses make you look thirty!"

Susan laughed. "I wouldn't waste my time on a man if a pair of glasses—"

"I don't consider it a waste of time. It's the only chance I have at present to—"

"To get back into the money."

"I think you're simply horrid!" Edith pouted. "I'm really fond of Forbes, whatever the rest of you may think of him."

"I don't mean to be horrid," Susan said. "And I have nothing against Forbes. I think he's stingy, and he eats too much, and he's a little thick above the collar, but—"

"I'd like to see the man you'll pick, when the time comes," Edith said.

"I'd like to see him now! By the way, I was rather counting on your staying home to-night. I'm going to need a little help."

Edith looked at her with the helpless and reproachful expression she could turn on at will, like a light.

Susan told her then about Jonathan Gilfeather and the need of all hands for the clearing out of the cabin.

Edith's impatience broke in a storm of protest. "I think it's simply an outrage! Why does he have to come along now? People will think we're keeping a boarder. Marian Doak will pounce on the idea at once, and Edwina Vale—"

"Let them pounce!" said Susan dryly. "Marian Doak means very little in my young life. And if Edwina Vale has an ounce of respect for me, it's more than I have for her."

Edith was angry. "I won't have you talk like that about my friends!"

Susan's smile was straight. "Look here, Edie," she said calmly, "we owe Jonathan Gilfeather one hundred and thirty-five dollars—in back rent—and we owe Marian Doak and Edwina Vale precisely nothing. And while we're on the subject, that dollar and a half was too much for you to lose this afternoon. Forbes Updyke didn't need it, and the milkman does."

At five o'clock, Susan had everything ready for what was to be a gala dinner in celebration of Kit's return. She had taken her typewriter down to the back porch, where she could step into the kitchen now and then and glance at the chicken and baste it.

The chief character in her current story, who had started out innocently enough as a bookkeeper, now

seemed to want to take the shape of a mature and even more odious Jonathan Gilfeather. Susan was relieved when she heard Nugent plunging in through the front door. She went into the house to meet him.

He was jubilant, swept her up into his long arms and kissed her eyebrows. "Guess what?" he demanded.

"The raise?" Susan was breathless.

"Five dollars! And say—guess again!"

"I don't dare!"

"Violet Cruikshank is going to the country club with me to-night to dance! The old man's daughter! I've been trying to get her eye for four months, kid—and did I get it! Well, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Nuge—I'm glad about the increase—and about Violet. You know I am. But I did so want to have you stay home to-night. We have to clean out the log cabin."

Nugent looked blank. "The log cabin? Are you going nuts all of a sudden?"

Patience Susan explained again about Jonathan Gilfeather.

"Well, of all the nerve!" Nugent exploded. "He's taking advantage of us just because we owe him a couple of months' rent."

"Maybe, but—"

"Don't worry about it," Nugent put his arms about her shoulders. "I can't get out of this to-night, but we'll get to work on it early in the morning. We can tear the inside out of that place in a couple of hours if we go after it."

Susan knew better, but Nugent couldn't discuss it just now. He thundered upstairs to take a shower. Susan could hear him alternately whistling and cursing with cheerful gusto. Nugent was twenty-five, over a year older than herself, but in most respects he was far from grown-up.

At a few minutes past six, Nugent returned from the station with Kit and her smart striped luggage. Susan had barely had time to wash her hot face in cold water, powder her nose, and change to her best crisp linen dress.

"Darling!" Kit, small and vivaciously dark, bounded up the porch steps and flung her arms about Susan. "Oh—you look good enough to eat!"

"Don't spoil your dinner," Nugent put in, "we're going to have chicken."

Susan laughed and held her sister at arm's length. "You look pretty good yourself, Kit."

"Skinny as a herring!" Nugent observed.

"Is Forbes still in the picture?" Kit asked.

"Very much!"

"Sap!" Nugent said under his breath.

But Kit was too excited to pay any attention to her brother. As they came to the top landing, she gave Susan a happy squeeze. "Oh, I've got so much to tell you!"

Susan felt a deep thrill of gratitude. Oh, it did pay, the anxiety and the strain!

While the two girls dressed in Edith's room, Susan sat and watched them with fond delight in their contrasting beauty.

"I suppose Nuge told you about his new raise?"

"The minute we got into the car. Isn't it great? And he's taking Violet Cruikshank out. With Forbes chasing Ede, maybe the Prescott fortunes are on the way up again. Isn't it a wonderful world? Almost anything can happen."

"And does!" Edith added morosely. "Has Sue told you who is coming to board with us?"

Kit whipped about from the mirror, lipstick poised. "To board?"

"She's being silly," Susan remonstrated. "Jonathan Gilfeather wants to take over the cabin for a few weeks. But he's not coming to board with us."

"He might just as well," Edith said. "No one in East Searle will believe anything else."

Kit turned to the mirror. When does our landlord get here, Sue?"

"In a day or two, from what he said in his letter. But let's not talk about it. You wrote me something about Mona Rankin wanting to come up for a visit."

"She'll be here in two days. Her mother's going to Reno for her divorce, and Mona doesn't want to hang around Lansing with all the talk. We'll have to be nice to her—she's been simply wonderful to me."

"We haven't much to offer her," Susan reminded her.

"She's not expecting anything. I've told her all about us. Besides, there'll be plenty to do. You remember that Bernie Crawford I wrote you about, Sue? That I met at the prom?"

"You mean Phil Crawford's cousin?"

"Uh-huh. He came up on the train with me. He's going to spend a month out at Phil's country place. Phil's dumb, but I suppose I can put up with him for Bernie's sake."

Susan's heart sank with a sense of

foreboding. Kit was so attractive, and so wilful at times.

"It isn't serious, then," Edith observed absently.

"Who said anything about being serious?" Kit replied. "I'm not the serious type, darling. I can have fun without going off the deep end every time a male looks at me. Phil is giving a house party for Bernie in July, and I'm to help decorate the swimming pool and what not. Mona has been asked, too. It has all worked out marvellously."

Edith, slapping her nails with the buffer, said, "Well, that sounds grand, Kit. Heavens, I should have had a manicure to-day! My nails are a sight!"

"And how goes the writing, Sue?" Kit asked suddenly.

"I'm in the middle of a story, I'm in love with the hero, and if I'd had another hour at it to-day I'd have killed off the other woman. As it is, she has another night to live."

Nugent was calling from downstairs. "Get a move on, you females, if you're expecting me to eat with you. I've got a heavy date."

Susan got up. "I'll put the things on the table. Hurry down, won't you?"

"We'll be down pronto, darling," Kit promised. "And—Sue, I hope you won't mind awfully if I breeze out with Bernie for a little while tonight. He simply wouldn't take no. He's calling for me at eight."

Perhaps she had been unreasonable, Susan admitted to herself, in thinking that Kit might help clear out the cabin that evening.

"That's all right, Kit," she said as she left the room.

And it was all right, she told herself. When the girls and Nugent were gone, she would tackle the job herself. Or maybe she'd go back to her typewriter and kill off that other woman.

On the afternoon of the next day, one of baleful, grey heat, Susan stood stranded in a sea of suds in the middle of the cabin floor.

Nugent, Edith, and Kit had meant well enough; but when not one of them had got home before two in the morning you couldn't drag them out of bed at six. Nugent had got up in time to drag out most of the old furniture and the wood, but Edith and Kit had sleepily protested that if this Jonathan Gilfeather wanted to occupy the place, he could certainly clear it out for himself.

At eleven o'clock they had for an hour helped to sweep down cobwebs and hang scrim curtains. But they

had luncheon engagements, and Susan felt a definite sense of relief when they were gone.

She rested her arms on the mop handle and stared back at the ancient, wavy floor. There was a kind of satisfaction in the way it was beginning to look after the scrubbing—stout and oaky despite its worn shallows.

The girls would have to marry, that was all there was to it. They would have to have their chance. Susan herself had never met anyone—well, scarcely anyone, although Alan Fuller wasn't bad—whom she'd be bothered with.

There had never been anything very exciting about Alan. He was the boy in school who had helped all the others with their problems in geometry and algebra. He had conceived a passion for figures that was eccentric—almost indecent. Susan had told him once, and Alan had acknowledged the quip with a wide grin. When he had emerged from the University with a record that any serious man might envy, he had become an accountant in the East Searle branch of the Interstate Finance and Investment Corporation, a thriving concern with offices in a dozen cities and with radiant futures for just such young men as Alan Fuller. He was now, at thirty, the local manager. He would one day be a wealthy man, without a doubt; and his wife—

Susan had often wondered what sort of woman would eventually rise to the dignified eminence of a life partnership with Alan Fuller.

It would probably be wrong to suppose that Alan Fuller had never known an unruly impulse. But it probably wouldn't be far wrong. When he had proposed to Susan last year, for example, he had declared that she was the living embodiment, the gratifying incarnation, in fact, of those very attributes combined in exact and pleasing proportions which he sought in the woman he would want for his wife.

And Susan had considered it—seriously. She had considered it for the better part of a year. She had not, in fact, altogether dismissed it from her mind even yet, in spite of Alan's cooling ardor. A woman might do worse than marry Alan Fuller.

By one of those odd accidents upon which the more credulous build their dearest superstitions, she looked up at the sound of a man's voice and saw Alan, in the flesh, coming towards her across the lawn.

Alan glanced through the door-

way, into the cabin. "May I be so bold as to ask what you are doing?"

Susan sighed and explained.

"Jonathan Gilfeather?" said Alan. "I haven't seen him for—it must be ten years. You mean Jonathan is actually coming to live here—in this cabin?"

"He may change his mind when he sees it. The place belongs to him, you know."

"Yes, I understand. But as I remember Jonathan, he used to spend his uncle's money rather freely. The point is that he might be willing to spend a few dollars and get someone to make the place habitable, instead of—"

"He might, but he didn't say anything about that when he wrote."

"In fact, I should think he might do the work himself."

"That didn't occur to me," Susan said simply.

For a moment he stood and looked down at her, his grey eyes calm and steady. "There seem to be a number of things that don't occur to you, Sue," he said finally.

He was smiling at her, but Susan was suddenly angry—or almost so. It was impossible to lose one's temper completely with Alan Fuller. "Is that what brought you up here in the middle of the day? To tell me—"

"That, in the nature of the case, is quite impossible, Sue. As a matter of fact, I happen to have a small business engagement over Greenville way and had thought of your going along with me—for the outing."

Susan looked out across the hills shimmering under the June sun. "I'd love to go, Alan. I'd like the drive, but—"

"I have anticipated at least one of your objections," he interrupted. "You must be home in time to prepare dinner for the family, of course."

"Well, I—"

"We could be back before six, if necessary."

"But I simply must have this place ready."

"That, I may say, is precisely what moved me to speak as I did about Edith and Katherine. Profanity has never appealed to me as being either necessary or in good taste, but on this occasion, I am bound to say, the situation is—damnable!"

Susan laughed aloud. "Oh, Alan—if you could only learn to swear, I believe I could love you!"

"I fail to see the connection," Alan said. "On the other hand—" He paused and turned abruptly away.

"Well—"

He waved a hand, and Susan watched him go with brisk hurrying strides across the yard.

An unpleasant, prickling sensation came over Susan suddenly. She glanced up and saw the cause standing just outside the open door.

Jonathan Gilfeather didn't appear surprised at the scene before him. He said, stooping to poke his shock of burnt-grass hair into the doorway, "There was nobody in the house or around the garden."

"I'm alone," Susan said—"and quite defenceless." Her manner was provocative.

He regarded her with amusement. "You can't tell me you aren't Susan Prescott, because you still look like the girl I used to see riding around in the dog-cart, though you're twelve years older than the last time I saw you. You've got the same round, flat face, with the same nasty look on it!"

"Thanks," Susan snapped. "I recall you vividly as one of the most unpromising-looking kids I ever saw. You have lived up admirably to that lack of promise."

Jonathan bowed gravely. "I'm very pleased to meet you."

"I'm sorry I can't return the compliment. I wasn't expecting you before to-morrow."

"A day earlier or a day later—what does it matter? If you'll just step out of there, now, I'll wring the mop out for you. I have the strongest pair of hands outside of Russia."

"Why Russia?"

"Why not? I happened to think of Russia first."

She laughed unwillingly, then remembered with a start what she must look like. She blushed and stood up straight. Jonathan Gilfeather had eyes as sharp and blue as razors—no, sapphires. She felt flurried. A man didn't have eyes like sapphires. And razors weren't necessarily blue.

"All right," she said, not too kindly. "I'll go in and mix you a cold drink, in case you faint in the middle of the floor. Then we can move in some furniture for you. You probably noticed the second-hand shop just outside the door?"

"I practically fell over it." He turned and glanced at the pile of old furniture that Nugent had set out before going to work. "There are some very nice pieces here. And so convenient, too."

Jonathan took off his coat and came into the room. He towered above her as she passed him on the way to the door. An oblique upward glance showed her that he had an

unyielding jaw and a really nice mouth full of bold white teeth. His nose was as unclassical as ever.

"Will you have lemonade or iced tea?" she asked from the threshold.

"Either one, if you have nothing better."

"We can't afford anything better," Susan smiled sweetly.

In the house she took her own time, as much to catch her breath as to cool off in the bath tub and change her clothing. He was nice, darn it—that's what he was!

When she came out with a tray on which were two tall glasses of lemonade, the cabin had been transformed. The floor was not yet quite dry, but the plush couch that had been in one of the maid's rooms in the big house stood against the far wall, a wrought-iron table occupied the space beneath one of the windows, and three spuriously antique chairs nodded to one another across centuries they had never known. But the thing that touched Susan most was the cracked hawthorn vase on the mantel, which held a bouquet of larkspur out of the Prescott garden.

Jonathan took the tray from her hands and beckoned her hospitably to a chair. "You were lovely with a dirty face—but now you're ravishing!" He waved a hand towards the room at large. "What do you think of it?" he demanded proudly. "The early American interior is slightly Louis Quinze, but otherwise—"

"Why—" She struggled to laugh. "It's surprising. You have worked awfully fast."

"There's a fast streak in the Gilfeather family," he told her, handing her a glass of lemonade. Then he leaned back. "I helped myself to water from the garden hose, by the way. What I need now is a kitchen chair and a packing box or something to serve as a washstand. And of course a water pitcher and a basin."

"Don't be foolish!" Susan replied. "There's a perfectly good bathroom, shower and all, in the house—second floor, back. The kitchen door is never locked. We shall expect you to use it, naturally."

"That was not in the bond. When I wrote you—"

"You were churlish to write me as if you thought we should expect you to stay out of the way. Especially since we owe you the rent for the past three months."

"I see. You insist upon being nasty. It might have been better if I had just flatly told you that I wanted to use this old cabin for the summer and let it go at that. I—"

"Please don't try to explain. It was nice of you to be so polite."

"But I wasn't being polite! Don't you understand? It wasn't the rent money that made me write the way I did. I—look here, I have a feeling about this place. I've never been able to think about it without wanting to write an ode, or something. You know, your grandmother—"

"What do you know about my grandmother?"

"I know she used to come to see my uncle when he lived in the house there. And I know they used to come out here together and sit in this room and talk—tell old stories, live the old days again here under this roof, with no one else around. I used to sit outside and listen. I've been wanting to come back to it, to—to recapture, that's the word—to recapture something of their old feeling. And when my play was bought this spring—"

"Your what?" Susan stared.

"My first play," Jonathan said. "Don't let that get under your hide, now. It's a darned good play, if I do say it myself. I got five hundred dollars for an option on it—and gave up my job. You see, another grand idea hit me—plagued me to come up here and do it. So I took the bull by the horns and wrote you. I haven't any money, but I thought if you'd let me stay here for a while, we could call it square—that three months' rent you're talking about. Now, there's the whole story. What do you think of it?"

Susan stared fixedly down at her hands. She must be getting softening of the brain, or something! For never had she met anyone so boyishly appealing, so brashly attractive as this Jonathan Gilfeather! Perhaps it was the heat, the work, the worry

"But I wouldn't think of forgetting the rent," she told him. "You've been very nice about it, and we'll pay it just as soon as we can scrape it together. As for your living in the cabin, you know how welcome you are to that. Please believe me!"

"You've done enough scraping," he said, and glanced about him at the floor and walls. "And of course I'm welcome. I'd stay even if I weren't. The Gilfeathers have a reputation for getting their own way."

"It must be pleasant to get even that, Mr. Gilfeather."

"That depends. And by the way, you can call me either Gil or Jon. It'll save a lot of fuss. Girls ordinarily call me Jon."

"Didn't anyone ever call you Jonny?"

He gave her a swift, startled glance over a cigarette he was lighting. "My mother did," he said quietly. "Nobody else. I was always too big—and too gawky."

Susan bit her lip. "Have you another cigarette?"

"Oh, I'm sorry!"

While he lighted it for her, she saw that her hand was trembling.

He sat down again and said abruptly: "You have a couple of sisters and a brother, haven't you? Are they able-bodied?"

Susan stiffened. "Quite. And they did help, if that's what you have in mind. My brother took out this junk this morning before he went to work. And my sisters hung those curtains."

Jonathan's expression of surprise might have been merely feigned. "Please forgive me. I was in error. You see, my uncle used to be your family doctor and he told me once that, except for you, every one of the Prescott brood had been thoroughly spoiled. Too much money."

"They've had time to recover from that," Susan reminded him. "Much can happen in three years."

"I know it. That's probably the reason I spoke out of turn. I hate to see anyone as nice as you taking it on the chin. Your sisters are a couple of selfish brats!"

Susan stood up, flaring. "I have not asked you for your opinion of my sisters, Mr. Gilfeather. I'm sure it will be better for all of us if we continue to deal with each other on a strictly business basis. I'll arrange to pay you your back rent at once. After that, we shall get along much better, I think, if we respect each other's privacy."

She marched out, slamming the screen door.

From the house, Susan telephoned to Archibald Noonan, Dealer in Antiques.

"The Sheraton desk," she told him coolly—"you can have that. And the two Queen Anne chairs. Dad's Nuremberg clock, too. A couple of Victorian Staffordshire dogs, and those scatter rugs. I want at least five hundred dollars for the lot. And I mean at least! By the time you get out here I may want six hundred."

As briefly as that the bargain was made. "I'll be out in half an hour, Miss Prescott. With the cheque! For five hundred."

"Thank you."

When Archibald Noonan had come and gone, Susan stood in the middle of the floor, the cheque in her hands.

She had had no idea the place would look so shockingly naked. She wanted to cry. Instead, she took her cheque-book into the kitchen and seated herself defiantly at the table.

She went out of the house, through the garden, through the old elms, and along the path to the cabin. Jonathan Gilfeather had said her sisters were a couple of selfish brats; and he had meant it. She closed her fist tightly. Her knock on the door was brisk and peremptory.

Jonathan opened the door. "Oh, it's you! I was settling down to a nap. Driving through the heat today—"

She thrust the cheque towards him. He took it and looked at it with a puzzled frown. "What's this?"

"That's your rent," Susan told him.

Jonathan caught her by the wrist. "Look here, Susan Prescott, don't be a little fool! You and I started out to be friends. If my remarks about your sisters offended you, let me apologise, won't you? And I'll promise never to—"

"Please, Mr. Gilfeather!" she interrupted and drew away.

He looked down at her and tore the cheque twice before he crumpled it into a ball and tossed it towards the fireplace.

"Okay!" he said, and was about to close the door as she started away along the path. When she had gone only a few steps he thrust his head from the doorway. "By the way, I should like to take advantage of your generous offer of the conveniences of your bathroom. I shall be there in an hour, complete with my own towels and soap."

While Susan savagely fried liver and bacon for the evening meal, she could hear Jonathan caroling with impudent cheer in the bathroom above the kitchen. He had marched straight through the house, towels and clothing over his arm. Susan had seen him coming along the path and had slipped into the living-room to avoid a meeting.

He was in the midst of his ablutions when Kit and Edith returned together. Susan heard them come into the hall, chattering noisily as they set their hats and jackets aside, and waited fearfully until Kit's voice rose in alarm from the entrance to the living-room.

"Edie, come here!"

Edith's sharp heels beat a rapid tattoo across the hall. There followed a heavy, awed silence, broken only by the sound of running water in the bath tub upstairs. Then came a hasty rush towards the stairway.

Susan flung open the door from the kitchen to the hall. "Don't go up there!" she warned them quickly. "I'm out here."

Almost at the same moment Jonathan Gilfeather lifted his hearty baritone and resumed his singing. The girls, with frightened faces, picked their way down the stairs and into the kitchen. Susan closed the door behind them.

"Who's in the—?" Edith began. But Kit had already guessed. "Is that—is he here? Is that his car out in front?"

Edith sat down weakly on a kitchen chair. "But—is he going to use the bathroom?"

"Keep quiet, Edie!" Kit ordered and turned to Susan. "Did you have to give him all the furniture to—"

"I sold it to Archibald Noonan," Susan said, her eyes upon the pan on the stove.

Kit and Edith exchanged perplexed glances. It was Edith who spoke up finally. "Are you losing your senses?"

"But Sue!" Kit gasped. "It's just too awful! Whatever possessed you?"

Carefully then she told them all that had passed between her and Jonathan Gilfeather.

"The pig!" Kit said between her small teeth. "Nuge will be furious when he hears about it."

But Edith was more concerned over the presence of their landlord in the bathroom than she was over the disappearance of the furniture from the living-room. "How long do you suppose he's going to stay up there?" she groaned. "Forbes is calling for me at eight. Oh, Lord! Do you think he intends doing this every day? That's what comes of having a house with only one bathroom."

It developed that Kit had also been invited out for the evening. Bernie Crawford was taking her to Iden Lodge to dance.

Susan listened but said nothing. When Nugent came in a few minutes later and heard the story, he regarded Susan intently for a moment, then tramped out through the kitchen and into the back yard, where he tossed his coat aside and went to work with the lawn-mower.

Susan was setting the table on the back porch when Jonathan Gilfeather, a starched length in white ducks and white shirt, emerged from the house. Edith and Kit were chatting on the porch swing and Nugent was setting the hose in position beside a bed of flowers.

Jonathan paused and Susan primly offered the introductions. After all

there was nothing to be gained by being churlish.

"And that's Nugent out there watering the peonies," she added finally with a small gleam of satisfaction. It was certainly a stroke of luck that he had taken it into his head to do the watering while he waited for dinner, she thought.

Susan saw her brother's face light up with spontaneous pleasure as he talked with Jonathan. A simple soul, Nugent! In a few moments, Jonathan strolled on along the path to his cabin, and presumably from there to whatever meal he would get in some restaurant in East Searle.

ON the following evening Nugent really spoke his mind. The girls were spending the evening at home, the first since Kit's return from college.

"I've been thinking," Nugent began.

The girls looked at him. Susan knew there had been something on his mind ever since he had come home from the office a few minutes past five. She had wondered if Violet Cruikshank had been temperamental the night before. She waited for him to go on.

But Kit filled the pause brightly. "Isn't that unusual, Nuge?"

He stared straight before him. "It's about time we were talking things over."

"Oh, dear," Edith put in plaintively, "are we going to have one of those family-conference things?"

"We've got to take our heads out of the sand," Nugent interrupted her. "Sue has had to sell some of the furniture to pay the rent. The little money we had is gone. If we're going to go on living here, we've got to find some way of making enough money to pay the rent and meet the bills at the end of the month. I'm doing all I can, and I'm not kicking, but I'm not going to be able to keep it up forever. I've got to begin making my own plans before long."

Edith drew her kimono more closely about her shoulders. "Well, I must say, the coming of Mr. Gilfeather has certainly not put you into a pleasant mood!"

"Gilfeather has nothing to do with it," Nugent retorted. "You've been on this house ever since you quit school—and you haven't earned a dollar."

"Perhaps you could tell me just what I could get to do in East Searle," Edith suggested.

"Others are getting it—in stores and offices."

The tears were already welling in Edith's eyes. "It's all right to—to talk about girls working in stores and

offices. Those girls are used to it. But where would I go to—to—"

Edith found it impossible to say any more. In spite of herself, Susan felt sorry for her. After all, she was the eldest in the family and had been pampered by both her father and mother. Susan herself had pampered her. But, then, Edith was so beautiful!

"Do you have to cry over everything?" Nugent burst out suddenly.

"Perhaps it was a mistake for me to finish school," Kit said quietly, "but now that I am through, there ought to be something I can do to help a little."

Nugent cleared his throat roughly. "I don't want you to get any cock-eyed opinion of this. There's more to it than meeting the bills at the end of the month. For one thing, we've been letting Sue carry the load. She's had to do all the worrying. She counts the pennies and stretches the dollars. And she does everything that's done around the house. It isn't fair to her. She'd like to go on with her writing, but how the devil can she when her head is full of all this stuff? What would we do if she dropped out of the picture? If anything happened to Sue we'd be sunk!"

"Nothing is going to happen to me," Susan assured him.

"No? Of course not. You're just going on being an old plug for the rest of your days. You'll be the old-maid sister, the nice old Aunt Susan who comes to tea on Fridays and stays with the children when their mothers go off on a vacation. Is that what you want?"

"I haven't been lying awake nights thinking about what I want," Susan said. "I give that time to ironing the kinks out of my plots. You have no idea how characters behave once the lights are out."

It was only natural, when Alan Fuller and his sister dropped in later, that the talk should come around eventually to what Kit was going to do now that her college career had come to an end. Caroline Fuller, taller than her brother and at least five years older, was the head librarian in the East Searle Public Library. There was an opening, she said, on the library staff for just such a bright young person as Katherine.

Kit was delighted. It was not until Alan and his sister left that she reminded Susan and Nugent of Mona Rankin's projected visit. Edith had already gone to bed with one of her splitting headaches.

"I can't possibly leave Mona to look

after herself, after the perfectly gorgeous way she treated me," Kit argued, quite plausibly. "If Caroline wants me to start in at once—"

"When is Mona coming?" Nugent asked.

"She'll be here on Monday."

"For how long?"

"Well, Nuge, I can't just tell her to get out. She said something about two or three weeks."

"Can't you call the whole thing off?"

"But, Nuge!"

Susan didn't want another scene. The fact that Kit was willing to go to work was enough—for the time being, at least. They could manage for a month or so. "I feel that Kit owes Mona something, Nuge," she suggested. "Besides, it has all been arranged."

Nugent got up from his chair. "Okay! Go ahead on your own steam. I've had my say." He looked at his watch. "I'm going to bed. I wish Ede would marry that sap, Updyke, and get it over with. She'll never be any good for anything else."

Susan had thought at first that the dignified way to treat Jonathan Gilfeather would be simply to ignore him, but you might as well try to ignore an amiable giraffe that had chosen your home for its domicile. And within a week—that trying week after Mona Rankin's arrival—Susan realised that she had no desire to ignore Jonathan. She began to look forward to his appearing on the back porch, his sleeves rolled up, a cigarette in his fingers or a pipe between his teeth, his head thrust forward inquiringly as if he were constantly looking for someone.

He would amble into the house at any hour, and whether she was scouring the sink or cleaning rhubarb, he would sit on the kitchen table, swing his long legs, light his pipe again and again, and talk.

Their first battle had come on the morning after Mona Rankin arrived from Lansing. He was telling her something about the new play on which he had already begun to work and which he was calling "Two Blocks East."

"The trouble with my woman is that I find her turning logical every now and then. I keep forgetting that women aren't logical. They depend entirely on—"

"Why, you're simply idiotic!" Susan flared at once, and that was the beginning of that set-to.

On a second occasion he declared that women were without any well-defined sense of honor or fair play.

Susan waxed furious at that and finally threatened to lock the doors against his coming again. What annoyed her most was the fact that she was never quite sure whether he was serious in his declarations or simply provoking her to argument. She steered their talks after that towards books and plays, the theatre in New York, the studios in Hollywood. She listened for a whole hour one forenoon while he told her of Nina Brandon, the glamorous young woman who had been cast for the leading role in his first play, "Velvet Spurs." Susan had heard of her, of course, but Jonathan's description carried a personal flavor that was exciting.

They discussed everything that came into their minds, in fact—everything except the situation in the Prescott household. Towards that problem Jonathan remained, outwardly at least, blandly indifferent. He managed to stay out of sight when Edith or Kit was around and spoke to Nugent only when he found him in the garden or invited him into the cabin for a smoke or a highball before dinner.

It alarmed Susan when she had to admit to herself finally that Jonathan Gilfeather occupied her thoughts even when he was not around. She was beginning to lie awake at night, exhilarated and fearful. It would never do, she told herself repeatedly. She simply could not permit him to mean anything more to her than an amusing, stimulating friend.

She had decided at the outset to tell him nothing about her own efforts at writing. She had warned Nugent and the girls against betrayal, and she had even abandoned her typewriter and resorted to longhand, lest Jonathan should hear her at work and guess the truth. Her motive in this had been at first obscure, but now she realised that she needed at least that wall of reserve between herself and Jon.

Mona Rankin, as a house guest, had proven even more difficult than Susan had feared. She couldn't eat anything but broiled lamb chops and chicken and alligator pears. She used a bath towel once and left it on the floor, a soggy heap. She slept till noon, reached for a cigarette the moment she opened her eyes, and complained of a nervous headache until she had her coffee. And in everything she did she was abetted by an adoring Kit who never permitted her to leave her sight.

Besides, there had been the imperative new evening dresses and

sports outfits that Kit and Edith had bought out of the money received from Archibald Noonan. What a fool she had been to let them know the amount!

It was amazing, Susan reflected, how quickly and how easily they had all recovered from the effects of that family council over the dinner-table.

Then there had been the merry raids upon the icebox, at all hours of the night—and in the morning, unwashed cups and forks and spoons, crumbs upon the table and the floor, a frying pan filled with blisters of scrambled egg under water, cigarette butts on the window sills, a broken glass pushed aside and forgotten.

It was really too much! Alan Fuller had said the situation was damnable; Jonathan Gilfeather had said her two sisters were brats. In her heart, Susan admitted they were both right. It was only in moments like this that she secretly admitted herself unequal to the demands that were being made upon her, casually and as a matter of course.

She saw now, for the first time, how wonderful it would be to have Jonathan Gilfeather's freedom to do what she wanted to do, even if she flirted with starvation while she did it. Suppose she took that freedom, followed the reckless impulse to get out and lose herself somewhere and let the family shift for themselves.

She leaned back in her chair and looked out at the beech trees sunning themselves and rustling softly in the late afternoon. Farther away, the hills beyond town rose powder-blue against the sky. It was a day to throw everything aside, close one's heart to responsibilities, take a fling at reckless living, and let conscience go hang!

A handful of pebbles struck the window screen beside her. She edged over in her chair and looked out.

"Hi, there!" Jonathan called up sternly. "Knock off! I've finished my first act and we're going places."

"Going where?"  
"Whether you like it or not, you're coming with me in my horseless carriage to Squaw Point. It's a picnic. We'll make sandwiches and I'll get a watermelon. How about it?"

"But I've got to get supper." It wasn't at all what she meant. Or was it?

"I've got the answer to that."  
"Well?"

"It's very simple—the deuce with it!"

Susan laughed. "I agree, but—"

"I'm not listening. You've finished it, haven't you?"

Susan caught her breath. "Finished what?"

"That story you're working on." She stared down at his compassionate grin. "It must have been close to the end yesterday morning," he went on, "because Cecile was kissing Ronald. Nice style, I thought. You and I could do a play together. Only you ought to use a typewriter. It was darned hard reading."

Her astonishment resolved itself into a tonic wrath. "So you sneaked in here on your way to the bathroom," she accused him. "I didn't think you'd stoop to that, quite. But I might have known."

"A woman's reasoning—so-called," he replied. "I did not sneak in on my way to the bathroom, or at any other time. That page blew out into the hall. Now, take those unsightly horn-rims off you and come on down or I'll go up and carry you down."

"But—"

"I said!"

Susan withdrew from the window. She wanted definitely to cry, but from giddy happiness. The wretch! The lovable, homely, handsome, exasperating scoundrel!

It all seemed to happen in a strange, rarified air, an unearthly light, that late afternoon drive to Squaw Point on the lake, and the picnic under the big rock while the sun went down.

Susan had made the sandwiches herself while Jonathan had gone down to one of the stores for the watermelon without which, he declared, a picnic was not a picnic at all. And while he waited she had hurriedly scribbled a note and left it on the kitchen table.

Now, sitting under the great rock, the picnic supper eaten, she told herself that she had done the right thing in coming away as she did. It wasn't quite fair, not letting them know till the last moment. Well, it was fair, darn it! She hadn't known about it herself till the last moment.

Jonathan was stretched full length upon the sand, the thin smoke curling from his briar. Neither had spoken for minutes. She wondered if he was falling asleep. His eyes were closed and his pipe was going out.

Suddenly he turned his head and his direct, penetrating eyes met hers. "What's on your mind, Sue?"

"If I told you you'd know."

"Just a test question. I was curious to know how you'd answer." He looked steadily up at her for a moment. "You ought to have red

hair, instead of nice, soft, curly brown."

"But I wouldn't like to have red hair."

"That has nothing to do with it. If you had red hair, you might have the spunk to tell them you'd eat the loaf, since you'd done everything else."

Susan caught her underlip between her teeth. "I thought we had — tacitly — closed the door on that subject," she said coolly.

Jonathan chuckled. "You slammed the door, as I recall it. But it was only a screen door. And a screen door has always been a temptation to me. I want to peek inside."

She didn't reply. Jonathan put out one hand and made a neat little pleat of the linen hem of her skirt. Finally he sat up beside her, flushed deeply, and held her fingers hard in his own. "Listen to me, Sue! Two weeks ago I swore I'd never bring the subject of your family up again. It was none of my business — and I was just showing off a little that first day. But day before yesterday I had a letter from my agent in New York. He has an offer from Hollywood for my play. The producers want to hold off till it has had a run. But I'll get something out of it. Besides, on the strength of that, he has sold me, body and soul, on a Hollywood contract for ten times more than I can possibly be worth to anyone. I'm going out there in September. But I'm not going to take the whole Prescott family with me, understand? Sue, I'm taking you with me, if you'll go."

She hadn't known it would be like this — a sensation of sweet, smothering fullness in her breast and throat, and a new, strange rush of some force deep within her. Her mouth quivered but would not smile. Jon had drawn himself up close to her, and suddenly she was in his arms. He kissed her with a possessive vehemence that left her breathless.

"Jon-Jon!" she whispered at last, and pushed him away.

"By Heavens, girl, I'm proposing to you! Don't you understand? This may not be your idea of how it should be done. But I love you, Sue. Don't you sort of like me?"

She laughed and cried and clung to him. "But we can't, Jon!"

He kissed her again, and Susan felt faint.

"Are you telling me that you can't love me — that you won't marry me?"

"I — don't know!" she cried in confusion. She straightened back and looked at him wildly. "How can I tell

you how I really feel towards you, Jon? I've only known you for a little more than two weeks. Your life is so different from mine. How do I know I'd ever fit into it?"

He laughed, deep in his throat, and with one arm about her lifted her chin in his palm. "Sue, you can't lie to me. There's only one thing holding you back, and you know what that is. It isn't you — and it isn't me. It's the family again."

She looked at him distractedly, and then quickly away. She got to her feet.

He stood up and took her hands impatiently. "I'll give you ten seconds to think things out. That ought to be long enough for anyone."

"But — I want to be fair, Jon. If you had two sisters like Edith and Kit, you wouldn't leave them to sink or swim, would you?"

In the twilight, Jonathan's face was a study in controlled violence. "Darling," he said, his lips hard drawn, "if I had two sisters like them, drowning would be too good for them! What would your grandmother have thought of them?"

"Let's go back to town," Susan said abruptly. "It's getting dark."

"No," he said firmly. "We're not going back to town until we've settled this. We're going somewhere to dance. I'm going to have this night, anyhow."

"All right."

"But first you're going to kiss me."

There was a quiet little inn a mile or so up the lake, frequented not by the smart summer crowd but by people who really sought rest on their vacations. There was soft music from an orchestra in the dimly-lit grill-room, and small tables set about the dance floor.

When they had returned to their places after their first dance together, Jon leaned towards Sue across the table.

"You're lovely!"

A sense of delicious irresponsibility swept over her. The soft lights, the music, the dancing, the gay talk and the laughter all about her — and a man's deep voice telling her she was lovely!

"Tell me more," she urged, laughing at him. "I like it."

He reached across the table and put his hands firmly over hers. "Sue, I want to make a proposition. Let's forget we're in love. Let's —"

"Aren't you taking a little too much for granted? I haven't admitted we're in love."

"Is there anyone else?"

"No."

"Then don't interrupt me. This marriage business is a practical proposition. The trouble is, we go into it without thinking. I'm a human being, Sue. If you don't marry me, I'm going to get excited some night over a beautiful figure or a pretty face, or a soft pair of shoulders. I'm going to lose my head and propose to her — and marry her eventually. That's the way it usually happens. And that's why I'm going to make you a cold-blooded proposition."

He looked at his watch. "It's only nine-thirty. Let's get into that old clunk of mine and hop down to Chicago. We can be married tomorrow morning and get back to East Searle in time for dinner."

Susan's eyes widened in almost speechless amazement. "You — you call that — practical?"

"I admit it has everything else in it — romance and all the rest of it. But it's the most practical thing I've ever thought out to myself. I've got you away from the family now. I may not be able to do that again."

Susan had been too preoccupied with her own tumultuous emotions to notice that Alan Fuller was standing at the opposite end of the room, looking over the patrons with anxious, questioning eyes. She did not see him until he came, embarrassed and uneasy, and stood beside their table. He apologised for his intrusion.

"I'm very sorry to spoil your little outing, but — I took a chance on finding you here. Something has happened, though I hate to —"

Susan got up, clutching her handbag. "What is it, for heaven's sake?"

"Let's go into the lobby," Jonathan said. "There's no cause for alarm," Alan Fuller said when they were out of the crowded room. "Your sister, Katherine, attended a cocktail party this afternoon on Sam Jennings' motor boat."

Mortified tears sprang into Susan's eyes. "Jennings! She promised me she wouldn't have anything to do with those people."

"She went, I understand, with that young friend of hers, Miss Rankin, and a couple of young men. They had rather too much drink, I should say. Mrs. Jennings wagered five dollars that Katherine couldn't swim from the boat to Leech Island — a matter of four or five hundred yards. Katherine couldn't have realised what she was doing. She dived in, with her clothes on, and — they had to put off in a small boat and pick her up. They got to her in the nick of time, apparently. They had to

give her first aid to revive her. When they took her back to town, there was no one in the house, so they telephoned me. Caroline and I went out at once, and my sister took charge. As soon as I was sure there was no danger, I came to look for you. Your note on the kitchen table—

"Take me back," Susan said unsteadily, and Jonathan placed a firm hand on her arm.

"Come along," he said gently. "And pull yourself together, now. Everything is all right." He led her out to the car.

The street lights in East Searle winked straight ahead of them, three miles away.

"This ought to be a good lesson for that young smart-aleck," Jonathan said after long silence.

"It has taught me something, too," Susan flared bitterly. "If I had been at home this wouldn't have happened."

"I don't get the connection. But it should have happened! Something like this was bound to come sooner or later. All she got out of it was a wetting and a bad scare. That crowd she's trucking with—I know the kind. Anything can happen; and it often does. Have you ever noticed how many innocent people are dragged into a murder?"

"You're brutal!" Susan said furiously.

"I hadn't thought of that," Jonathan replied equably.

They drove along in silence until presently he turned the car into the lane beside the house, stopped, and opened the door for her. "I don't suppose there's anything I can do?"

"There couldn't possibly be anything," Susan told him swiftly. Her voice sounded strangely high and taut.

Nugent and Caroline Fuller were sitting in the living-room. Nugent glanced up sourly as Susan entered. Kit must be all right again, she thought quickly, or he wouldn't be wearing that baleful expression. Besides, Caroline Fuller's smile was reassuring as she got up from her chair.

Susan threw her hat and purse on the davenport. "How is Kit?" she asked breathlessly.

"She's quite all right, my dear," Caroline said. "Alan found you?"

Alan Fuller had come into the hall and was standing in the living-room doorway. "Everything's all right?" he asked in a subdued voice.

"Quite, dear," Caroline told him. "If you're ready, perhaps Susan won't mind if we go along. There's really nothing left to do."

"Please go—if you must," Susan begged. "It was too bad to have you come out like this. I should have been here."

Caroline murmured a word of protest as Alan offered his hand to Susan.

"Good-night, Sue. This has been no trouble to us, none at all. We mustn't be too severe with Katherine. She's young. She might do better with a restraining hand now and then, perhaps, but—she'll do very well, I'm sure. Good-night."

He patted her affectionately on the shoulder, and Susan had difficulty in restraining her tears as the Fullers left. She followed Alan and his sister to the door and stood until she saw the car drive away. Then she went back to the living-room.

"Did Mona come home?" she asked Nugent.

He sprang from his chair. "She's in bed—sound asleep! She was dead to the world when I came in. She's a stupid—"

"Do you know exactly what happened?"

"I know what they're saying around town. They had one of their parties on Jennings' boat and Kit jumped in with her clothes on, on a bet. It's a mess, any way you look at it. When this story gets to old man Cruikshank—" He threw up his hands and strode to the other side of the room.

"What of it?" Susan asked tartly. "Is it any worse than Violet herself might do?"

He turned savagely. "The Cruikshanks can get away with it!" he barked. "But the Prescotts—"

At ten o'clock the next morning Susan sat on her heels before Grandmother Prescott's trunk in the attic.

Under Sunday, January 18, 1885, Grandmother Prescott had written: "Heard the visiting preacher on the ten commandments, a rather large order for one discourse, I thought. Jensine Stormo came home to dinner with us, her husband having gone to the lake. I had venison steaks and a bottle of my last year's blackberry wine, which was very good. Martin said the ten commandments were a bit old-fashioned, and he'd like to have the job of writing them over to suit the times. Jensine said she thought they were good enough as they are, if we'd only live up to them."

Susan laughed softly to herself and laid the journal away. Then she stole downstairs and prepared a breakfast for Kit, which she arranged on a tray with painstaking care.

She set the tray on Kit's bed table, then pulled up the blinds. Kit stirred, frowned, opened her eyes to the light. The perfume of Susan's garden—the roses, the petunias, the clove pink and the mignonette—stepped brave and sweet over the window-sill.

Susan wanted to laugh. "Isn't it time you were coming to life?" she asked.

Kit gazed across the pillows. "Oh, Sue! How darling! I don't deserve this."

"How do you feel?"

Kit sat up and stretched her arms. "I ought to feel rotten, but I must have a good body. I feel simply swell. Is Mona up?"

"Bernie Crawford dragged her out to breakfast a good hour ago. Go and brush your teeth and I'll straighten up your bed. You must have slept pretty soundly."

"Like a log!" Kit grinned, sliding her pink toes into her mules. "Drowning must be a purge for the spirit."

When she returned from the bathroom she said, "I suppose Nuge was nasty about it? And Ede?"

Susan placed the tray before her. "Nugent was sour, naturally. Edith isn't up yet. I haven't talked to her."

Kit broke a piece of toast. "They'll both say plenty, I'll bet. I don't know what—ever made me do—"

"The less said about it the better, for the present. Alan told me how it happened."

"Alan was simply too sweet!" Kit exclaimed. "Why don't you marry him, Sue?"

"It isn't too late yet," Susan evaded.

"He carried me upstairs and laid me on the bed, and—I thought he was really going to kiss me. He looked so worried!"

"We were all worried."

"I don't know how I'll face Nuge. Talk to him, won't you, Sue? I don't care so much about what Ede says."

"Look, Kit, you and I have to be serious. I'd rather not talk about what happened yesterday. That doesn't mean that I think it was funny. You scared me half to death. It was cheap exhibitionism. You've got to go to work, Kit."

"But, Sue!" Kit looked incredulous. "We had five hundred dollars!"

"I've paid bills. You and Edith bought clothes. In another month we'll all be down to our last dollar. We've got to do something—at once."

Leaving Kit to dress, Sue carried the tray down to the kitchen. She had launched her campaign, at least, and was determined to carry it through. By way of making any re-

treat impossible, she sat down at once and wrote a cheque for four months' rent and took it out to Nugent.

"Give this to Jonathan," she said simply, "and see that he takes it. Tell him if he tears this one up I'll go on writing cheques till he gets one good enough to keep."

Late that afternoon she went out into the garden to tie up a grapevine that had slipped from its trellis. While she was at work, Jonathan strolled out of the cabin and came down the path towards her. It was really possible, she knew now, to have a stifling heart-beat. He loomed above her, his hands carelessly stowed in tweed pockets.

"About that cheque, Sue," he began easily, and took out an ugly-looking pipe which he began to fill from a leather pouch. "I accept it, of course. It'll come in handy. Nugent explained about the extra month. He didn't say anything about why you sent the cheque out this afternoon. He probably didn't know. But I understood perfectly. And I accept that, too."

Susan glanced swiftly up at his guileless, bright blue eyes. She bit her lip. "I sent it because I owe you the money," she told him.

"Yes, of course. What I wanted to say—I'm driving over to Lake Michigan. I want to get a little local color. There's an old fisherman up there on the peninsula—or he used to be. I want to hang around with him for a few days—a little character stuff. I'll be gone for a week."

Susan looked from his eyes to his mouth. It was terrible to want to kiss him when she knew she must not want to. "You didn't say anything about this last night."

"I didn't know about it then. I decided this afternoon. I'm leaving in an hour. I want you to use the cabin for your writing while I'm away—if you care to. And I'm leaving the cheque there on the table. A fishing boat is no place for a cheque. The lake is inclined to be temperamental."

"Well—I wish you luck," Susan said.

"Thanks." He looked at her steadily for a moment. His eyes had a grave wistfulness. "A man should never kiss a pretty girl," he said finally. "It makes him want to do it again."

It was in answer to a telephone call from Alan Fuller that Susan asked if she might walk over after supper and visit for a few minutes. The Fullers, Alan, Caroline, and their invalid father—lived in a white Cape

Cod cottage at the foot of the hill, a tidy box hedge enclosing it.

Caroline met Susan at the door and led her into the living-room where Alan was sitting, a book on his knees. It was evident at once that Caroline had guessed the purpose of the visit. Her manner was, if anything, too cordial. Susan was therefore not greatly dashed when Caroline told her, with regret, that the library position they had spoken of two weeks ago would never do for Katherine. "There are so many schoolchildren, for one thing—But, my dear," Caroline cried with an inspired smile, "why don't you take the library position yourself? The work is not heavy. Three hours in the afternoon—one to four—and three in the evening, from seven to ten. Of course, it's only ten dollars a week, but if you—ah—it is ten dollars a week, after all, Susan!"

Susan got up hastily. "Well—thanks, Caroline. I'll think it over. I believe I'd like the work. I'd still be able to look after the house and cook the meals. I'll let you know tomorrow, or the day after."

"Shall I drive you home, Sue?" Alan asked.

"Thank you, it's only a step and I really prefer to walk."

He went with her as far as the box hedge. "This has been a disappointing visit, I'm afraid," he said as soon as they were out of Caroline's hearing.

"Not really," Susan told him. "I hadn't hoped for anything—after last night."

"Sue, take the position yourself. As for Katherine—I have given considerable thought to her to-day. There may be something a little later—in my own office. Not immediately, but in the autumn, perhaps. I'm thinking of—"

"I have told Kit that she must go to work at once," Susan said.

"Quite so. I think you are wise in that. I refuse to believe that Katherine is hopeless. I have seen her when she was quite serious. Breeding counts in the long run. I should like to see her put to the test."

"But how, Alan?"

"Perhaps the suggestion will not meet with your approval, but—all else failing—there are shops in East Searle where large numbers of girls are employed."

Susan smiled her approval. "I have already thought of that."

It was Kit's idea that she should go to see Benjamin Scarth, publisher and editor of the "Eagle," East Searle's one and only daily. Mr.

Searth was the benign father of Lols and Ben Scarth, prominent members of the town's younger set.

Mona Rankin heard the suggestion and was completely bewildered at Kit's sudden decision to go to work.

With the exalted look of one doing penance and confident that absolution was near, Kit sallied forth on Monday morning, at the grimly early hour of nine, to interview Mr. Benjamin Scarth. She returned at ten, having had a malted milk on the way home. Benjamin Scarth had been really precious. And so regretful! But if Kit wanted to look in, say around late autumn, there might be something on the "Eagle" for a bright, willing girl like her.

Susan heard the report—and came back to the attack. "Well, we can't wait till autumn, Kit. After lunch we'll go down together and have a talk with Dora Burchard."

Mrs. Dora Burchard, of the Women's Exchange, looked through her pince-nez at a vanishing point somewhere outside the bay window near her desk. She would like so much to take Kit on—Grandmother Prescott had done everything for the Exchange in her day, had, in fact, established it—but, really, they would not be justified in adding another to the staff at the present time.

Kit was not downcast. "Well," she said, "we've at least tried! I don't see how I could ever work with that old battle-axe, anyhow."

"Listen, Kit. I'm going to take that library job with Caroline. I can easily pick up the system, the hours are good, and I'll have plenty of time to look after the house. Besides, I'll have my mornings free to write, if I feel like it."

"What do you intend to do with your spare time?"

"Please don't be facetious, Kit; I'm not in the mood. Come along—we're going down to Hampden's. They haven't anyone as pretty as you behind their counters."

"Hampden's!" Kit groaned. "Oh, Sue, I'll simply die. Hampden's—after spending all that money sending me to the University!"

"That shouldn't be any handicap!"

"But putting it to no use—a sales-girl—"

At Hampden's, Miss Cramner, of the employment department, smiled across a hedge of gold teeth. In years past she had seen the Prescott girls come into the store and had witnessed their distress: What, no handmade lingerie! No inside-out hose! It

was not hard to read the meaning now in Miss Cramner's smile.

"Well, now—yes, Miss Presscott," she said smoothly, "we could use an extra girl in the cotton goods. We're busy there, right now. We usually pay twelve a week, but I'm sure we could pay a little more after a short time. You've known just about everybody in East Searle—the better people, that is. That would be in your favor, naturally. Could you start at once? In the morning, I mean?"

Mona Rankin's opposition was not important, but Fate was her ally. Kit's first day at work turned out to be sweltering. Susan scarcely dared to think of her, behind the counter at Hampden's.

"But, Sue—it's really too dreadful!" she said with a shudder. "The poor kid is red as a beet and keeps standing first on one foot and then on the other. The child can't bear it, I tell you! They're having a sale in the cotton goods. The whole place is like a madhouse."

"It isn't the University, of course," Susan said stonily. "I have to get ready to go to the library now. By the way, would you mind putting on some potatoes to boil, after you've had your lunch. I want them to be cold for potato salad to-night. Or maybe you won't have time, if you have to go to the Vales' to play bridge?"

"Is there a subtle dig in that remark?" Edith asked petulantly. "Of course I'll put the potatoes on. I suppose you'd like me to go to work in Hampden's."

"I haven't said so."

"You might as well say it as think it."

"Edith, you're positively incredible! You might at least be grateful to the rest of us."

Edith had the unexpected grace to color. "That isn't fair. I've told you time and again that as soon as Forbes sees his way clear—"

"Why don't you have him consult an eye specialist?" Susan asked. "There's no sense in our beating about the bush, Edith. We've all got to do something. If getting married is the only thing you can do—"

"If you must know the truth," Edith interrupted, "the only reason Forbes is waiting is that his mother wants him to marry a Milwaukee girl, her best friend's daughter—an impossible creature. But they're filthy rich. I could have told you that long ago, but there are some things we don't talk about, after all."

Susan's skin rippled coldly. So that was it!

Yet it was serious. Susan reflected a moment later. Edith was no doubt in love with Forbes—as much as she would ever be with anyone besides herself. If Forbes had a grain of gumption! Or if Edith had any self-respect! In disgust, Susan hurried upstairs to dress for the library.

This work in the library was going to be amusing, she learned within the first hour. People she had known all her life showed new facets of their characters.

There was really not enough to do to keep her mind from turning repeatedly to Jonathan Gilfeather. Where was he, and what was he doing at this precise moment? Had there been any storms on that treacherous lake?

At home again, shortly after four, Susan found the house deserted. Edith had gone to Edwina Vale's, of course. At a quarter past five, Kit staggered in, threw her hat on the floor, and flopped down on a chair. She covered her face with her hands and gave a shrill howl.

Susan glanced at her compassionately. "Was it really as bad as that, Kit? Of course, it has been terribly hot—and the first day—"

"It was simply gruesome! There was a sale. It was abominable!" Kit gasped. "I'll never get the smell of percale out of my nostrils as long as I live. Twelve cents a yard—blue dots and red dashes! My feet are sizzling lead. I can't do it, Sue—I can not!"

Susan went over to her. "Come along. Let me help you to the bathroom. There's a whole tankful of hot water. Take a good soaking and finish off with a cold shower. You'll feel much better. I'll give you an alcohol rub afterwards."

Kit gave a grunt of anguish as she got up from the chair. "Oh, my feet! They're raw. I know they are. They're on fire, Sue, I swear it!"

If it had not been so heartless, Susan would have laughed. "Just pretend you've been dancing all night," she advised comfortingly while Kit, leaning on her arm, limped into the hall.

Kit did not come home alone the next evening. Alan Fuller, who was driving from his office and had seen her limping unsteadily along the sidewalk, had picked her up.

Susan knelt beside the davenport and put her arms about Kit's quivering body. Perhaps she had been too

exacting, after all. "Kit, darling! What is it? Did anything happen to you?"

"I almost fainted in the cotton goods," Kit panted. "Then they put me in the corset department. Who do you suppose had to come in? Mrs. Updyke, lorgnette and everything! When she saw me she looked as if—as if she was seeing things!"

Edith said bitterly. "The old porpoise! I know just what she'll say to Forbes after that."

But Kit had more to tell them. "I tried to be nice to her. I told her that I was doing this to—oh, Susan! I told her I was getting material for a story for you. Then—"

No amount of remonstrance or pleading would reconcile her.

After she had put Kit to bed with an ice pack at her head, Susan sat in the dark at her open window and stared blankly out at the humid, low-hanging stars. The velvety summer night beyond the slumbrous trees was a mockery to her bewildered, stricken heart. She wanted Jonathan—the bluff, warm, unsentimental, clear-eyed assurance of him. She wanted his arms about her, the tender, deep touch of his mouth.

Susan had not admitted defeat. Her campaign had suffered a lull, she realised, but that was all.

Besides, both Edith and Kit plunged into the house chores with a zeal that was astonishing. By the time Jonathan returned from the lake, Susan would be able to point with pride to the advances that had been made in one short week.

It was a little disconcerting, of course, that Kit had said nothing about returning to Hampden's after her Thursday's rest. She still limped perceptibly when she went about the house and she refused to go with Mona and her crowd to Iden Lodge on Thursday night. On Friday morning, she got up briskly and set to work helping Susan with the breakfast. That was all right, even if it wasn't altogether reassuring. But on Friday afternoon the series of reverses set in overwhelmingly and in such quick succession as to leave Susan helplessly and ignominiously frustrated.

When she came back from the library, she found Edith already away with Forbes Updyke. They were to have dinner and spend the evening together, Kit said. The Crawford boys, moreover, had come for Mona and Kit. The long-awaited house party was to be ostensibly a week-end affair, but a few select guests

would stay over until Tuesday and it was a foregone conclusion that Kit and Mona would be among those few.

Kit kissed Susan good-bye with a contrite little turned-down smile, whispered quickly, "This is my last fling, darling—positively! And I simply wouldn't go, only I can't let Mona down. You understand—just this once?"

Late that evening, Edith came to Susan's room, red-eyed from a quarrel with the tranquil Forbes Updyke.

"A quarrel with Forbes? But I can't believe it!"

"It's true!" Edith wailed. "His mother has invited that girl to come up from Milwaukee for the weekend, and now Forbes will have to trot her around for three days. I won't even see him."

"Well, the rest ought to do you good," Susan said.

"I'm not going to stay around!" Edith burst forth. "I have a little pride, if nothing else."

"And what does the gallant Forbes think of it?"

"He hates it as much as I do. But he won't admit it. He thinks I'm unreasonable."

"Well—you may be a little possessive."

"You would say that! Those were his very words. And I won't be called possessive. I'll go away and—"

"It might be a good idea," Susan said thoughtfully. "But where will you go?"

"You'll have to let me have enough for bus fare down to Grand Rapids. Aunt Ada has been asking me to come down to see her ever since Easter. I'll stay away a whole week and see how he likes that. If he doesn't miss me, I'll know it's all over."

Edith left the next morning.

Saturday dawned with a fine spun, blue-grey rain that continued through until twilight, when it deepened to brooding, soft purple. It was the kind of day Susan loved.

Home from the library in the afternoon, Susan went to Jonathan's cabin. Nugent was dining at the Cruikshanks'. She would have a couple of hours to herself, reading, jotting down notes, planning a story—or simply loafing.

When the fire began to die down, she got up and walked about the room, flushed and warm all through with the deep sense of Jonathan's presence. Why had she let him go without telling him that she would leave everything, follow him

wherever he might lead? Why had she not told Nugent and Edith and Kit that she was going away with Jonathan as soon as he was ready to leave? And suddenly she made her decision. She would tell him, as soon as he came back. And she would tell the others.

Sunday morning. When Nugent clattered downstairs and came to the breakfast table with that radiant, shy and exultant look in his eyes, Susan's heart shook. He had no need to tell her his great news. She read it in his nervous, faintly defiant grin.

"Well, kid—guess what?" he burst out as he took his place noisily at the table.

"Have your orange juice first," said Susan, and steadied her hand as she measured the coffee she was putting into the percolator. "It's Violet, of course. When is it going to be?"

"But she's serious this time, Sue. Honest, she is!"

"Probably. Daddy Cruikshank thinks you're going places, for one thing. And having no sons of his own—"

"Darn it all, you take the joy out of everything."

"Not a bit of it. I think it's simply grand." She swallowed her orange juice without tasting it.

Monday morning, after Nugent had gone to the office, Susan swept, dusted, and aired the cabin thoroughly, not only because she wanted it fresh for Jon's return, but because she needed physical activity for her own peace of mind.

The problem, she thought severely as she ran a dust-cloth over the mantel, was hers. She had made it her own and she was being left to face it alone. She was harvesting now the bitter fruits of her own tenderness, her affection for Edith and Kit.

She was so harassed by the cross currents of her thinking that she gave an indifferent response to the sharp knock on the screen door. A woman, stepped into the cabin, dressed in an unbelievably sleek costume on a day that was again smotheringly hot. Susan, glancing from the fireplace, had the quick impression of a figure in cool violet-grey, the gown tailored and yet infinitely light about the body. The small hat the stranger carried in her hand was only a tangled wreath of net and flowers, and her hair in the slide of sunlight was a purer sunlight, a brighter gold.

"Oh!" the woman said, her voice a low, indolent bell. "I—he isn't here?"

Susan tossed the dust-cloth on a chair. "Are you looking for Mr. Gilfeather?"

"Of course!" The woman threw her hands out in an eloquent gesture. "Who else? They told me in the village that I should find him here." "He has been away for a week," Susan told her. "He should be back to-day."

"Then he didn't get my telegram. I sent him a message from Chicago on Friday, and told him I was driving up. I intended to get here last night, but the heat was execrable! I stayed at some little place along the way—a frightful place, but I was utterly limp."

Susan brushed a lock of damp hair from her brow and looked with tumbled comprehension and embarrassment and young awe at the person who stood before her. Rotogravures—theatrical sections in the magazines and the Sunday papers—

"You must be Nina Brandon," Susan said, trying to be calm. "Jonathan has told me about you; and of course I had heard about you before."

"That's sweet of you," Nina Brandon said with absent complacency, and glanced about the room. "It's so curious of Jonathan to come here . . . But you evidently take good care of him."

She sat down on one of the two dishonest antique chairs, crossed exquisitely silken ankles.

"Oh, dear, I do think Jonathan might have been here," Nina shrugged her shoulders and smiled ruefully. "I suppose I shall have to go to a stuffy hotel and wait for him."

Susan's heart contracted with uneasiness. "You may wait here, if you wish to. I've finished my work. Won't you let me bring you some iced tea? Oh—she blushed—"I'm Susan Prescott. I live in the white house, out front. My two sisters and my brother and I."

"Ah! I had thought—" Nina stopped in pretty confusion. "But of course. How stupid of me!" Her eyes drifted in an explanatory and yet apologetic manner over Susan's apron.

Susan's lips wanted to shake into laughter. Why shouldn't Miss Brandon assume that she was the cleaning woman?

"If you'll just give me a minute," she said cordially, "I'll get some tea. Or maybe you'd rather have iced coffee?"

"Coffee wouldn't be too much trouble?" Nina Brandon could be deliciously plaintive, as well. Rather like Edith, Susan thought, though far more expert, of course.

"None whatever," said Susan.

Presently, over tall, cool glasses and vanilla wafers, Nina Brandon and Susan Prescott were chatting—or rather Nina was chatting and being very homely and delightful about everything.

"Jonathan," she was saying, "was so absurd, my dear. He's so dreadfully serious. We quarrelled over the play—I mean he didn't agree with my interpretation of the part, you know—and he marched off without so much as ringing me up before he left New York! I've been stopping for a fortnight with my sister in Chicago, so I thought I'd come out and beard the lion, you know."

"Ringing her up," Susan thought—and "stopping for a fortnight" with her sister. Very English Middletown, Indiana, more likely.

"I'm positively pursuing him," Nina went on musingly. "I'm being quite shameless. But rehearsals start next month, and our director is so hopelessly pig-headed about everything. So"—again that lovely, rueful gesture of the hands—"in a worthy cause, I have come all the way to East Searle, which is in Michigan!

"Why does a man run away when he is afraid?" she asked. "And why should Jonathan be afraid of me? He's a genius, my dear—but he's a child. I know I can help him—in so many ways. After all, I have been in the theatre for a number of years, and I have made a place for myself. Why shouldn't he let me help him? He's afraid of what he calls my success. Can you think of anything so deliciously naive?"

But Jonathan did not return until some time that evening, while Susan was at the library. When she came through the gate in the darkness she saw his car standing in the lane. Nina Brandon's big roadster was at the kerb and a light gleamed in the cabin window beyond the trees.

Nugent was in the living-room, reading. Susan tried to keep her voice steady as she spoke.

"You home?"

"I had to go with her mother to visit an aunt. Family stuff!"

"I see Jonathan is back."

"And how!" He sprawled full length on the davenport. "Lady Brandon is with him at the moment."

"I saw her car in front," Susan had told Nugent at dinner about

Nina Brandon's call earlier in the day.

"I happened to be on the back porch and witnessed the arrival. What a girl! From the back porch, at least!"

With swift pain, Susan calculated the hours that Nina Brandon had already spent with Jonathan in the cabin. Nugent went on with his extravagant talk, but Susan scarcely listened. She went upstairs and prepared for bed. She did not turn on the light. She knelt in front of the window looking out across the garden and the trees to the lambent patch in the darkness beyond. This was the cheapest sort of spying, but she did not care. She could not care, while this dreadful feeling possessed her body—this feeling that from the throat up she was on fire and from there down, bloodless ice.

It was after one o'clock when the throb of Nina Brandon's motor sounded across the breathless silence. It was at least an hour later when Susan, in utter exhaustion, fell asleep against a pillow that was hot and wet.

Tuesday was pewter-colored, sultry, menacing. It seemed the sluggish heat must fall of its own weight out of the sinister glare of the sky, away from the fevered ball of the sun. The stillness was oppressive; poplar leaves, in the infrequent stirring of air, hopefully turned, but no rain cloud appeared on the stricken, hazy horizon.

At breakfast Nugent was irritable. He hadn't slept a wink, he declared. His room, on the south side of the house, had taken the sun all day and had been like an oven all night.

The telephone rang and Susan went to answer it. It was Forbes Updyke. He wanted to know if Edith would be back to-day. Susan told him she didn't know anything about it. He asked then for Edith's address and telephone number in Grand Rapids. She gave him the information and hung up abruptly.

She had barely sat down when the telephone rang again. Nugent was already on his feet, tossing his napkin aside.

"Answer that, will you?" Susan said.

"I haven't time. I'm late now." Susan sipped her coffee. "Let it ring, then."

Nugent glowered, and went to the telephone. "Who? Oh . . . Why—yes, certainly, Miss Brandon! No trouble at all. I'll go and tell him. . . . No, really—I'll be very glad to."

Susan placed her cup carefully on its saucer. Nugent's face in the doorway was alight and cloudless. "She wants me to get Jonathan out of bed. He promised to call for her at nine and take her into the country for the day."

"Go and call him, then."

Nugent grinned briefly. "She says she knows how he likes to sleep in—the mornings. Sounds kind of clubby, what?" When Susan didn't reply, he started away, then came back. "I was thinking I'd throw a party here on Wednesday night—just a small one, to celebrate our engagement. Mrs. Cruikshank is planning a real affair for some time in—"

"I don't care much what you do," Susan said shortly.

"What the devil is wrong with you this morning?"

A moment later he was gone through the back door towards the cabin.

She stood up at last and began to stack the dishes. Kit would probably be home from the Crawford's house party to-day. There would be the business of seeing Mona Rankin safely away. On Wednesday, there would be Nugent's party. But after that the household would settle down to something like sanity, surely Edith's return would mean very little one way or another. Susan had lost hope of ever doing anything there.

While she was swirling the mop to make suds in the dishpan, Jonathan's step sounded on the back porch.

"Susan!"

"Good morning."

He came in, stopped suddenly, and looked at her. His face was a deeper tan after his week on the lake.

"Sorry I didn't have time to get in and say hello last night," he apologised.

"I didn't expect you," Susan replied. "You had a guest, didn't you?"

Jonathan's grin was boyish. "How do you like her? I understand the two of you had a visit yesterday."

"Yes. She's charming, of course, and very beautiful."

"Well, that's something—coming from a woman." His mouth straightened. "How's everything?"

Susan put the mop aside. "I've taken a job at the library. And Kit started work at Hampden's." There was no point in telling him any more about that, she decided.

"What!"

"Is that so incredible?"

He laughed. "Well, it's sudden, at least." He looked at her, a slow flush creeping up over his cheek bones. "So now you have two jobs instead of one."

Susan, in the muggy heat, felt all at once clammy cold. She stiffened her chin and said, "I like them both."

His mouth tightened crookedly across his teeth. His eyes burned ironically. "That leaves everybody happy, I suppose." He turned away. "I'll drop in again—when you're in a pleasanter mood, eh?"

With a rather awkward swing of his shapeless felt hat, he was gone. She hadn't asked him about his trip to the lake. And he hadn't offered to tell her about it. Well, he had undoubtedly told Nina Brandon all there was to tell—and that was as it should be.

It seemed that the afternoon hours at the library would never end. When she finally came home, she heard Edith singing with rapturous abandon in the bathroom. She went upstairs and found her sister scattering half a bottle of bath salts into the tub.

"When did you get back?" Susan asked her.

"Oh—hullo, darling!" Edith reached down guiltily and turned off the water. "I came on the two o'clock. Forbes phoned this morning and offered to drive down for me. But I said no—and I refused to say when I'd be back. But after he hung up I thought it over and—"

"You didn't walk home from the depot?"

"I had my bags—and the heat was simply cruel. I—I took a taxi home. I just wasn't going to give Forbes the satisfaction of calling him up and asking him to come for me." She slipped out of her kimono, eased herself into the fragrant tub, and changed the subject. "But isn't Nina Brandon's being here the most romantic thing you ever heard of? To think that our Jonathan—"

"Who told you she was here?"

Lengthening herself sensuously, Edith began to cream her face and throat. "Edwina called me just before you came in. She was all a-dither! She ran across Jonathan and Miss Brandon having lunch at the Blue Horse. And what do you think? She's giving a bridge party to-morrow afternoon for the Dramatic Club, with Nina Brandon as the guest of honor, no less. And all the winnings are to go to the club. Isn't that just like Edwina? She thinks fast."

"And you're going, of course?"

"Well, naturally."

"What will you use for money?"

"I never lose, darling," Edith laughed confidently, "when the winnings go to charity. Edwina wanted to know if you couldn't come, too."

"What did you tell her?"

"I said I'd ask you. I think you ought to come, even if you don't like Edwina. You could slip in around five, for cocktails."

"I'm not interested," Susan broke in. "What kind of time did you have with Aunt Ada?"

"Oh—you know. But it was restful. We played bridge last night but I simply didn't hold a card. I've been having the worst luck lately. Oh—Kit phoned and said she wouldn't be back till to-morrow night."

Susan was vexed. "I expected her home to-day. Didn't you tell her?"

"My heavens, Sue, I can't give Kit orders! She's old enough now to know when she ought to come home."

Susan was closing the bathroom door when Edith suddenly remembered something. "There is a letter for you on the dining-room table. From some magazine, I think. I went out and looked before I came up to bathe."

The letter made her head spin. In spite of the fact that changes would have to be made in the manuscript, the editor felt that "These Young Leaves" was worth buying. He said there was sensitive writing, a colorful setting, a pleasant theme.

Susan felt herself blushing. The cheque for two hundred dollars would follow shortly. She bit her lip as she thought of that important detail. She hurried back upstairs and found Edith already putting her hair up in metal curlers.

"Honestly, Sue, this is a bore! If I don't have a permanent soon—"

"Are you going out?" Susan asked.

"I forgot to tell you. Forbes phoned me. I know he must have tried to get me again at Grand Rapids. Anyhow, he was so sweet, and I told him he could take me out to dinner if he really wanted to. Poor Forbes! He could hardly talk. Anything good about your story?"

Susan was suddenly perverse. She had come upstairs especially to tell Edith the news. But why tell her anything? Far better let Edith and Kit stagger along for a few days, at least, thinking there would be no cash left in the family coffers by the end of the month.

"Oh—the usual thing," Susan replied without too much compunction. "A couple of editorial suggestions for doing it over."

Edith snapped a curler into place. "Edwina was so cute," she said with a smile. "She says that Nina Brandon and Jonathan are quite definitely that way about each other. Would you have suspected that of our Jonathan?"

"Why not? By the way, I didn't tell you about Nugent."

"Nugent? What—?" Edith winced as she caught a single hair in the hinge of a curler.

"He's going to be married in August."

Edith swung about, her arms arrested over her head, the curler in her fingers. "Married! For heaven's sake! And you didn't tell me!"

"What chance have I had to tell you?"

"You might have phoned me."

"That would have cost eighty cents."

"But Sue, honestly! Our one and only brother, and you didn't—"

Susan gave a laconic shrug. "Well, you know it now."

"But—in August!" Edith's astonishment gave place to a look of lofty indignation. "I do think he might have given us a little time to—to adjust ourselves. That will mean his leaving us, I suppose."

"Very thoughtless of him," Susan agreed, a little twist of irony to her lips.

"I wonder what Kit will think when she hears it."

Susan turned away with a sardonic smile. "I don't know, I'm sure. You'd better look your best for your dinner with your future husband," she said and went downstairs again.

As she made supper for herself and Nugent, she couldn't help wondering if Jonathan would be back early. He evidently hadn't gone into the country this morning or Edwina Vale would not have seen him and Nina Brandon at the Blue Horse. Nina had probably changed her mind. She had probably changed Jonathan's mind, too—about a number of things!

She thought of the two hundred dollars that would be hers. Of the small balance in the bank that would be enough to run Edith and Kit along for the next three weeks or for a month. Why shouldn't she leave now—simply disappear—let them all know about it after she had got away.

But this was mad thinking! It wasn't thinking at all. Grandmother Prescott would never have . . .

She went to the ice-box for a head of crisp lettuce.

Compared with that of Wednesday, the heat of Tuesday had been as balm. When she left the library at four o'clock, Susan began to feel morbidly that there was an evil sympathy between the weather and her own suspended mood.

There was no one in the house when she reached home. She bathed and went to her room. She lay down and pulled a corner of the bedspread over her. In a few minutes she was sound asleep from sheer exhaustion.

She did not know what awakened her, but she sat up suddenly and looked at the little clock on the table beside her bed. It was nearly seven. She was sure she had heard someone in the house. Her first thought was that Kit had come home. A little fearfully, she stole out into the hall and listened. A sound came from the floor above. The door to the narrow stairway was open. She was on the point of calling out; then, without waiting, she climbed the stairs to the attic. Near the top she halted, puzzled. Edith was on the floor beside the old hump-backed trunk.

"What in the world—" Edith sat up quickly. "Oh—you startled me!"

"What do you think you did to me? I woke up hearing someone prowling—"

"I tried not to make any noise. I saw you were sleeping when I came in."

"But I thought you were at the Vales."

Edith got to her feet, averting her face. "It was too unbearably hot! I felt completely done up, so I left before the others."

"You've certainly chosen a cool place here."

"I was looking for Grandmother's old lace shawl," Edith's trailing voice responded. "She used to let me wear it."

Susan mounted the last two steps and stood beside her. The carbon-wrapped package of old silverware lay on the floor, half-covered by one of the piece quilts. It hadn't been there before. Susan remembered distinctly having packed it away. A queer, icy feeling closed about her breast.

"The shawl is in that tissue paper in the top tray," she said, pointing to it.

Edith lifted the shawl out of the tray and held it before her. Susan did not look at her face. But she did not have to be told that it was not the shawl that Edith had come to look at. She felt rather sick as she went back down the stairs.

In her room again, she dressed hurriedly. She did not want to face Edith again—to-night, at least. She fled to the kitchen, drank a glass of cold milk, and left the house.

For more than an hour she walked aimlessly through the deep woods that reached northward beyond the cabin, fringing the town. The trees and the earth in the declining red sun threw off an ominous, humid smell. There was an unnatural, waiting glare over everything.

It could not matter to her now, of course, whether what she feared concerning Edith was true or not. Nothing mattered very much. Jonathan had been with Nina Brandon—he had probably come to his senses by now—decided he had been a fool to run away from the one woman who could do most for him. He would probably come and tell Susan. He would be embarrassed and a little unhappy about it all—about his error with Susan. And Susan would laugh and make light of the whole thing. . . .

Susan did not go to the library. She had come to a decision all by herself there under the trees. The library, Caroline Fuller, even the family had no place in that decision. A sooty darkness filled the sky when she finally started to pick her way out from among the trees. It must have been at least ten o'clock, she guessed.

Against the black sky, the house was a blaze of light. The radio was going full blast, she could tell while she was still a block away. In the house, Nugent's party was in full swing. The young Scarths were there; Toby Almayer and his girl from Chicago, a redhead with a penchant for draping her shapely legs over the arm of a chair; Alice Nelson, Heck and Luly Green, newly married. Susan knew them all without having to look in. She stole quietly into the hall and up the stairs.

She knew, too, what the house would be like. It was probably a shambles already—after the charge of the light-minded brigade, she reflected grimly—powder and cigarette ash littered over her dresser and on the floor, hair clips strewn out of the box, bottles lying on their sides, wraps thrown anywhere.

Upstairs she undressed, took a quick cold shower, shut her ears against the noise from below, carefully combed her hair and lightly made up her face.

The radio gave an experimental bleat, then a sound as of tearing canvas, and finally produced the smart lunacy of a "swing" tune. Somebody was banging on the door of the ice box in the kitchen. Another car stopped with a squeal of brakes in front of the house. Forbes and Edith this time. Susan was familiar with the flourish of their arrival.

But she was not familiar with the expression on Edith's face when she came pale and shaken into Susan's room and sat down on the edge of the bed. She fumbled in her handbag for her lipstick, but she was trembling so that she could scarcely use it.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" Susan asked woodenly.

Edith looked at her with welling eyes. "Where—where have you been? Where did you go?"

"What difference does it make?"

"Forbes and I have been looking all over town for you. We went to the library—and they said you hadn't come back."

"So—I'm supposed to stay put. Has anything happened?"

Edith caught her breath in a dry sob. "Just about everything that could happen. Oh, Sue!"

"What is it?"

"Alan Fuller phoned over an hour ago. I answered the phone and he asked for you. I told him you were at the library, but he'd been trying to get you there. Then he told me. It—it was Kit, Sue!"

"Kit? What do you mean? Has anything—"

"She called Alan to go out and get her at some little grocery store a mile from the Crawford place. She was in some awful trouble, I know, from the way Alan spoke. Besides, there must be some reason why she didn't phone here. And why didn't she come home? Alan ought to be back any minute now—and then we'll know."

Susan thought deeply for a moment. Then she sighed with something like relief. She was used to Edith's hysterical fits over trifles. "Well wait, then. If she's with Alan Fuller she's in good hands. She probably had a quarrel with Bernie Crawford. Is there anything else?"

"Forbes has proposed!" Edith announced bluntly.

Susan set her teeth. "Not really!

Is that anything to throw a fit over? I thought he had done as much before."

"But I mean—we're really going to be married."

"People do that," Susan observed. Then abruptly, "What were you doing in the attic this evening? I want to know."

Edith's head nodded as if she were trying to speak but couldn't. "That's what—that's what I wanted to tell you. Don't—don't glare at me like that. I'm so miserable I could die. I lost twenty-seven dollars at bridge this afternoon. I was so desperate when I came home that I—I—"

"You were going to take that hand-stamped silver down to Archibald Noonan, weren't you?"

Edith's head nodded again. "I didn't dare tell Forbes, I told Edwina I'd give her the money to-morrow. Oh, Susan, forgive me! What shall I do?"

"For one thing—shut up!" She took her cheque book from the drawer of her dressing-table. Edith watched her with frantic, hopeful eyes.

"There," Susan said at last. "Pay Edwina Vale."

Edith wept and Susan sat regarding her own expressionless face in the mirror.

"You'd better go down to Forbes now," she said finally.

Edith got up slowly, folded the cheque and put it away, then powdered her nose and rubbed a streak of mascara from beneath her eye.

"I don't know what to say, Sue. I—"

"I'd rather not hear any more about it," Susan put in coldly. "Forbes is waiting for you."

When Edith was ready to leave the room, she paused at the door. "When we were out looking for you, we saw Jonathan and Mina Brandon at the club. She looked gorgeous in a flame-colored dress, and gardenias in her hair. Perrin's must have ordered them especially for—"

"Get out!"

When Edith had gone, Susan's taut nerves were struck by two widely divergent sounds. One, coming from a dangerously poised, hot darkness outside, was a high, thin, whine—wind, with electric venom behind it, thunder chuckling, crackling, growling, but still at a distance. The other sound came from the hall downstairs. It was the sound of Alan Fuller bringing Kit home.

Susan dragged her suitcase out of

the closet. The moment had come for her to carry out her decision made in the darkness under the trees. She threw some underwear, stockings, a knitted silk dress, and her toilet articles into the suitcase. Then she put on her olive tweed suit, with the tailored white silk blouse, and a green swaggar hat two years old. She picked up her handbag and cheque book, and looked at herself in the mirror. Two spots of cardinal blazed in her cheeks. Her eyes were brilliantly alive.

"Gardenias in her hair," she said calmly to her reflection, "I think I'll have some in mine."

Suitcase in hand, she walked out into the hall, her stride long and free. Lightning split across the dark hall window. The immediate thunder was like a great fist smashing into crystal. Susan felt triumphant, released and vivid. She went composedly down the stairs.

In the den, across from the living-room, Kit was the centre of a small, excited group who listened while she talked. Alan Fuller stood solicitously at her side. Edith and Forbes sat together on the small sofa. Two of Nugent's guests occupied chairs.

"... but when we got down to the old Anderson homestead and I saw there wasn't anyone there, I knew I was on a spot. He tried to get hold of me as soon as we got inside the old house. I ran out and down the lane to the road. He ran after me, but I told him I'd hail a car if he didn't cut it out, so then he went back and followed me in his car. I walked and ran all the way down to Garton's store at the corner—almost a mile—with Bernie coming along in his car. But I wouldn't ride with him. I called Alan and stayed in the store till he came out. Honestly, you should have been there! Alan was wonderful. Bernie was still waiting outside, and when I went to get into Alan's car, what did the sap do but come up to Alan and try to get me away from him. And then—just like that!—it happened so fast I couldn't realise it. Alan hit him and he went down like a bag. Bernie must have been having something to drink, out there in his car. But anyhow, it—well, it was simply too sick! The next thing I knew I was sitting beside Alan, and we were driving home together. And then the rain—"

Susan had set her suitcase on the floor, her purse on top of it, and was leaning idly against the side of the den door, her hands in her pockets. All at once, Kit looked away from the others, her face white and she was dishevelled.

"Sue! I've had an awful experience—"

But the storm, descending in full fury, with a deafening report of thunder and an avalanche of rain, cut her words short. Edith crouched against Forbes, who solemnly put his arm about her. Kit looked in alarm at Alan Fuller, and Alan grasped her hand reassuringly. Susan laughed out loud.

Nugent came running into the hall. "Shut the windows and the doors!" he shouted.

He was up the stairs three at a time, while Alan Fuller and Forbes Updyke hurried about the lower rooms. But Susan did not move from her indolent position in the doorway. Kit and Edith stared at her in growing perturbation. Ordinarily, Susan would have been the first to rush about making everything secure against a storm.

"It would be just like this house to blow away," she said and laughed at Edith, whose eyelids blinked in the nervous habit she had never quite outgrown.

Kit stared at Susan for a moment, then threw herself down on the couch. "Oh, Susan!" she moaned. "I knew you'd blame me. But I tell you it wasn't my fault! I just went with Bernie Crawford to look at the old farm because his father is thinking of buying it for a summer—"

"I'm not blaming you," Susan replied equably. "I'm not blaming anyone really."

Nugent, Forbes, and Alan Fuller had come back, and Violet was clinging to Nugent's arm and shuddering. The thunder was almost incessant, and Susan had to raise her voice to be heard. Nugent's guests crowded into the hall, but Susan ignored them coolly.

"What's the idea, Sue?" Nugent demanded, pointing to the suitcase on the floor. "You're not going anywhere to-night, are you?"

Susan glanced at her wrist-watch. "I'm leaving on the 12.10," she told him with a serene smile. "I have still forty minutes. The storm will let up in time—and perhaps Alan will drive me down to the depot. I'm going, and I'm not coming back."

"What are you talking about, Sue?" Edith demanded in a querulous voice.

Kit came swiftly and seized Susan's arm. "Sue—you're not going away like this, darling. Don't look like that!" Her voice was shrill with panic. "Let's go upstairs. I'll explain everything and—I've got something to tell you."

Forbes pushed towards Susan, looking nonplussed. "You can't do this, Susan, my dear. Why—" He drew himself up and grinned fatuously. "We want you here at Thanksgiving, Sue. Edith and I are going to be married at Thanksgiving. As a matter of fact, we hadn't intended to announce it like this, but — it simply won't do for you to leave us now."

Susan looked with amusement from Forbes to Edith. "I'm sure you'll be able to manage this by yourselves."

Nugent thrust Forbes aside. "Look here, Sue, don't be a fool! You're not going out of the house in this storm."

"This storm will blow over in a little while," Susan said.

"Oh—you're just being stupid," Edith whimpered.

"I am—exactly," Susan replied. "For once, I'm going to do just what I want to do. I'm going because I feel like it. I don't have to explain. You and Kit and Nugent—you all know why I can't stay."

She turned with a smile towards Alan Fuller, who was standing now with one arm about Kit. "Alan, you'll take me to the depot, won't you?"

Alan looked at her with a shrewd, surprising twinkle. "I have never hesitated to do you a service, I think, when the opportunity presented itself."

Susan laughed. "Nice Alan. I always liked you."

He came close to her, his eyes dancing, and lowered his voice. "I think I should tell you that Kit and I have—"

"I've already guessed it, Alan. Let me be the first to wish you luck."

"She is taking a position—no, a job—in my office for a few weeks of probation, so to speak." He turned to Kit and smiled. "She has agreed; and she's going to work like—like hell!"

"Nice Alan!" Kit squealed and kissed him impulsively. "But don't let Sue go away—please, Alan!"

"Your technique is excellent," Alan replied, "but your judgment still falls somewhat short as compared with Susan's."

Susan paused and listened. "The storm seems to have gone over." She glanced at her watch. "I have to dash back to the cabin for a moment. I'll be right back, Alan. You may put my suitcase in your car."

Edith began to cry, but Forbes Updyke's sturdy arm was immediately about her. Nugent and Violet

made simultaneous outbursts of protest.

Susan got her raincoat from the hall closet, slipped into it, and started towards the kitchen. The sleeve of her coat caught a highball glass standing on an end table. It went crashing to the floor. She paused, looked at the fragments, smiled innocently, and went out through the kitchen, through the back porch.

The rain had almost stopped, but lightning still turned the trees to livid silver as she sped along the path to the cabin.

She found the lamp on Jonathan's table, struck a match with trembling fingers, and lighted it. Now that she had announced her intentions to the family, she felt a horrible, weak-kneed impulse to crumple down in a chair and cry her heart out. But that was an indulgence she would have to postpone. The bus would be leaving in less than half an hour.

She seated herself at the table, grasped pencil and paper—Jonathan's symmetrically sharpened, dark green, soft-leaded pencil, 4-B.

"Dear Jonathan, I am leaving immediately for points unknown and I—"

No, that sounded melodramatic and smacked of self-pity. She threw it aside.

"Dear Jonathan,—Sorry I could not have talked to you before I left. Nugent will explain everything to you if you ask him. This is just by way of wishing you the best of luck with your play—and everything."

The raw, throbbing pain rose from her breast to her throat on the last words, and became almost insupportable. She scrawled her name quickly, got unsteadily to her feet, pressed her hands to her burning, wet cheeks. She placed an ink bottle over the note, stooped to blow out the light, then straightened again for one last glance about the room. It had rained in over the window-sills. The curtains hung limp and sad. There were drops of rain on Jonathan's typewriter. She took her handkerchief and wiped them off hurriedly.

Then she saw the flowers in the old hawthorn vase on the mantel. Snapdragons and bachelor buttons and pinks—arranged with artless, still precision as a man would arrange them. Her own flowers—she must have gathered them early this morning.

There was a sound on the stone flag outside, and suddenly the door burst open. Susan turned with a startled pang.

Jonathan came straight to her,

his eyes alight and strange. He threw aside his dripping hat and coat. Then he swung her about to the light to look down into her face. His grin was a mingling of excited disbelief and elation.

"I stopped in the house," he told her. "Nugent says you're leaving the roost."

"Let me go, Jonathan!" Susan burst out in pain. "I haven't time to—"

He turned her face up to him. "You're going to take time out, Sue." He held her and smiled down into her eyes. "They're all in a panic—squawking their heads off, in there."

She struggled in feeble bewilderment. When he forced her to meet his eyes, she saw in them a dark and intense need that was for her alone, she knew.

"Where is Nina Brandon?" she asked him.

"Tucked snugly in her little bed, probably, by now. I kissed her good-bye; she insisted on that. She's leaving first thing in the morning. Before I'm up."

"She told me you had run away from her."

He laughed in loud astonishment. "She's an actress, darling. She has all sorts of fantastic ideas about herself—and about every man she meets. But they're not serious. She has to be humored—she's really going to make that play of mine. When you get to know her better, you'll understand. I've had to spend every minute of the past two days with her, thrashing out her part. But she got the idea straight finally and now she's going back to work."

"And that is all there is to Nina Brandon. Now, let's talk about us for a change. As a matter of fact, you were running away from me just as much as you were running away from your fond family. Am I right, or do I flatter myself?"

Susan's eyes felt stretched and hot. She looked down and all at once pressed her face against his shoulder. "Oh, Jon, I'm so tired!" she whispered.

"You're not tired—just good and mad," he said, a little unsteadily, his arms tightening about her.

"The—the lamp's smoking, Jon," Susan said, unsteadily.

"To the devil with it!" he said, and kissed her. "We'll start cleaning up to-morrow."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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